

JAPS EXTEND JURISDICTION
Relations with China Near the Breaking Point.
Threaten to Employ Army Yuan Doesn't Yield.
Numerous Questions Arise Over Administration.

GERMANS AGAIN ATTACK DIVISION
ATTACK DIVISION
ATTACK DIVISION

PRINCETON MAN A SPT.
PRINCETON MAN A SPT.

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PRINCETON MAN A SPT.

THE WEATHER BACK EAST.

City	Max.	Min.
Abilene, Tex.	74	44
Boston, Mass.	54	48
Buffalo, N. Y.	60	40
Calgary, Alberta	70	28
Chicago, Ill.	44	28
Denver, Colo.	60	32
Des Moines, Iowa	50	34
Dodge City, Kan.	54	36
Duluth, Minn.	40	30
Durango, Colo.	72	32
Galveston, Tex.	72	32
Harvey, Mont.	64	30
Helena, Mont.	62	34
Huron, S. D.	48	24
Jacksonville, Fla.	70	66
Kamloops, B. C.	54	46
Kansas City, Mo.	52	40
Knoxville, Tenn.	60	46
Memphis, Tenn.	62	46
Minneapolis, Minn.	46	26
Montreal, Quebec	52	34
Moorhead, Minn.	46	26
New Orleans, La.	70	50
New York, N. Y.	64	50
North Platte, Neb.	52	28
Oklahoma City, Okla.	52	28
Pittsburgh, Pa.	52	28
Rapid City, S. D.	52	22
Roswell, N. M.	74	44
St. Louis, Mo.	48	32
St. Paul, Minn.	48	32
Salt Lake City, Utah	78	46
Sheridan, Wyo.	66	36
Swift Current, Sask.	52	26
Tampa, Fla.	86	76
Washington, D. C.	62	52
Williamstown, N. D.	52	26
Winnipeg, Man.	44	24

WOMAN FOUND DEAD.
Murder Mystery in Minneapolis.
Believed to Have Had Its Inception in Buffalo, N. Y.

MARY GARDEN BREAKS DOWN.
American Soprano Suffers from Overwork in the French Hospitals and Goes to Scotland for Rest.

WILL, SMALL VOICE MOVES TOO STRONG
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MINE OFFICIALS TO MEET MINERS
Arizona Strike Conference Called in El Paso.
British Consul Asks Gov. Hunt to Protect Citizens.
Union Labor Agitator Says Fight will go On.

PHOENIX (Ariz.) Oct. 8.—A conference between mine officials and a committee representing the copper miners in the Clifton-Morenci district, who recently went on strike for recognition of their union and a new wage scale, probably will be held in El Paso within a few days.

PHOENIX (Ariz.) Oct. 8.—Representative John Christy of Greenlee County, who has been active in attempting a settlement of the strike, called this afternoon on Governor Hunt. He asked the Governor to come to Clifton again and assured him that the miners and the mine operators were ready to meet him and to take steps to end the strike.

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BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.

Free Excursion Sunday, Oct. 10, at 10 a.m.

Over a Thousand Persons in Colorado to be Prosecuted for Recent Coal Mine Troubles.

DENVER (Colo.) Oct. 8. — More than 1000 persons made defendants in cases growing out of the recent coal strike in Colorado must go to trial. Hope, held out strongly during the past week, that Gov. George A. Carlson would order a sweeping dismissal of the cases pending, flickered out at midnight last when the chief executive refused to interfere. This decision was the culmination of a series of conferences between Gov. Carlson, labor leaders, State officials, advisers and citizens. Among those who were understood to have favored dismissal was John D. Rockefeller.

For Flavor and Quality BAKER'S COCOA is just right

It has the delicious taste and natural color of high-grade cocoa beans; it is skillfully prepared by a perfect mechanical process; without the use of chemicals, flavoring or artificial coloring matter. It is pure and wholesome, conforming to all the National and State Pure Food Laws.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

To Loyal Californians And All Lovers of Justice and Fairplay

An effort is now being made to secure from the United States Government a blanket concession for the entire Yosemite Valley.

This means the monopolization of America's most beautiful park and California's pride. Putting all camps, hotels and concessions under one control would choke off competition and be extremely detrimental to public welfare.

I have spent eighteen years perfecting the summer camp system in the Yosemite. I have entertained over 75,000 people at Camp Curry. To these lovers of our wonderful valley and to all men and women of California who object to the monopolization of a public domain, I make this appeal. I ask you to protest against any action which would force Camp Curry and all other concessioners to pay into private hands a portion of the profits which otherwise will go to the Government. I also publicly protest against the conducting of a bar in the Yosemite. This is in violation of the law. The individual seeking this monopoly has conducted such a place.

I also ask that the use of motor cars on the floor of the valley be granted to all motorists and not to one company.

These questions come up for hearing before Secretary of the Interior Lane, October 15. Immediate action is necessary to save the Yosemite Valley, and I ask every loyal Californian and every lover of fair play to sign the following coupon and mail AT ONCE. Do it this minute and you will be doing your State and the public a service.

DAVID A. CURRY, Cosmopolitan Club, Washington, D.C.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON, SIGN IT AND SEND OUT IN NEXT MAIL
IMMEDIATE ACTION IS NECESSARY

HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE,
Secretary of the Interior,
Washington, D.C.

The undersigned desires to vigorously protest against the granting of a blanket concession in the Yosemite Valley which would place all hotels, camps and other concessions under the control of one company. We believe this fostering of a monopoly would be against the principles of the United States Government and extremely detrimental to public welfare.

(Name) _____
(Address) _____
City _____

—why is San Fernando Mission Lands the most rapidly selling acreage suburban to Los Angeles?

Why have hundreds rushed to this section during the past four months and purchased little farms of 1, 2½, 5, 10 and 20 acres? Why—when there has been practically no demand for suburban land in all other sections—has selling activity been so intense here?

The reasons are simple—but powerful. These are the famous fertile "chosen lands" of the old Mission Fathers, which surround the historic San Fernando Mission. Annexation to Los Angeles brought the \$30,000,000 aqueduct water supply to these lands—abundant water for irrigation at the low rate of one cent per inch—immediately increasing the land values (according to experts) from \$200 to \$400 on each acre. Hence, the unprecedented rush for land. Nearly \$400,000 worth of these lands have been sold during the past five months. San Fernando Mission Lands are located on electric car line—on \$500,000 electric-lighted boulevard—close to all city advantages, schools, stores, churches, theaters, etc.

San Fernando Mission Lands
5 Acres or More \$300 An Acre and Up
Single Acres at Low Price on Easy Terms

This is the type of land that produces bumper crops of lemons, oranges, avocados, walnuts, sugar beets, deciduous fruits and winter vegetables—where conditions are ideal for hops, dairying and poultry. Go Sunday at our expense and see the type of land you've always had in mind. If possible call at our offices and make excursion reservations in advance.

Angeles Mesa Land Co.
433 South Hill Street (ground floor)
60151. Main 988.



Scott's Emulsion
MAY at SIXTH

Form Fitting Overcoats

Whether viewed from the back or the front, this new form-fitting Overcoat is the best that we've shown yet. Possessing style, character and individuality found only in

Society Brand CLOTHES

These also make excellent auto and motor coats. We have them in Black, Blue, Brown and mixtures. Values that you will appreciate at

\$20 to \$35

Also "Scott System" Guaranteed Overcoat Specials at \$14.50

Scott Bros
425-427 SOUTH SPRING ST.

of Breaks. **Pipal's Tigers Make First Appearance of Season Today.** —a regular 10-cent cigar— **15¢** Sold by all

Rising Star.

SAMMY BEER
RIVALS ALECK

Football.

TO PLAY MANY
GAMES TODAY.

WEATHER IS
GETTING IDEAL.

Mighty Alexander Wins.

(Continued from First Page.)

Paskert dropped a Texas leaguer back


BARNEY TALKS
FROM GOTHAM.

Old Acquaintance.

BANGTAILS TO
RACE AT ASCOT.

Good dealers.

that wonderful cigar" It's called. Everybody's talking about it. Armueta cigars are made of a very careful combination of selected Porto Rican, Havana and domestic



Allows Fewer Hits than the Philly Pitcher.

Occidental and Indians to Make Appearance.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 8.—Fair and cooler was the weather forecast for tomorrow and at midnight there was every indication that the day would be of high base just out of reach of Hoblitzel. Cravath was sent in to sacrifice and sent a fast bunt directly at Shore. The latter picked the ball up cleanly and had plenty of time to throw Paskert out at second. Much to Barney Grimes' taken over the long distance telephone to Jack Kipper last night from New York. His message was that he is going to win the Sheephead Speedway classic tomorrow night.

Old-time Sport Comes Back this Afternoon.

tobacco. California Cigar Co., distributors.

It's the 2nd that's the best ever.

Pa Uses Many Extra Men in Bitter Battle. **Pomona is Afraid of Game with Clubmen.**

an idealism for playing the second game in the big series. The sky was cloudless and a cool breeze blew from the northwest.

the surprise of his team-mates, however, he shot the ball to first, where Cravath was an easy out. Luderus went out from Barry to Hoblitzel as Paskert raced to third. Then Whitted bled in a sacrifice from Shivers and

day and that the weather was ideal. David Joyce and Dr. Trowe, also spoke a good word. All three informed Klipper that they had a hunch that Oldfield was going to win, in a walk, and

Fastest Runners in Country to be There.

-but it cost you only
everybody says.

Wolter and Garner Both Do
liver in Pinch.


U.S.C. to Show off Down at
Long Beach.

Not fans who were not fortunate enough to secure reserved seats or did not desire to pay the prices asked for them were greatly encouraged by the change in weather conditions to

they thought Jack ought to know.

Track in Condition Assures
Some Records.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.



Alexander is not the only guy who can pitch winning ball. Sammy Rice won a game for Oakland yesterday and allowed only six hits, which is better than Aleck did. While Aleck will tackle the Sherman

Football games come thick and fast this afternoon. There will be more games playing the old game today than ever before in the history of the sport.

Will tackle the Sherman

Several things to be the only one that either team could put across.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	P.c.
San Francisco	110	81	.576
Los Angeles	103	90	.534
Salt Lake	96	86	.527
Vernon	91	98	.481

sharp this afternoon, and a large attendance is expected to see the racing sport revived at the stamping ground, Ascot Park. The stands have been

Speaker, however, was given a base on balls in Boston's half of the eighth, after Scott was out, and went to second on Hoblitzel's infield out. Lewis

was holding the Angels to six hits and the Red Sox were landing on Alexander for eight. Therefore it is a question which is the better series—the one here or the one in Philadelphia since 1905.

Oakland, 4; Portland, 2.

Indians out at the old Occidental field in Highland Park. It will be the first appearance of the Tigers this season and the first trip of the Indians to this city since 1905.

SEALS NOSE OUT

VERNON, 5 TO 4.

TIGERS POUNCE UPON FANNING

who had fanned on his two previous trips to the plate, singled to left and Speaker scored, "Duffy" taking second on the throw-in. It was here that Paakert saved the game with his startling catch of Gardner's drive. Paakert has suffered much in all pre-

Portland 75 102 .424

Yesterday's Results.
Oakland, 4; Los Angeles, 2.
San Francisco, 5; Vernon, 4.
Salt Lake, 4; Portland, 4 (thirteen innings.)

decoration, and of the many victors who have been out to the course in the last few days it looks like the good old days when King James, Oxford and Don Domo raced for supremacy of the turf.

Armstrong

Johnny Williams and Oscar did the pitching for Los Angeles, but they were not together could not bear.

He also used a flock of pinch-hitters.

Up at Claremont Pomona will meet the L.A.A.C. and from all reports Pomona is just a trifle worried.

Down at Long Beach the Trojans will hold a kind of carnival. The assembly will play the second U.S.C.

FOR FOUR RUNS, BUT LOSE JUST THE SAME.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 8.—San Francisco won today's game with Ver-

liminary comparisons with Speaker, whom he opposes in center field, but that one catch today gave him a warm place in the hearts of the Philadelphia people.

The way Shore and Alexander were working at this time indicated the

BEEES AND DUCKS PLAY DRAW GAME.

When racing was in its prime in California there was no better horses there than those that face the starter this afternoon.

The track is lightning fast and old records are sure to be broken. There

SALT LAKE TIES UP IN NINTH

ALL

few extra base-runners and a lot of third basemen. Beer, however, was too strong for the combination. Sammy stopped over some in the ninth. His support saved him in the

non, 5 to 4 but it was not until the last of the eighth that victory perched on the Seal banner. The Tigers pounded Fanning in the seventh, made four runs and incidentally overcame a three-run lead. Vernon used three pitchers and the Seals two. Score:

INNING AND HOLDS ON UNTIL NIGHT.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
SALT LAKE CITY, Oct. 8.—Salt Lake at Lakeland today, 5 to 4.

game might go into extra innings, but in the Phillies' half of the eighth came the decision. Alexander had proved an easy out. Shore got a bit careless and passed Stock. Bancroft then shot the hit over second which gave the Phillies a 5 to 4 lead.

Official overnight entries:
Four furlongs, all ages: Grace H., 112; Sultana, 112; Tordilla, 112; Schu- lenberg, 103; Leah Cochran, 103.

112; Sultana, 112; Tordilla, 112; Schu- lenberg, 103; Leah Cochran, 103.

**AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORY DEALERS and
AUTOMOBILE SPECIALTY**

[illegible]

COMPLETE COURT.
The complete count was 4 to 2 in favor of the home team, and the box score will be found elsewhere this issue. We always aim to be the box score. Should it ever be that it will be due to an error in the count, we will be glad to correct it.

HE WOBBLES.
At this critical juncture Shore became unsteady and passed Pashert.

PORTLAND.
Fred C. Harlow handicap, one mile, 3-year-olds and up: John Graham, 120; Rash, 114; He, 110; Cecil, 105; McLean, 100; Gano, 95.

PURSE, five furlongs, 3-year-olds and up: Francis G., 112; Magic, 105; Cantem, 112; Baby Lynch, 112.

AND FLOWER SHOW
Oct. 23rd to 30th, at the Boston Store Building, (Opposite CITY HALL)

This is a wonderful opportunity for the people of this city to see the most beautiful and valuable collection of flowers ever shown in this country.

<p>to appear in the</p> <p>No baseball story without a bona fide fact onto its tall can be regarded as complete.</p> <p>The weather here was much superior to that in Philadelphia, as the grounds were not gummy.</p> <p>It was a hard time beating the Santa Fe team, so the L.A.A.C. was all right.</p> <p>Yonkers had a hard time beating the Santa Fe team, so the L.A.A.C. was all right.</p>	<p>to great advantage unnecessarily. He had to have capable substitutes. The Indians will test it all right.</p> <p>Yonkers had a hard time beating the Santa Fe team, so the L.A.A.C. was all right.</p>	<table> <tr> <th></th><th>A.</th><th>R.</th><th>H.</th><th>E.</th><th>T.</th><th>O.</th><th>A.</th><th>E.</th></tr> <tr> <td>Fitzgerald, d</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>1</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Schuler, c</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>1</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Archer, 1b</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>1</td><td>10</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Wells, c</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>1</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Dwight, 2b</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>1</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Johnson, 3b</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>1</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Truman, ss</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>1</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Samuels, c</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>1</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> </table>		A.	R.	H.	E.	T.	O.	A.	E.	Fitzgerald, d	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	Schuler, c	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	Archer, 1b	4	0	1	10	0	0	0	0	Wells, c	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	Dwight, 2b	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	Johnson, 3b	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	Truman, ss	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	Samuels, c	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	<p>The bases were full and "Gavy" Cravath, the home-run champion of the National League, with a particular fondness for the short fences of the Phillies' park, was at the bat. The crowd was shouting his name for "Gavy" to hit it, "out of the lot."</p>	<table> <tr> <th></th><th>A.</th><th>R.</th><th>H.</th><th>E.</th><th>T.</th><th>O.</th><th>A.</th><th>E.</th></tr> <tr> <td>Cravath, c</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>1</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Ward, ss</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>1</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Wells, c</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>1</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Norris, p</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Carlinville, p</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Kruse, c</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Flaherty, ss</td><td>4</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr> <td>Totals</td><td>54</td><td>0</td><td>14</td><td>30</td><td>18</td><td>5</td><td></td><td></td></tr> </table>		A.	R.	H.	E.	T.	O.	A.	E.	Cravath, c	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	Ward, ss	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	Wells, c	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	Norris, p	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Carlinville, p	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Kruse, c	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Flaherty, ss	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Totals	54	0	14	30	18	5			<p>Special weights, four furlongs, all carry 110 pounds: Ann Tilly, Roscas, Sonoma, Lamp Trimmer, Leonla.</p> <p>This is a wonderful opportunity to directly exhibit your product to interested people.</p> <p>For particulars as to space, apply immediately to J. B. CONWELL, BOSTON STORE BUILDING.</p> <p>ST. VINCENT LOSES TO HOLLYWOOD.</p>
	A.	R.	H.	E.	T.	O.	A.	E.																																																																																																																																																															
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Flaherty, ss	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0																																																																																																																																																															
Totals	54	0	14	30	18	5																																																																																																																																																																	

<p>first man to effect a touchdown. Carterright. He had sitting on an empty keg just as the entrance since 5 o'clock Tuesday night. This was cheaper than room. He got the idea from Philadelphia fans who had seen the team, and their green line, are feared up there. Sid Neighs bunch is out for blood. It's not shirking against U.S.C. filled it up. The men have been working hard this week. New plays, better action, more fighting spirit is what it has, with their green line, are</p>	<p>Shore proved that he was willing to take a chance, however, by breaking the first ball over the plate for a strike. The best Cravath eventually could do was to send a slow bouncer to Scott at third. It seemed to many in the stand that Scott had time for</p>	<p>3--Batted for Nokes in twelfth. xx--Bun for Krause in twelfth.</p>	<p>3--Batted for Nokes in twelfth. xx--Bun for Krause in twelfth.</p>	<p>QUARTERBACK LEE PLUNGES OVER LINE FOR ONLY SCORE OF GAME.</p>	<p>AMES DIRECTOR V</p>
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<p>quagmire outside boxes for a week in anticipation of the "world's" series. The idea is to lead one. It simply goes to show that a man can live comfortably if not surrounded by luxury. The simple life in its simplest form.</p>	<p>POMONA HIGH IS BEATEN, 7 TO 6.</p>	<p>REMARKS: Two runs, 8 hits, 22 at bat, 20 on base, 4 errors; 4 runs, 7 hits, 22 at bat, 20 on base, 4 errors.</p>	<p>the play at the plate, but he shot the ball to first instead and Stock raced over with the winning run. Then Lunders hit a weak little ground- er toward Shore. The ball took a bad roll in the mud just as Shore was reaching for it and Bancroft came</p>	<p>Zacher, c..... 6 1 1 6 0 Bryant, p..... 6 0 0 0 0 Haffner, 3b..... 6 0 1 9 0 Hannah, c..... 6 0 1 9 0 Coffey, 1b..... 6 1 1 2 0 Pittier, p..... 1 1 1 0 0 Reuther, s..... 1 1 1 0 0 Totals..... 48 4 12 39 14 5</p>	<p>The Hollywood High School 132- pound eleven defeated St. Vincent's Parochial School here today, 6 to 0, on the Hollywood field. No goal was attempted. Hollywood's men were picked from</p>
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SPORTS CORRESPONDENCE.
CLAREMONT, Oct. 8.—Pomona High school lost its first game of football in three years this afternoon when they went down in defeat before the Pomona College freshmen in a 14-0 score.
OAKS BEGIN.—The football season here is known to have begun today with the first game of the season that there used a tub, however, that there were no soap bubbles available.
PORTLAND.—The Portland team, the second team, the weight being necessary to make an even match with St. Vincent's, which has "unequivocal aggregation of players who have not yet grown to the inter-scholastic size."
QUARTERBACK LEE OF HOLLYWOOD WAS the second team, the weight being necessary to make an even match with St. Vincent's, which has "unequivocal aggregation of players who have not yet grown to the inter-scholastic size."
QUARTERBACK LEE OF HOLLYWOOD WAS the second team, the weight being necessary to make an even match with St. Vincent's, which has "unequivocal aggregation of players who have not yet grown to the inter-scholastic size."

Oakland grabbed its first victory in the series last night when it defeated the Athletics 4 to 2. The Athletics scored twice in the first inning, but the Athletics' pitcher, Lefty Grove, was too good for them. Grove pitched a complete game, allowing only two runs, two hits and one error. The Athletics' pitcher, Lefty Grove, was too good for them. Grove pitched a complete game, allowing only two runs, two hits and one error. The Athletics' pitcher, Lefty Grove, was too good for them. Grove pitched a complete game, allowing only two runs, two hits and one error.

[illegible]

out. Bassler walked, and the men was put in to run for his life. He is a local amateur who is just entering on a professional career. Running for Metzger, Tamm, Tom C. Garner was more successful, being singled when sent in to hit. Gar-

Several long gains around and Morrison crossed the plate for six points. Kingman led the score remained 7 to 1 from the entire second half. Possession made three attempts at the end three touchdowns.

WHITTIER, Oct. 8.—Whittier High School plays the Fullerton High

WHICH "RAW" TRUCKS WILL FEATURE.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

WHITTIER, Oct. 8.—Whittier High School plays the Fullerton High

announced as short of 20,000, probably the smallest crowd that ever witnessed a start of a world's series.

The official attendance was 19,843. Total receipts \$51,066. National Commission's share \$5104.60; players' share, \$27,516.64. Each club's share

ALECK'S FIRST CONTRACT HERE.

George Cline of Cline-Cline Com-

SAVOIN MOTOR SALES CO.
1149 SOUTH OLIVE STREET.

Simplex **Exclusive High Grade Automobiles** **Mercer**

44041. 3037 South Olive Street. Main 7309.

This scored Harper, who had been in the game for the third. Maguire's walk tied the game. The game ended with the ball in the freshmen's possession on Pomona's 15-yard line. The teams lined up as follows:

OAKLAND											POMONA COLLEGE FRESHMEN																																																																																								
A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J.											K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.																																																																																								
Line 1	Line 2	Line 3	Line 4	Line 5	Line 6	Line 7	Line 8	Line 9	Line 10	Line 11	Line 12	Line 13	Line 14	Line 15	Line 16	Line 17	Line 18	Line 19	Line 20	Line 21	Line 22	Line 23	Line 24	Line 25	Line 26	Line 27	Line 28	Line 29	Line 30	Line 31	Line 32	Line 33	Line 34	Line 35	Line 36	Line 37	Line 38	Line 39	Line 40	Line 41	Line 42	Line 43	Line 44	Line 45	Line 46	Line 47	Line 48	Line 49	Line 50	Line 51	Line 52	Line 53	Line 54	Line 55	Line 56	Line 57	Line 58	Line 59	Line 60	Line 61	Line 62	Line 63	Line 64	Line 65	Line 66	Line 67	Line 68	Line 69	Line 70	Line 71	Line 72	Line 73	Line 74	Line 75	Line 76	Line 77	Line 78	Line 79	Line 80	Line 81	Line 82	Line 83	Line 84	Line 85	Line 86	Line 87	Line 88	Line 89	Line 90	Line 91	Line 92	Line 93	Line 94	Line 95	Line 96	Line 97	Line 98	Line 99	Line 100

Every effort was made to get the playing field in condition, but it was wet and soggy throughout, and had to do with robbing the game of any possible brilliance.

There is much speculation tonight as to whether the game will be held on the schedule and is strictly a practice game.

pany has on exhibition at one of his stores the first professional contract ever signed by Grover Cleveland Alexander, the great pitcher of the Philadelphia Nationals.

China is a great, personal friend of

[illegible]

S. Armstrong is Sick in the Hospital.

CUBS ARE BEATEN

BY WHITE SOX, 5-2.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2.—The White Sox won the third game of the series for the city championship from their

Branch Store
700 West 7th St.
Los Angeles, Cal.

EL TORO

EVERYBODY BOOST

any... -Batted for Walter in seventh.
 2- -Batted for Walter in eighth.
 3- -Batted for Walter in ninth.
 4- -Batted for Walter in tenth.
 5- -Batted for Horner in sixth.
 6- -Batted for Horner in seventh.
 7- -Batted for Horner in eighth.
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PUBLISHED TODAY
 Nathan Gallizier's Latest and Best Novel
THE CRIMSON CONDOLIA
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THE CRIMSON GONDOLA
A Tale of Venice and Constantinople at the Beginning of the Thirteenth Century.
By the Author of "The Hill of Venus," etc.

THE CRIMSON GONDOLA is the story of the fortunes and adventures of one Audran de Vere, while in Constantinople—the most romantic city in the world—on a mission to take the Lady Eleanor of Montferrat from the witches' cauldron of the Greek capital.

VIVID—COMPELLING—FASCINATING!

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TWO "BEST SELLERS"

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the plays on the board and have the neighboring scoreboards of the final inning.

at the start of the game, everything was in a state of confusion. The "Littles" win in the fourth was greeted by a cheer that was later by the

PARADENA HIGH WINS.
PARADENA, Oct. 8. — Pasadena High School's second

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A sequel to "Pollanna: The Glad Book"
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"POLLANNA'S girlhood and maidenhood are just as cheery, helpful and actively optimistic as her childhood narrative." — *Los Angeles Times*

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"TIMES" PARTY OFF FOR FAIR.

Trip de Luxe in Response to
Continued Demand.

Wayfarers to be Guests of
Santa Cruz Today.

And Reach Headquarters at
Exposition Tonight.

The Times special excursion party for the world's fair left last night on a Southern Pacific train de luxe. This is the ninth excursion to the fair at San Francisco and San Diego which the Times has sent out in the last seven months.

So popular have these Times excursions become it is necessary to make reservations far ahead of the date of departure.

It had been decided not to take another excursion to the world's fair, but so unusual has been the demand that arrangements have been made for another excursion to San Francisco to leave Los Angeles on the 26th inst. Fully half the party to go with the excursion then have already made reservations.

As an instance of the enjoyment obtained on The Times excursions, it is worthy of remark that at least twelve persons, who went on earlier Times excursions, are taking advantage of the excursion, which left last night.

The party travels in their own special train and will arrive at Santa Cruz for breakfast this morning. The visitors will be received there by Mayor Howe and the leading citizens of the interesting seaside town. After breakfast they will be taken to the big redwood trees, six miles from Santa Cruz. Following a brief stay among the trees the party will proceed to San Francisco, where automobiles will take the members through San Francisco to the inside Inn, where they will go direct to the rooms reserved for them. After lunch the party will begin to take in all the privileges of the world's latest and greatest fair.

The party will return to Los Angeles on the 14th inst.

The following is the personnel of the party en route to the fair:

Oscar Ackerman, Miss Marie Ackerman, Mrs. F. M. Ackley.

Mrs. Grace Bonnard, Mrs. S. L. Beasell, E. E. Bennett, Mrs. E. L. Bennett, Franklin Bell, Mrs. Franklin Bell, Mrs. Charles Barrington, Jr., Miss Ella Bashore, F. B. Baskley, Mrs. E. C. Brock, Mrs. L. M. Barker, A. F. N. Bowers.

Mrs. L. C. Comer, E. R. Conner, Miss Carrie Conner, H. Chaffee, L. D. Chilson, Mrs. L. D. Chilson, Miss Anita Coombs, D. W. Coon, W. R. Coon, Miss Inez Caughey, Mrs. A. F. Carson, Mrs. E. J. Chandler, Lee Chandler.

Mrs. D. B. Dodson, M. C. Dyer, Miss Pearl Dyer, P. T. Dyer, Miss Ella Dyer, G. L. Dennis, Mrs. G. L. Dennis.

Miss G. C. Fortier, Mrs. C. L. Field, Thomas Gould, Mrs. Thomas Gould, W. M. Graveland, Mrs. W. M. Graveland, Miss Lillian Hedger, Donald Huff, J. R. Hardisty, Mrs. M. S. Hart, Miss S. C. Hart, Mrs. M. Hess, Mrs. S. A. Hume, H. L. Hefner, Mrs. Bertha Hefner, Miss Alice Hawkinson.

Mrs. J. K. Ingalls.

Miss Martha Jacob, Mrs. Edna D. Johnson.

Mrs. C. F. Kemp, C. F. Kemp, F. E. Kemp, Mrs. H. H. Kerckhoff, William Klump, and Ralph Klump.

Miss Doris Lamar, R. W. Lord, Mrs. R. W. Lord.

Mrs. A. E. Manns, Miss Thelma Manns, Miss Ida Maul, Miss Mildred McKim, Mrs. N. J. Miner, Mrs. Mary Miner, F. B. Miner, Mrs. Ed A. Moody, Mrs. Ed A. Moody, A. Monckton, Mrs. A. Monckton, Mrs. E. May.

Miss Myrtle New.

Miss Mary Olevier.

Mrs. J. S. Parsons, Mrs. Preuss, Mrs. Preuss, Kenneth Preuss, Mrs. F. X. Pfaffinger, Mrs. F. X. Pfaffinger, Miss Minnie Pfaffinger, S. L. Rice, Mrs. S. L. Rice, N. E. Rice, Mrs. N. E. Rice, Mrs. E. L. Ring, Fred Rehm, Miss Mollie Rhodes, Mrs. N. B. Ralston, Mrs. Mary Rouse.

Mrs. Clara L. Street, Mrs. E. C. Stevens, M. Streicher, Mrs. H. C. Streicher, C. Sommer, Mrs. H. C. Schwenk, Miss Schwenk, S. W. Strong, Mrs. S. W. Strong, Mrs. E. C. Suss, Miss Ella Sawyer, C. B. Strohm, Mrs. C. B. Strohm.

Mrs. J. W. Tubbs, Mrs. Kate Thorpe, W. T. Thilenius, Mrs. W. T. Thilenius.

Miss Kate Vogel.

Miss Gladys Watkins, Miss Alice Woodham and Miss Zella Wetmore.

TWO IN SAME TRAP.

Chinese Peddler Robbed—Partner Incensed Till Identical Negro Takes His Wallet by Old Ruse.

When Wing Sing, a Chinese vegetable and fruit vendor, returned Thursday to his home, No. 219 Apollon street, and told his partner, Leo Chu, he had been robbed by a negro on Figueroa street, his partner was justly incensed. He upbraided Wing Sing aggressively as a careless and unworthy partner. He said it served Wing Sing right and he ought to stand the loss.

Yesterday Leo Chu took the wagon out. He went over Wing Sing's territory. And in the afternoon when he got to Eighth and Valencia streets, the same negro who had held up Wing Sing stopped him. He bought the same fruit, for the same amount, and tendered the same \$20 bill in change, and when Leo Chu unthinkingly reached for his wallet, the negro seized it in the same way he had seized Wing Sing's, and fled in the same manner, on a bicycle.

Thursday he had to abandon the bicycle to get up greater speed with his legs. Yesterday his bicycle suffered.

Lou Chu went to the Police Station to report his loss. After he had told all he sighted and shook his head. "Bad," he said. "Velly bad. No like tell partner what happen." And he shook his head sheepishly. But Wing Sing was so delighted at the incident of his partner getting caught in the same trap that he went all the way to the Police Station to chuckle over it with the policemen.

DEATH-STUCKEN.

"Schoolmaster of Railroad." One of Santa Fe's Noted Officials, Is Called Yonder.

Death claimed the "schoolmaster of railroading" when John Denair passed away early yesterday morning at the Santa Fe Hospital, following a short illness of pneumonia. An superintendent of the desert division of the Santa Fe for more than a generation, Mr.

Denair trained a constantly-changing body of subordinates, many of whom later rose to high positions in the railroad world.

Short services will be held over the body of the dead railroad man at the chapel of Breese Bros. at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The San Bernardino lodge of Elks will be in charge. The body will be shipped to San Francisco for burial. Mr. Denair is survived by but one near relative, a son, John Denair, Jr., of San Francisco.

Following service in the Civil War as a youth and participation in the battle of Gettysburg and other engagements of the Army of the Potomac, Mr. Denair entered the service of the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad, now a part of the Big Four system. Later he was master of transportation of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, and when that road was taken over by the Santa Fe became superintendent of the desert division, with headquarters at Needles.

Retiring from service eight years ago, Mr. Denair engaged in the real estate business in the San Joaquin Valley, with headquarters at Denair, which was named in his honor.

Letters to "THE TIMES."

A Satirical Answer.

SAN DIEGO, Oct. 7.—[To the editor of The Times:] One of your editorial captions, October 7, asks: "Where does President Wilson stand on the main question?"

Here is the answer: President Wilson does not stand on any question. President Wilson sits down on every question. Just as a hen sits on a door knob.

Then waits for results. The results are the same in both cases.

J. E. CRANE.

SMUGGLERS BUSY.

Tightening of Land Lines and New Power Boat Sends Contraband Runners Far to Sea.

The tightening of the land lines on the Chinese smugglers has caused an increase in the ocean traffic, and within the week reports have been made to Capt. Charles T. Connell, chief of the local immigration bureau, of a big load of contrabands that was successfully landed in the vicinity of Monterey.

The completion of the government's new zeppelin launch, Ellington, has caused the smugglers to make a wide detour after loading up at Ensenada. They now steam out several hundred miles from the coast, and away from the steam of the boats that might be reconnoitering in the inside lane of travel, and keep out until opposite the landing place.

This method makes it comparatively safe for the smugglers, for unless some advance knowledge is gained and a party of inspectors are waiting for the smuggler's boat, it is easy enough to land the yellow men.

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TO LEAD PEOPLE
BACK TO NATURE.

PRINTER, ELDEST SON OF CIVIL
WAR GENERAL, GOES TO
START COLONY.

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After a thorough study of the situation in Southern California, Father Sherman was convinced the Southland lands are too valuable for the purposes of colonization and decided to center his efforts in the great Northwest.

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The idea of the society is to have churches and schools erected and ready before the colonists are invited to go and occupy the lands. The promoters also plan to have an amusement hall and everything will tend to make a settlement attractive. Railroad magnates, Father Sherman favors the scheme because the development of lands obviously increases freight and other business. Religious authorities favor it because it is better for the people to lead the simple rural life than to be in crowded and congested centers of activity and excitement. All benevolent organizations are willing to co-operate in the plan and it seems one of the things in life that everybody favors.

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"We want you to understand that we are not looking for a compromise verdict. Either this defendant is

guilty of a terrible crime or he is innocent."

SLAPS AT BURNS

At various occasions during the forenoon session Counsel Fairall took occasion to refer in ironical manner to Detective Burns, and to Juror Brown he propounded the question:

"Would you be prejudiced in any way against counsel for the defense because a detective, perchance, had sued him for libel?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the juror's reply.

"Possibly this jurymen has been obeying the instruction of this court," remarked Judge Willis, "not to read the newspapers."

Juror Brown was passed by both defense and the State.

The name of H. T. Alexander was drawn from the box, but after examination he was excused because of the state of mind he was in regarding the specific facts in the case under trial.

A. C. Hall was next drawn, but he also was excused after examination.

Herbert Archibald's name was then drawn from the box, but upon stipulation of counsel he was excused because of his state of health, which would preclude his sitting through a long trial.

Adam Vogt of No. 945 West Twenty-first street was next drawn, and after a long examination he was excused because of the definite opinions he entertained as to the destruction of the Times Building.

D. E. Keith of No. 3307 East Fourth street was called in to the jury box, but after a long examination he was excused by stipulation of the State and defense, because of the state of mind exhibited.

It was developed that Mr. Keith is a deputy sheriff, and a long attempt was made by the defense to secure his removal on this ground. The court ruled that this did not disqualify Mr. Keith.

"The law even allows a lawyer to serve on the jury," remarked Judge Willis.

"I know that, but nobody wants

Another Victory

The Courts Have Spoken

Important to all Merchants

Three judges of the Federal Court sitting en banc at Portland, Oregon, have just decided that the law passed at the last session of the Legislature imposing a five per cent tax on the gross business of all merchants using trading stamps and coupons, and of trading stamp and coupon companies, doing business in Oregon, is unconstitutional.

The decision follows the case of Little et al. vs. Tanner, from the State of Washington, in which it was held to be legitimate for merchants to use premiums as a discount for cash trade and for the purpose of attracting and building up business.

President George B. Caldwell, of the Sperry & Hutchinson Co., and Hamilton Corporation, who is now making a visit to their many merchants and representatives on the Pacific Coast, states:

"The use of trading stamps and similar devices is neither more nor less than a legitimate system of advertising. As well might legislatures attempt to classify separately those who advertise in the columns of the daily papers or use electrical signs, bill boards or other devices and impose a tax upon them to the exclusion of others engaged in the same business who do not so advertise. The attempted classification is purely arbitrary and vicious class legislation and strictly a violation of the fourteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution.

"The Sperry & Hutchinson Co. is the oldest and largest premium house in the world. We employ expert trade analysts and give a service measured by actual redemptions of over 90% of our stamps issued. We employ publicity experts and annually spend several hundred thousands of dollars with newspapers and magazines. We do not invade their field nor do they ours. We co-operate with publishers to get results for our merchants and manufacturers. We invite the fullest publicity of our system and methods in the interest of fair play. The day is now past when competition is to be prevented by associational methods which are to the great disadvantage of individual members. Freedom of business gives every merchant and manufacturer the right to say whether or not he shall use premiums as a permanent business builder. To-day over 30,000 merchants of the United States are using our system successfully."

Copies of this Oregon and other decisions on the use of premiums may be had by calling upon any of our principal agents in San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal.; Salt Lake City, Utah; Portland, Oregon; Seattle and Spokane, Wash.

The Sperry & Hutchinson Co.

Green Trading Stamps

The Hamilton Corporation

Hamilton Coupons

Geo. B. Caldwell, President

Los Angeles Branch

345 South Hill St.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS

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READ WELL AND WIN THIS COIN.
Prizes for Best Answers to List of Questions.
Similarity with "The Times" Columns Essential.
What is to Name Advertiser from Descriptions.

REAFFIRM DECISION.
Some time ago the Supreme Court reversed the judgment of the lower court, found in favor of W. Jarvis. Low in his action against George E. Frink, enjoining the defendant from cutting off the supply of water by the part of the State.

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Los Angeles Daily Times
Awakening
By Sara Moore

Esther pushed her way through chattering neighbors in the tenement entrance, conscious that her Sunday outfit was making a sensation. She knew that the younger women eyed her with respect and admiration. She also knew that the older ones entertained less worthy emotions, of ridicule, criticism. They audibly wondered how she could spend money on such a dress when her poor pa had to work so hard. Esther bore their stares serenely. She had been the first girl to wear tight skirts in that neighborhood—at the risk of losing her reputation. Now she was leading the conversion to extravagantly wide ones over the dead prudences of the thrifty. She felt that she was spitting every word of scorn at the old-fashioned, for she was going to meet Sam, Sam the handsome.

At the corner this man who was to her girl friends what Douglas Fairbanks is to a matinee, greeted her in a burst of cheap sartorial splendor. "Doll, you're some class," he breathed, satisfied, made her feel that I can cop a queen—every time.

The girl winced at the "every time," but blushed at the superciliousness of his remark. She had not meant to be so complimentary. She was an object of suspicion and dislike among parents, but every lighter dreamed of receiving attention from the handsome young man at her side. He leaned to her with such ardor, it drew the gaze of every one on the car.

Either he and she and the rushing air blew away memories of a parting scene with her scolding mother. She was reveling in a feeling of luxury, of being a queen, of the many sacrifices and bits of selfishness represented in her silk slipper, silk stockings, gloves and—most extravagant of all—professionally manicured hands.

She followed Sam onto the excursion boat with a grace that was little less than a queen's. She was not a queen, but she was a queen in the eyes of the crowd. She was a queen in the eyes of the crowd. She was a queen in the eyes of the crowd.

CONFERENCE CONSIDERS NEW FINANCIAL PLAN.
Evangelical Association.

A NEW financial plan was presented by Rev. George Johnson at the general convention of the Evangelical Association yesterday. It is one of the most important questions to be decided upon. Following is the report:

"In order to promote a more systematic and harmonious support of the various missionary and benevolent enterprises of the church it is ordered that a commission on finance be elected, which shall arrange for the annual budget for missions and benevolent work. The various societies or boards looking to the commission for support shall submit to this commission their minimum current needs and their authorized aims for revision and appointment to the various annual conferences. The commission shall provide a committee on the budget for missions and benevolent work, who, with the presiding officers, shall submit to the conference budget to the various charges. The every-member canvass system shall be adopted and it shall be the duty of the churches to introduce the weekly offering system."

Members of the Board of Public Service Commissioners took issue with the Board of Freeholders yesterday on the proposition to combine the work of the water department and Bureau of Aqueduct Power under one manager.

As a result President Del Valle named Commissioner Kemp and Special Counsel Matheson of the board and Chief Engineer Mulholland and Auditor Anderson of the water department to appear before the freeholders and protest against the charter change which would put the water and power branches of the city's business under one-man control.

"It would be absolute destruction," said President Del Valle. "The department is big and its several activities too dissimilar to be susceptible to one-man control."

An answer was also drafted by the board to the wishes of the Mayor and the Welfare Committee as to whether or not it had "any valid reasons" for not moving its meeting place to the City Hall. The answer, signed by President Del Valle, follows:

After full consideration by the board, I am directed to submit to your committee the reasons why it would be impracticable for said board to hold its regular meetings at the City Hall.

While the board would be very glad to accede to the wishes of the Mayor and the Welfare Committee in this matter, for the sake of the desired uniformity in the meeting place of the city departments, in the case of the board of public service department it would be wholly impracticable and inadvisable, as scarcely a meeting occurs but what immediate reference and access to the maps and records of the de-

PARTY DEFENSE LEAGUE ORGANIZING CAMPAIGN.
"Allies"

THE joint committee of the Republican, Democratic, Socialist and Prohibition parties met last night in the Realty Board Building and adopted resolutions urging the people to unite in a concerted effort to defeat the adoption of Johnson's no-party laws at the election the 26th inst. The committee condemned them as un-American, unpatriotic and vicious. Isadore Dockweiler, chairman of the committee, presided.

After adopting the name of the Party Defense League of Los Angeles county, the committee in charge of the campaign authorized the chairman to appoint committees on finance, publicity, speakers and law. Plans were also laid to secure the active support of 150 representative men and women of the county, irrespective of their political faith, to join in the movement to retain partnership in State elections.

The headquarters of the league will be formally opened today on the fourth floor of the Realty Board Building, where literature and campaign matter will be distributed to volunteer workers. Meetings will be held almost nightly from now until the election and efforts made to impress the voters of the necessity of their exercising their suffrage.

Miss Mary Fox, prominent suffrage worker and member of the Democratic State and National Committee, in speaking before the committee condemned the purpose of the anti-party laws and pointed out that under its provisions an organized minority would control State elections rather than the majority.

The resolution adopted by the league follows:

Whereas, Believing the right of citizens to organize and maintain and act through political parties in the promulgation of political principles and the election of the executive and legislative officials of the State to enforce and administer the same, is one of the most important and fundamental rights of the people, and that the preservation of said right is of vital importance to the best interests of commonwealth and nation alike;

Be It Resolved, That we, voters of Los Angeles county, here assembled do unite and do hereby organize the Party Defense League of Los Angeles county and that the purpose of said league will be to oppose the anti-party laws enacted by the Legislature at its recent session, which laws will begin to operate on the 26th inst. and to vote on by the people at the

WILL WED AT ROMANTIC ALTAR OF OLD MISSION.
IN A PICTURESCAPE setting, which will portray a scene such as might have been witnessed in the early days of Southern California's romantic history, the nuptial vows of Miss Louise Whipple Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Ward of No. 1711 South Fair Oaks avenue, South Pasadena, and Edward Francis Watkins, Jr., of Alhambra, son of Edward Francis Watkins, one of the pioneers of Southern California, will be pledged.

The marriage will be conducted in the old adobe mission at San Gabriel, where the prospective bridegroom was christened a few weeks ago, next Thursday morning at 11 o'clock, in the presence of 400 guests. Although he has lived in Alhambra, because of associations Mr. Watkins has been a regular attendant at the San Gabriel Mission all his life.

While the invitations were sent out several days ago, the details of the wedding plans are being guarded with utmost secrecy. John S. McGroarty, author of the Mission Play, will be best man, and little dark-skinned contraltos in costume, it is said, will strew rose petals in the bridal path.

That invitations to the wedding would be issued soon was foretold at an inopportune time, a week or two ago, when the year books for the Women's Improvement Association of South Pasadena, of which Miss Ward is a member, were printed. In the books appears the name "Mrs. Edwards Francis Watkins." Instead of Miss Louise Whipple Ward.

Miss Ward and her fiancé were particularly anxious to keep the exact month of the marriage a secret, to all except those who will attend, in order to thwart the plans of motion picture men who wish to secure pictures of the ceremony.

The bride, who is petite and charming, and one of the most popular girls in South Pasadena and Los Angeles society, will wear a veil of rare lace which has figured in royal Old World romances.

The veil is said to have belonged to William IV, father of Queen Victoria, and has been worn at the weddings of a long list of English princesses.

Miss Ward's father is vice-president of the Pacific Light and Power Company and confidential agent for Henry E. Huntington.

CLUNE'S THEATER BEAUTIFUL AUDITORIUM
This Week D. W. GRIFFITH'S "THE ESCAPE" PRODUCTION OF
Next Week D. W. Griffith's V. Stefanon's "THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE" POLAR EXPEDITION

CLUNE'S BROADWAY THEATER—528 S. Bldg.
John Mason and Hazel Dawn in "THE FATAL CARD"

REPUBLIC—BERT LEVETT'S 10c
His Big Act, Headed by the Boy and the Regiment FANS! FANS! FANS! See Today's Game in Detail on Our Graphic, Exciting ELECTRIC SCORE BOARD

THEA BARA In the Devil's Daughter Starts at 11 A.M. Any Seat 25c Doors Open 10:30

ORPHEUM—The Only High Class Vaudeville Circuit
Every Night at 8, 10-15-16-17: boxes \$1. Mats. at 2 DAILY, 10-15-16: boxes 75c. Except Saturday and Holiday Matinees.

"STRANGEST" Right in the World. A whole colony of giant-plumed ostriches that never cease to be exhibited driving of the ostriches daily. Children love to come. Take the Main Street car, including admission, to the show. Tickets on sale at P.M. Depot or Cawston down town street, 725 Broadway South Pasadena. Fluctuating. Ostriches today.

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM Cts.

HIPPODROME— Main between 3rd and 4th CONTINUOUS TODAY From 1 Until 11 P.M.

PALACE OF PICTURES— 4th and positively "THE ISLAND OF REGENERATION" last week of the Coming Monday—MARIE DRESSLER in "TILLIE'S TOMATO SUPPER"

WOOLLEY THEATER—"TRILBY"
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG and WILTON LACROIX in NEXT WEEK—JULIUS STROGER in "THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE"

THE MISSION PLAY— Every afternoon, 2:30—Every evening, except Sunday evening, 8:15—San Gabriel Mission. Secure seats city hall office, Pacific Electric Station, 14th and Main Sts., Telephone, Broadway 4213 and 4214.

Business: Money, Stocks, Bonds—Trade Local Produce Market—Citrus Market

FINANCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TREASURER
Los Angeles, Oct. 9, 1915.
The following is a statement of the receipts and disbursements of the office of the treasurer for the month of September, 1915, compared with the corresponding month of last year.

	1914	1915
Receipts	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
Disbursements	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
Balance	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000

New York Money Market.
(By A. P. Night Wire.)
NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—Money market, 3 1/2% demand, 4 1/2% cables, 4 1/2% bar silver, 49 1/2. Mexican dollars, 25 1/2. Time loans, 30 days, 3 1/2% to 4%; 60 days, 3 1/2% to 4%; 90 days, 3 1/2% to 4%; 120 days, 3 1/2% to 4%; 180 days, 3 1/2% to 4%; 240 days, 3 1/2% to 4%; 360 days, 3 1/2% to 4%.

UPWARD TREND IS CONTINUED.

RAILROADS TAKE THE LEAD FROM THE WAR GROUP.

Reading is most conspicuous and scores a good gain—Several minor issues are brought out and show activity—Specialties are strong, although of secondary importance.

(By A. P. Night Wire.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—Prices made further recovery today from their abrupt declines of Wednesday, under guidance of the railways, which governed the market from start to finish. The movement in the transportation shares furnished the most impressive demonstrations of strength seen in some months.

Reading was the most conspicuous feature of the rally and for that matter of the entire list, its sales of 145,000 shares exceeding those of every other issue. At its top price of 1.62 1/2 it showed a gain of 7 1/2. Minor issues were active and strong to an unwelcome degree.

Specialties opened strong. Westinghouse, Crucible Steel, Colorado Fuel and Iron, and Baldwin Locomotive recording advances of 1 to 3 points, while Bethlehem Steel rose 1/2 to the new record of 17 1/2. These gains were substituted by declines of 1/2 and 1, respectively, at the end of the session.

Great Northern and the copper shares held their upward flight at midday. War shares fell back, but the advance in the railway group, those issues also reflecting releasing sales.

General Commercial activity was diversion in the final dealings, a spectacular advance on very moderate offerings being accompanied by reports of a "melon cutting" in the near future.

Total sales of stocks amounted to 1,278,000 shares.

Headings in bonds were the broadest, if not the largest of any day since midsummer. A feature was the offering of two small lots of the new American Government bonds, the subscription price. Total sales of bonds, aggregated \$4,778,000. Government bonds were unchanged on call.

Head Sales Compared.

(By DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)
NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—Following are closing quotations on New York stock and bond markets.

COMPARISON OF BOND SALES

Total sales, October 8, 1915, \$5,000,000.
Same day of week last year, \$4,778,000.
Same day of week for 1914, \$4,778,000.

COMPARISON OF STOCK SALES

Total sales, October 8, 1915, 1,278,000 shares.
Same day of week last year, 1,278,000 shares.
Same day of week for 1914, 1,278,000 shares.

New York Bond List.

(Published by E. P. Butler & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 115 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—Following are closing quotations on New York stock and bond markets.		
U. S. 4 1/2% 1917	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1918	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1919	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1920	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1921	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1922	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1923	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1924	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1925	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1926	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1927	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1928	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1929	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1930	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1931	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1932	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1933	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1934	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1935	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1936	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1937	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1938	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1939	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1940	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1941	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1942	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1943	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1944	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1945	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1946	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1947	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1948	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1949	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1950	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1951	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1952	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1953	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1954	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1955	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1956	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1957	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1958	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1959	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1960	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1961	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1962	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1963	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1964	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1965	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1966	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1967	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1968	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1969	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1970	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1971	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1972	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1973	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1974	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1975	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1976	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1977	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1978	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1979	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1980	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1981	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1982	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1983	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1984	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1985	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1986	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1987	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1988	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1989	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1990	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1991	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1992	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1993	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1994	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1995	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1996	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1997	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1998	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 1999	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2000	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2001	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2002	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2003	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2004	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2005	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2006	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2007	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2008	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2009	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2010	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2011	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2012	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2013	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2014	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2015	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2016	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2017	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2018	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2019	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2020	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2021	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2022	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2023	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2024	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2025	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2026	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2027	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2028	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2029	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2030	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2031	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2032	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2033	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2034	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2035	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2036	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2037	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2038	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2039	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2040	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2041	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2042	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2043	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2044	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2045	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2046	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2047	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2048	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2049	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2050	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2051	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2052	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2053	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2054	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2055	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2056	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2057	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2058	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2059	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2060	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2061	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2062	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2063	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2064	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2065	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2066	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2067	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2068	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2069	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2070	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2071	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2072	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2073	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2074	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2075	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2076	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2077	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2078	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2079	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2080	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2081	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2082	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2083	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2084	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2085	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2086	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2087	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2088	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2089	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2090	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2091	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2092	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2093	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2094	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2095	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2096	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2097	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2098	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2099	100	100
U. S. 4 1/2% 2100	100	100

New York Stocks

(Published by E. P. Butler & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 115 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—Following are closing quotations on New York stock and bond markets.

U. S. 4 1/2% 1917 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1918 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1919 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1920 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1921 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1922 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1923 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1924 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1925 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1926 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1927 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1928 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1929 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1930 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1931 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1932 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1933 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1934 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1935 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1936 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1937 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1938 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1939 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1940 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1941 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1942 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1943 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1944 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1945 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1946 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1947 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1948 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1949 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1950 100 100

U. S. 4 1/2% 1951 100 100

Grain.	WOOL TRADING	SHIPPING.	Riverside.	Bradstreet.
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PRICES BREAK
THREE CENTS.

RATHER SPOTTY.

HARBOR OF LOS ANGELES.
 ARRIVED FRIDAY OCT 2

AWARD BABY PRIZES

INDUSTRIES OVERTAXED

CITRUS
QUOTATIONS
 THE CHOP FORECAST TOO MUCH
 FOR RULL SIDE.

VOLUME OF BUSINESS DROPS
OFF AND PRICES ARE
IRREGULAR.

Steamer Harvard, Capt. White, from San Diego.
 Steamer Yosemite, Capt. Nelson, from Portland.
 Steamer Amherst, Capt. Hanna, from San Francisco.
 Steamer George Loomis, Capt. Phillips, from El Segundo.

AT RIVERSIDE FAIR.

TO CARE FOR BUSINESS.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]
Philadelphia Market.
Cotton Also Drops Bear Ann.
Cotton, 10 1/2, 10 1/4, and 10 1/8.
Wool, 10 1/2, 10 1/4, and 10 1/8.

<p>PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 8.—Two new old. Market is unchanged.</p> <p>VALENCIA.</p>	<p>Continues Decline Results.</p> <p>Loses Over a Cent. While Yield a Good Fraction.</p>	<p>other unsatisfactory week, trading being spotty and considerably under average week so far as the volume of sales is concerned. Prices are rather irregular and buyers are naturally</p>	<p>Starmer Borden, Capt. Tibbett, for San Diego.</p> <p>PASSENGER SCHEDULE</p> <p>All steamers call at San Francisco to and from ports further north.</p> <p>TO ARRIVE</p>	<p>awarded the silver loving cup in the Better Babies contest at the County Fair this afternoon, among 300 entries from Riverside county</p>	<p>leather, Redlands.</p> <p>Two years—William L. Thornquist, Redlands.</p> <p>Three years—Margaret Helene Pol-</p>	<p>in the economic situation performance follows promise at a rapid pace, and as unfavorable factors are eliminated even lagging lines are</p>	<p>time since the European war started, and almost everywhere in the country optimism is here. Weekly bank clearings, \$1,861,457,000.</p>
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Beaver, O. R. Ex.	10	seeking the weak spots. Some dealers consider the market a little healthier, but this opinion is by no means general.	Date	Port—Steamer	Redlands line	lock, Riverside.	brought in touch with the circle of growing activity. Industry shows notable activity. Ship yards are working at top speed, steel mills are	SCHOOLMASTERS CLUB.
Lemons.	11		Oct. 10—San Francisco	Oct. 10—Portland	Oct. 10—Portland	Four years—Judith Gunn, Corona.		(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)
Canyon, A. C. G. Ex.	12	"The mills continue well occupied,	Oct. 10—San Francisco	Oct. 10—Portland	Oct. 10—Portland	Five years—Walter Hargrave, Redlands.		POMONA, Oct. 8.—Man school teachers from high schools at Covina,
	13		Oct. 10—San Francisco	Oct. 10—Portland	Oct. 10—Portland	Dr. George E. Tucker of Riverside		

Cleveland Market.—The market for the week was a decline today in the price of gold. The market closed nervous. Gold, 100% net lower. Silver, 100% net lower. Copper, 100% net lower. Tin, 100% net lower. Lead, 100% net lower. Zinc, 100% net lower. Nickel, 100% net lower. Manganese, 100% net lower. Iron, 100% net lower. Steel, 100% net lower. Coal, 100% net lower. Lumber, 100% net lower. Grain, 100% net lower. Cotton, 100% net lower. Wool, 100% net lower. Hides, 100% net lower. Skins, 100% net lower. Furs, 100% net lower. Pearls, 100% net lower. Gems, 100% net lower. Jewelry, 100% net lower. Clocks, 100% net lower. Watches, 100% net lower. Cameras, 100% net lower. Radios, 100% net lower. Records, 100% net lower. Books, 100% net lower. Magazines, 100% net lower. Newspapers, 100% net lower. Comics, 100% net lower. Toys, 100% net lower. Games, 100% net lower. Puzzles, 100% net lower. Cards, 100% net lower. Stamps, 100% net lower. Coins, 100% net lower. Medals, 100% net lower. Trophies, 100% net lower. Awards, 100% net lower. Prizes, 100% net lower. Gifts, 100% net lower. Souvenirs, 100% net lower. Keepsakes, 100% net lower. Mementos, 100% net lower. Relics, 100% net lower. Antiques, 100% net lower. Collectibles, 100% net lower. Memorabilia, 100% net lower. Etc., etc., etc.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

VALENCIA. **IN SAN FRANCISCO.** **HIS WAY HERE.** **DOES ITS WORK.**
 (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
 SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 6. — Following is today's
 range of prices:
 LOCAL CARRIERS.
 LEAVES SANTA BARBARA—FAILS
 OLD PROSPECTOR SENDS GA

Jupiter, American P. Dis.....	1.01% May	U. S. Bonds.....	100% Adsl.	Steamers for California leave San Pedro at 10 a.m. daily, returning at 8 a.m.	TO ARRIVE AT HOTEL	RAGE MAN TO HOSPITAL
White C. Covins Ex.....	56% May	State bonds.....	4.30	Launches for Long Beach leave foot of Fifth street, San Pedro, from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. daily, and until 7 a.m. Sundays. Fast San Pedro ferry leaves ten minutes from foot of Fifth street, San Pedro, for Terminal Pier, Long Beach, at 10 a.m. daily.	AT BEACH.	AT BARSTOW.
LEMONS.		San Francisco Harbor Imp. &.....	4.30			
Log Cabin, L. F. Co.....	38% May	San Francisco Municipal Bds.....	4.30			
	14.70; January, 17.35.					

Citrus Fruit Shipments.
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.
ORANGE-LAVENDER.
Shipped by R. F. Norton & Co., Members New York Exchange, 118 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.
November, 1933. 100
December, 1933. 100
January, 1934. 100
February, 1934. 100
March, 1934. 100
April, 1934. 100
May, 1934. 100
June, 1934. 100
July, 1934. 100
August, 1934. 100
September, 1934. 100
October, 1934. 100
November, 1934. 100
December, 1934. 100
January, 1935. 100
February, 1935. 100
March, 1935. 100
April, 1935. 100
May, 1935. 100
June, 1935. 100
July, 1935. 100
August, 1935. 100
September, 1935. 100
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May, 1947. 100
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July, 1947. 100
August, 1947. 100
September, 1947. 100
October, 1947. 100
November, 1947. 100
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Peppers: boxes, 50 pounds, Howell, 1.50; 100, 2.50; 200, 3.50; 300, 4.50; 400, 5.50; 500, 6.50; 600, 7.50; 700, 8.50; 800, 9.50; 900, 10.50; 1000, 11.50; 1100, 12.50; 1200, 13.50; 1300, 14.50; 1400, 15.50; 1500, 16.50; 1600, 17.50; 1700, 18.50; 1800, 19.50; 1900, 20.50; 2000, 21.50; 2100, 22.50; 2200, 23.50; 2300, 24.50; 2400, 25.50; 2500, 26.50; 2600, 27.50; 2700, 28.50; 2800, 29.50; 2900, 30.50; 3000, 31.50; 3100, 32.50; 3200, 33.50; 3300, 34.50; 3400, 35.50; 3500, 36.50; 3600, 37.50; 3700, 38.50; 3800, 39.50; 3900, 40.50; 4000, 41.50; 4100, 42.50; 4200, 43.50; 4300, 44.50; 4400, 45.50; 4500, 46.50; 4600, 47.50; 4700, 48.50; 4800, 49.50; 4900, 50.50; 5000, 51.50; 5100, 52.50; 5200, 53.50; 5300, 54.50; 5400, 55.50; 5500, 56.50; 5600, 57.50; 5700, 58.50; 5800, 59.50; 5900, 60.50; 6000, 61.50; 6100, 62.50; 6200, 63.50; 6300, 64.50; 6400, 65.50; 6500, 66.50; 6600, 67.50; 6700, 68.50; 6800, 69.50; 6900, 70.50; 7000, 71.50; 7100, 72.50; 7200, 73.50; 7300, 74.50; 7400, 75.50; 7500, 76.50; 7600, 77.50; 7700, 78.50; 7800, 79.50; 7900, 80.50; 8000, 81.50; 8100, 82.50; 8200, 83.50; 8300, 84.50; 8400, 85.50; 8500, 86.50; 8600, 87.50; 8700, 88.50; 8800, 89.50; 8900, 90.50; 9000, 91.50; 9100, 92.50; 9200, 93.50; 9300, 94.50; 9400, 95.50; 9500, 96.50; 9600, 97.50; 9700, 98.50; 9800, 99.50; 9900, 100.50; 10000, 101.50; 10100, 102.50; 10200, 103.50; 10300, 104.50; 10400, 105.50; 10500, 106.50; 10600, 107.50; 10700, 108.50; 10800, 109.50; 10900, 110.50; 11000, 111.50; 11100, 112.50; 11200, 113.50; 11300, 114.50; 11400, 115.50; 11500, 116.50; 11600, 117.50; 11700, 118.50; 11800, 119.50; 11900, 120.50; 12000, 121.50; 12100, 122.50; 12200, 123.50; 12300, 124.50; 12400, 125.50; 12500, 126.50; 12600, 127.50; 12700, 128.50; 12800, 129.50; 12900, 130.50; 13000, 131.50; 13100, 132.50; 13200, 133.50; 13300, 134.50; 13400, 135.50; 13500, 136.50; 13600, 137.50; 13700, 138.50; 13800, 139.50; 13900, 140.50; 14000, 141.50; 14100, 142.50; 14200, 143.50; 14300, 144.50; 14400, 145.50; 14500, 146.50; 14600, 147.50; 14700, 148.50; 14800, 149.50; 14900, 150.50; 15000, 151.50; 15100, 152.50; 15200, 153.50; 15300, 154.50; 15400, 155.50; 15500, 156.50; 15600, 157.50; 15700, 158.50; 15800, 159.50; 15900, 160.50; 16000, 161.50; 16100, 162.50; 16200, 163.50; 16300, 164.50; 16400, 165.50; 16500, 166.50; 16600, 167.50; 16700, 168.50; 16800, 169.50; 16900, 170.50; 17000, 171.50; 17100, 172.50; 17200, 173.50; 17300, 174.50; 17400, 175.50; 17500, 176.50; 17600, 177.50; 17700, 178.50; 17800, 179.50; 17900, 180.50; 18000, 181.50; 18100, 182.50; 18200, 183.50; 18300, 184.50; 18400, 185.50; 18500, 186.50; 18600, 187.50; 18700, 188.50; 18800, 189.50; 18900, 190.50; 19000, 191.50; 19100, 192.50; 19200, 193.50; 19300, 194.50; 19400, 195.50; 19500, 196.50; 19600, 197.50; 19700, 198.50; 19800, 199.50; 19900, 200.50; 20000, 201.50; 20100, 202.50; 20200, 203.50; 20300, 204.50; 20400, 205.50; 20500, 206.50; 20600, 207.50; 20700, 208.50; 20800, 209.50; 20900, 210.50; 21000, 211.50; 21100, 212.50; 21200, 213.50; 21300, 214.50; 21400, 215.50; 21500, 216.50; 21600, 217.50; 21700, 218.50; 21800, 219.50; 21900, 220.50; 22000, 221.50; 22100, 222.50; 22200, 223.50; 22300, 224.50; 22400, 225.50; 22500, 226.50; 22600, 227.50; 22700, 228.50; 22800, 229.50; 22900, 230.50; 23000, 231.50; 23100, 232.50; 23200, 233.50; 23300, 234.50; 23400, 235.50; 23500, 236.50; 23600, 237.50; 23700, 238.50; 23800, 239.50; 23900, 240.50; 24000, 241.50; 24100, 242.50; 24200, 243.50; 24300, 244.50; 24400, 245.50; 24500, 246.50; 24600, 247.50; 24700, 248.50; 24800, 249.50; 24900, 250.50; 25000, 251.50; 25100, 252.50; 25200, 253.50; 25300, 254.50; 25400, 255.50; 25500, 256.50; 25600, 257.50; 25700, 258.50; 25800, 259.50; 25900, 260.50; 26000, 261.50; 26100, 262.50; 26200, 263.50; 26300, 264.50; 26400, 265.50; 26500, 266.50; 26600, 267.50; 26700, 268.50; 26800, 269.50; 26900, 270.50; 27000, 271.50; 27100, 272.50; 27200, 273.50; 27300, 274.50; 27400, 275.50; 27500, 276.50; 27600, 277.50; 27700, 278.50; 27800, 279.50; 27900, 280.50; 28000, 281.50; 28100, 282.50; 28200, 283.50; 28300, 284.50; 28400, 285.50;

Short-term Notes.
 1.75 @ 9.00. Citron; Turkey.
 40 Simmons; cane, twelve plants, 60¢
 FRANCHISO, Oct. 8.—Wheat—
 in trading. Flour—Steady
 sold at 1.29; May, 1.26½ bid
 —Heller & Co., Montreal

San Diego, Calif., Oct. 8.—When Herbert N. Neale, a well-known attorney of this city, stepped into Judge Lewis's court to listen to a murder

joined by Vice-President-General Col. H. B. Markham, in consultation with Gen. F. H. Barry on matters pertaining to this branch.

San Diego, Calif., Oct. 8.—When Herbert N. Neale, a well-known attorney of this city, stepped into Judge Lewis's court to listen to a murder

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Can. Pacific Co. of Man. 2, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric 1st pt.	87 1/2	Saturday, Oct. 9...	9.04	3.33	0.00	the young Mexican on trial, Eustaquio Villalobos. The man now on trial is charged with killing Capt. Sam C. Smith, an aged miner, last June, by beating him to death.	the GRAB of cottages (near this place, which have been provided by these ladies for veteran widows, members of the home and civilian friends rallied in numbers at
C. & N. Ry. Co. 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric 2d pt.	87 1/2	Sunday, " 10...	0.8	0.5	4.0		
C. & N. Ry. Co. 2d of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4	Monday, " 11...	2.59	10.15	0.12	11.48	
C. & N. Ry. Co. 3d of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 4th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 5th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 6th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 7th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 8th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 9th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 10th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 11th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 12th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 13th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 14th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 15th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 16th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 17th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 18th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 19th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 20th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 21st of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 22nd of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 23rd of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 24th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 25th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 26th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 27th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 28th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 29th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 30th of June 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 1st of July 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 2nd of July 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 3rd of July 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 4th of July 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
C. & N. Ry. Co. 5th of July 1, 1912-1909	1.85	Pacific Gas & Electric com.	54 1/4						
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1918-1919	1919-1920	1920-1921	1921-1922	1922-1923	1923-1924	1924-1925	1925-1926	1926-1927	1927-1928	1928-1929	1929-1930	1930-1931	1931-1932	1932-1933	1933-1934	1934-1935	1935-1936	1936-1937	1937-1938	1938-1939	1939-1940	1940-1941	1941-1942	1942-1943	1943-1944	1944-1945	1945-1946	1946-1947	1947-1948	1948-1949	1949-1950	1950-1951	1951-1952	1952-1953	1953-1954	1954-1955	1955-1956	1956-1957	1957-1958	1958-1959	1959-1960	1960-1961	1961-1962	1962-1963	1963-1964	1964-1965	1965-1966	1966-1967	1967-1968	1968-1969	1969-1970	1970-1971	1971-1972	1972-1973	1973-1974	1974-1975	1975-1976	1976-1977	1977-1978	1978-1979	1979-1980	1980-1981	1981-1982	1982-1983	1983-1984	1984-1985	1985-1986	1986-1987	1987-1988	1988-1989	1989-1990	1990-1991	1991-1992	1992-1993	1993-1994	1994-1995	1995-1996	1996-1997	1997-1998	1998-1999	1999-2000	2000-2001	2001-2002	2002-2003	2003-2004	2004-2005	2005-2006	2006-2007	2007-2008	2008-2009	2009-2010	2010-2011	2011-2012	2012-2013	2013-2014	2014-2015	2015-2016	2016-2017	2017-2018	2018-2019	2019-2020	2020-2021	2021-2022	2022-2023	2023-2024	2024-2025	2025-2026	2026-2027	2027-2028	2028-2029	2029-2030	2030-2031	2031-2032	2032-2033	2033-2034	2034-2035	2035-2036	2036-2037	2037-2038	2038-2039	2039-2040	2040-2041	2041-2042	2042-2043	2043-2044	2044-2045	2045-2046	2046-2047	2047-2048	2048-2049	2049-2050	2050-2051	2051-2052	2052-2053	2053-2054	2054-2055	2055-2056	2056-2057	2057-2058	2058-2059	2059-2060	2060-2061	2061-2062	2062-2063	2063-2064	2064-2065	2065-2066	2066-2067	2067-2068	2068-2069	2069-2070	2070-2071	2071-2072	2072-2073	2073-2074	2074-2075	2075-2076	2076-2077	2077-2078	2078-2079	2079-2080	2080-2081	2081-2082	2082-2083	2083-2084	2084-2085	2085-2086	2086-2087	2087-2088	2088-2089	2089-2090	2090-2091	2091-2092	2092-2093	2093-2094	2094-2095	2095-2096	2096-2097	2097-2098	2098-2099	2099-2100	2100-2101	2101-2102	2102-2103	2103-2104	2104-2105	2105-2106	2106-2107	2107-2108	2108-2109	2109-2110	2110-2111	2111-2112	2112-2113	2113-2114	2114-2115	2115-2116	2116-2117	2117-2118	2118-2119	2119-2120	2120-2121	2121-2122	2122-2123	2123-2124	2124-2125	2125-2126	2126-2127	2127-2128	2128-2129	2129-2130	2130-2131	2131-2132	2132-2133	2133-2134	2134-2135	2135-2136	2136-2137	2137-2138	2138-2139	2139-2140	2140-2141	2141-2142	2142-2143	2143-2144	2144-2145	2145-2146	2146-2147	2147-2148	2148-2149	2149-2150	2150-2151	2151-2152	2152-2153	2153-2154	2154-2155	2155-2156	2156-2157	2157-2158	2158-2159	2159-2160	2160-2161	2161-2162	2162-2163	2163-2164	2164-2165	2165-2166	2166-2167	2167-2168	2168-2169	2169-2170	2170-2171	2171-2172	2172-2173	2173-2174	2174-2175	2175-2176	2176-2177	2177-2178	2178-2179	2179-2180	2180-2181	2181-2182	2182-2183	2183-2184	2184-2185	2185-2186	2186-2187	2187-2188	2188-2189	2189-2190	2190-
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10	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	German Savings & Loan.....	2500	110	Sam Smith in a cruise along the coast	Miss Florence Housell, Principal. Tel. Home 25499.	Non-Sectarian Boarding and Day School for Girls under fifteen. 434
11	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Commercial Savings Bank.....	100	110	Low. Calaveras in 1916. One		
12	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%			night. Capt. Smith became incensed		
13	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%			at young Neale and brained him		
14	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%			with a Trip Through Yellowstone Park." Mr.		
15	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%			only.		
16	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
17	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
18	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
19	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
20	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
21	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
22	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
23	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
24	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
25	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
26	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
27	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
28	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
29	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
30	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
31	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
32	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
33	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
34	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
35	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
36	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
37	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
38	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
39	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
40	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
41	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
42	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
43	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
44	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
45	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
46	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
47	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
48	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
49	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
50	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
51	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$200 paid in) 75%					
52	Pa. Co. Bids. of Oct. 1, 1916.....	100	Marital Savings Bank (\$2					

29	U. S. A. of June 1, 1916...	1.25	100%	U. S. A. of June 1, 1916...	1.25	100%	U. S. A. of June 1, 1916...	1.25	100%
30	U. S. A. of June 1, 1916...	1.50	100%	U. S. A. of June 1, 1916...	1.50	100%	U. S. A. of June 1, 1916...	1.50	100%
31	U. S. A. of June 1, 1916...	1.57	100%	U. S. A. of June 1, 1916...	1.57	100%	U. S. A. of June 1, 1916...	1.57	100%

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

American Mail	75	80	85	90	95	100	105	110	115	120	125	130	135	140	145	150	155	160	165	170	175	180	185	190	195	200	205	210	215	220	225	230	235	240	245	250	255	260	265	270	275	280	285	290	295	300	305	310	315	320	325	330	335	340	345	350	355	360	365	370	375	380	385	390	395	400	405	410	415	420	425	430	435	440	445	450	455	460	465	470	475	480	485	490	495	500	505	510	515	520	525	530	535	540	545	550	555	560	565	570	575	580	585	590	595	600	605	610	615	620	625	630	635	640	645	650	655	660	665	670	675	680	685	690	695	700	705	710	715	720	725	730	735	740	745	750	755	760	765	770	775	780	785	790	795	800	805	810	815	820	825	830	835	840	845	850	855	860	865	870	875	880	885	890	895	900	905	910	915	920	925	930	935	940	945	950	955	960	965	970	975	980	985	990	995	1000	1005	1010	1015	1020	1025	1030	1035	1040	1045	1050	1055	1060	1065	1070	1075	1080	1085	1090	1095	1100	1105	1110	1115	1120	1125	1130	1135	1140	1145	1150	1155	1160	1165	1170	1175	1180	1185	1190	1195	1200	1205	1210	1215	1220	1225	1230	1235	1240	1245	1250	1255	1260	1265	1270	1275	1280	1285	1290	1295	1300	1305	1310	1315	1320	1325	1330	1335	1340	1345	1350	1355	1360	1365	1370	1375	1380	1385	1390	1395	1400	1405	1410	1415	1420	1425	1430	1435	1440	1445	1450	1455	1460	1465	1470	1475	1480	1485	1490	1495	1500	1505	1510	1515	1520	1525	1530	1535	1540	1545	1550	1555	1560	1565	1570	1575	1580	1585	1590	1595	1600	1605	1610	1615	1620	1625	1630	1635	1640	1645	1650	1655	1660	1665	1670	1675	1680	1685	1690	1695	1700	1705	1710	1715	1720	1725	1730	1735	1740	1745	1750	1755	1760	1765	1770	1775	1780	1785	1790	1795	1800	1805	1810	1815	1820	1825	1830	1835	1840	1845	1850	1855	1860	1865	1870	1875	1880	1885	1890	1895	1900	1905	1910	1915	1920	1925	1930	1935	1940	1945	1950	1955	1960	1965	1970	1975	1980	1985	1990	1995	2000	2005	2010	2015	2020	2025	2030	2035	2040	2045	2050	2055	2060	2065	2070	2075	2080	2085	2090	2095	2100	2105	2110	2115	2120	2125	2130	2135	2140	2145	2150	2155	2160	2165	2170	2175	2180	2185	2190	2195	2200	2205	2210	2215	2220	2225	2230	2235	2240	2245	2250	2255	2260	2265	2270	2275	2280	2285	2290	2295	2300	2305	2310	2315	2320	2325	2330	2335	2340	2345	2350	2355	2360	2365	2370	2375	2380	2385	2390	2395	2400	2405	2410	2415	2420	2425	2430	2435	2440	24
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[illegible]

National Carbon	117	Grand Wheat Market.		middling, 12.25; good middling, 12.37;	(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)	Sawtells,
National Carbon	117	Cash	160	strict good middling, 12.94		
National Carbon	117	U.S. NIGHT WIRE.	74	fair, 13.00; middling fair to fair, 13.75;	LOMA LINDA, Oct. 8.—Alva Smith,	
Pacific's Pool	117	WHEAT (Or.) Oct. 8.—Wheat	204	fair, 14.00. Sales, 480 bales; to arrive,	the young son of the carpenter at the	
Pacific's Pool	117	mid. 4 to 2 lower. Blue-	213	2615 bales. Tone of market steady.	sanatorium here, was almost instantly	
Pacific's Pool	117					

The hotel in everyone's thoughts, "Hotel del Coronado."—[Advertisement.]

HOLLYWOOD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

[illegible]

NEVADA MINING STOCKS

	Un- divided	Div- ided	Low	High	Close
500 Nevada Sugar Co.	12.50	13.00	12.50	13.00	12.50
50 Nevada	12.50	13.00	12.50	13.00	12.50

SCOT TOPPLES OVER ON RANCH OF PIGEON-FARM

which four men were riding. The boy was stopped near the cross-roads just in front of the sanatorium by an automobile party wanting to know which road to take to San Jacinto.

[illegible]

FAIR
 1700; steady Prime
 beef; dressed beef;
 2,500; dressed steers, 2.50
 and calves, 2.50; 100;
 and calves, 4.00 to 10.25.
 When Low
 million with

Rate	Gold	High	Low	Bid	Asked
4,000	Atlanta	High	Low	28	28
2,500	Brook	High	Low	28	28
Blue Bull	High	Low	28	28	28
C O D	High	Low	28	28	28
Corn, Free	High	Low	28	28	28

The Planned Market.
 [BY DIRECT WRITE—EXCLUSIVE SERVICE.]
 MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 4.—Flaxseed
 market today follows: Minneapolis,
 favored; no national; the highest

directly in front of the machine driven
 by Davis. He set the brakes and
 stopped the car within five feet of the
 spot where he hit the boy.

ing a cow on the J. Y. Johnson ranch
 west of Lancaster Thursday morning
 Robert Gillespie, a native of Scotland,
 toppled over dead. The deceased, who

ANGELES VISTA SCHOOL
 1844 ST. ANDREW'S PLACE
 Day and home school for girls of all ages
 College preparatory and special courses; all

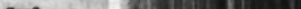
ADAMS AND HOOPER STREET
TWENTY-THIRD YEAR
 Accredited University of California
 School of Education

THE WESTLAKE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

[illegible]

WILSHIRE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
 274 South Normandie Avenue. Day pupils only; all departments. New building, outdoor study. Rurhythmics. Fall term begins Sept. 24. Principal, MISS L. C. FINKET. Home 52952.

Dealers in Municipal Bonds and Corporation
ORDERS IN UNITED STATES
AND FOREIGN CURRENCY.

Receipts, 284.	1.78; high 1.78; low 1.75; close today	terral revenue "uncers" stolen, seized	Legal Notice. Notice is hereby given, that Annie C.	KENNESINGTON SCHOOL & KINDERGARTEN President and Day Pupils. All departments Music, Languages, Domestic Sciences and Sewing course. Fall term began Sept. 15. Next Session Oct. 1st.	
Cholera, 136.	1.75; yesterday, 1.74; today, 1.58	and put a padlock on a distillery owned			
Light, 430.525; rough, 5.00	May opened 1.84; high, 1.84; low, 1.81;	by F. J. Roemer, five miles north-east			
	close today, 1.82; yesterday, 1.84; year	of Fresno today. The Federal authori-			
	ago, blank.	ties allege that Roemer has refused			

N & BRYAN
 MEAT, PROVISIONS, COTTON AND COTTON SEEDS
 1011 N. 1ST ST. LOS ANGELES OFFICE, BRADSHAW BLDG.
 1011 N. 1ST ST. LOS ANGELES OFFICE, BRADSHAW BLDG.
 1011 N. 1ST ST. LOS ANGELES OFFICE, BRADSHAW BLDG.

[illegible]

ES COUNTY GOLD ROAD, 10000 WINDSOR SQUARE, WINDSOR, ONT. L9C 1A8. Tel. (416) 291-1111. **ROBERT MARSH & CO.**
 nomination—immediate delivery. **10000 WINDSOR SQUARE, WINDSOR, ONT. L9C 1A8. Tel. (416) 291-1111.**
TORONTO SECURITIES COMPANY
 603-6 HURONTARIO ST. TORONTO, ONT. M5T 1A5. Tel. (416) 593-1111.

[illegible]

100

Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

LAW OF USURY
BASIS OF SUIT.HOTEL COMPANY'S CREDITORS
FIGHT INTEREST PAYMENT.

Allegation Made That Part of Loan Agreement was That Corporation Purchase a Lot at Four Thousand Dollars. Said to be Worth Only Half That Price.

A suit by Henry O. Wackerbarth, in behalf of the creditors of the Golden Bay Hotel Company, against the Southern California Investment Company and others, was heard in the Superior Court yesterday. The action seeks to enjoin the sale of the corporation's property through failure to pay certain promissory notes, and the testimony involves an alleged violation of the law of usury.

The Golden Bay Hotel Company operated at one time the King George Hotel at Venice beach. Wackerbarth testified that the corporation borrowed \$5000 in April, 1914, from the Southern California Investment Company, giving nine promissory notes secured by the personal property of the hotel. The notes bore 10 per cent. interest and represented an aggregate of \$2500. A condition of the loan was that the corporation buy a lot in a tract for \$4000. Mr. Wackerbarth alleged that this lot was worth \$2000. It was alleged that the difference of \$2000 in the value of the property sold to the hotel company was the basis of the charge and that this is in violation of the law which prohibits a charge of property brokers of more than 2 per cent. a month.

The investment company produced evidence to show that no attempt had been made to evade the law and that the property in question is worth \$4000.

BILKED, HE SAYS.

ASKS FOR ACCOUNTING.

Elias Pitman, pioneer ranchman of Whittier, left an estate of sixty-four acres when he died in 1888. Yesterday two suits were filed to quiet title and for accounting against Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Pitman and the other against Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cole. The suits brought by John E. Miller, a grandson of Elias Pitman, promise to revive the history of old ranching days.

Albert S. Pitman is the son of Elias Pitman and Mrs. C. E. Cole is his daughter. It is set up in the complaint filed by Attorney A. and R. A. Moore, that Elias Pitman bequeathed his estate to his wife, who was to hold it during her lifetime. At her death it was to go to the three children. One of the children died a number of years ago.

Mrs. Pitman died in 1909. Before she passed away, Mr. Miller alleges that Albert S. Pitman, his uncle, induced him to agree to a transfer of eighteen of the sixty-four acres to D. E. Cartwright. If this was done, Mr. Pitman is alleged to have stated, he would relinquish any claim to any portion of the residue. Mr. Miller later went to Canada and was there when his grandmother died. He states that C. E. Cole, his uncle, gave him information to the effect that Grandmother Pitman had spent all the assets of the estate and that nothing was left for the children or grandchildren.

When in the fall of 1914 Mr. Miller, as he alleges, learned that his sister, residing in Arizona, had been given a portion of the estate, he came to Los Angeles and made an investigation. He declares that facts dealing with the estate were contrary to what he had been told. He went to the estate in order to prevent him receiving his share of the property.

It is further stated in the complaint that Mr. Pitman and Mr. Cole are in possession of the forty-six acres, and Mr. Miller asks that there be an accounting of the property from the date of the death of his grandmother, and a clear title.

NOTICE CASE ENDS.

BLIM CHANCE TO WIN.

Apparently without a win in the local courts, although the matter is covered by decisions, the suit of L. B. Tuller of Pomona to recover \$1000 damages for alleged depreciation of his property at Park avenue and Artesia street by reason of the noise of the cars of the San Bernardino line passing by his premises, came to a close before Judge Wellborn yesterday after a spirited legal battle between Attorney Tuller and Ashburn. The Pacific Electric which owns the line was defendant, and set up that Mr. Tuller could not recover damages.

The court intimated that judgment would be for the corporation, holding as a matter of law that whether the Tuller property had been depreciated in value or not there could be no recovery because the noise of the cars is an incidental inconvenience which the property owner must suffer as a member of the general public, and it is not a taking or a damage within the meaning of the constitutional provision. In other words, the court said that property owners must give way to general progress.

The court was asked by Attorney Tuller to view the premises at Pomona and convince himself whether or not there has been any depreciation as alleged. This the court will probably do before finally handing down judgment.

ASK BIG DAMAGES.

SAY ARREST MALICIOUS.

Asking \$100,000 damages each, suits were filed yesterday by M. W. Findley and W. A. Murphy against E. M. Davis and Leocadia Lindsay for alleged malicious prosecution. These suits follow the filing of criminal complaints against Mr. Findley and Mr. Murphy in the Justice Court, August 11, on the charge of embezzlement. The charges were dismissed shortly after the complaints were filed.

The filing of the criminal proceedings is alleged by Mr. Findley and Mr. Murphy to have prevented them from carrying out plans for the construction of a plant for the manufacture of clay products.

BOHEMIA FOR HER'S.

WIFE GOES BACK EAST.

What's the use of having a wife, if she won't stay home? John P. Weir, a Southern Pacific conductor, might have asked himself this question when he prepared to file suit for divorce against Hattie Weir. Judge Ehenk tried the case yesterday and granted Mr. Weir a decree of divorce.

The severing of the ties comes after eighteen years of married life. Mrs. Weir was raised in Iowa, and the lure of the old home proved too strong, especially if any of her folks were there. She referred to it as "Old Bo-

hemia," and the testimony showed that she returned with her father, made a second trip to her home and the last voyage with her mother.

July 8, 1913, Mr. Weir said he returned from a trip and found a note from her, which stated, "Old Bohemia for me." He knew that meant she had gone back to her home folks. He received a letter from her, stating she had arrived safely and more poignant information that she was going to stay in Iowa.

TOO MUCH DRINK?

BUT WIFE RIPS TOO.

The divorce suit of Fannie B. Martin against Joseph W. Martin, who she charged with habitual intoxication, brought forth a homely from Judge Monroe yesterday. He asked Mrs. Martin:

"Do you drink?"

"Sometimes I take a little beer."

"Why do you drink it?"

"Because I am sick."

"Who advised you to take liquor?"

"Some of my lady friends."

"I don't think you drank more than she said she did," homilized the court. "I don't take any stock in a woman taking a drink because she is sick. A man always has an excuse for taking a drink. No woman, whose husband drinks, has any business to keep liquor in the house. You can't send a man from drinking by drinking yourself. Maybe this defendant is one of those men who cannot drink without the liquor affecting him. At the present time, I don't think the evidence is sufficient to warrant a decree and a decree is denied. Perhaps if he does not turn over a new leaf, he will become a habitual drunkard. He ought not to drink at all."

Mr. Martin admitted he took several drinks a day, but did not become intoxicated.

NIGHT LIFE.

STAYS OUT TOO LATE.

Miss Lena Slavin, a sparkling-eyed, slender young woman, married Charles Laletsky, a musician, after having known him all her life. Then she learned to her sorrow that he loved the night life and she confessed she had not known him very well after all. Judge Shenk gave her a decree of divorce on the ground of desertion, after hearing her story of his alleged neglect.

As leader of the orchestra at a dancing academy, Mr. Laletsky's labors ceased at midnight, but Mrs. Laletsky said he stayed away from home until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, and sometimes he did not come home all night.

The climax came July 10, 1914, when at breakfast Mr. Laletsky asked his child wife to pack his things, as he was leaving her. He was gone when she returned from a visit to the family physician. In the presence of girl friends, she asked him to return, but he said he was through. Single life suited him best, he said, as he could stay out as late as he pleased.

In a separate maintenance suit, filed some time ago, Judge Monroe awarded Mrs. Laletsky \$12 a week for her support. She asked and was granted leave to resume her maiden name.

INS AND OUTS.

ABOUT THE COURTS.

HARTSHORN ESTATE. The \$45,000 estate of J. W. Hartshorn was disposed of by will, filed for probate yesterday. Mrs. Grace E. Powell and Mrs. Leta H. Jones, his daughters, and Miss May Hartshorn, a grand-daughter, are bequeathed \$10,000 each. William L. Hartshorn, a son, is given stocks and bonds. The residue of the estate is left to the widow, Mrs. Ruth L. Hartshorn.

NOT CERTAIN WHICH. Because he was not certain which deserted the other, Judge Monroe yesterday denied a decree of divorce to Mrs. Marie H. Schroyer from William O. Schroyer, a jeweler. She testified that on an eastern trip they stopped at Salt Lake City. He told her to go to Cincinnati and sell a small business they had conducted in that city and he would join her there. But, it seems Mr. Schroyer returned if at all, to Los Angeles, where she met him, much to her surprise. She said he would not support her.

NOT RESPONSIBLE. Andrew E. Arbuckle, a good-natured heavy-weight, lost a great toe under the wheels of a car of the Los Angeles Railway. He needed that great toe in his business, but the corporation would not have to pay for it, as Judge Hogeby held yesterday that the latter could not be held responsible. Suit for \$10,000 damages.

SUES FOR INJURIES. Alleging that G. B. and N. W. Warman assaulted him, the net results being six fractured ribs, a fracture of the frontal bone, injury to the spine and sundry bruises, N. F. Herron, in a suit filed against the men yesterday, asked \$10,000 damages. The fracas is said to have occurred at Redondo Beach, May 12, last.

INCORPORATIONS. Texas Canyon Mining Company, Incorporated; Mrs. Antoine Denonle, Henry Denonle, George McKensie, J. F. Mitchell and Everett C. Moore, stock \$250,000, subscribed \$125; Panama Vrench Company, Incorporated; U. Fernandez, E. A. Hillman and M. J. Lovett, capital stock \$100,000, subscribed \$15; Fidelity Security Corporation, Incorporated; Fred de Augustine, Fred L. Boruff, George A. Eastman, N. L. Marvin and E. J. Votaw, capital stock \$100,000, subscribed \$10.

EMBEZZLEMENT. Vladimir Ruper, formerly treasurer of Slavon Slavo, a local Slavonian benevolent society, was held to answer to the Superior Court yesterday on the charge of having embezzled \$400 from the organization. The preliminary hearing was before Justice Brown. The defendant used the money, it was disclosed, for the relief of his brother, who was ill, and he admitted it. The defendant stated he had since repaid a considerable amount of the money. Bail was fixed at \$500.

BELTING THIEF. Edward LaPlante, who says he is the son of a New York stove manufacturer, was yesterday found guilty of stealing a considerable amount of rubber belting and other goods from the Los Angeles Rubber Company, by which he was employed. Sentence will be pronounced Monday by Judge Houser.

LEGAL LOOPHOLE. Ira H. Stubbs, a real estate dealer accused of illegally obtaining possession of a deed to Culver City property valued at \$1000, was released yesterday following a discussion of the legal aspects of the complaint which had been issued against him. At the hearing before Justice Hineshaw, Attorney McDonald argued that under the statute theft of a deed is not grand larceny, since it is neither goods nor chattels of a value in excess of \$50. He cited the statutes and legal decisions sustaining his contention. As the complaint against Stubbs charged grand larceny, and the prosecution could find nothing with which to combat the argument of the defendant's attorney, Justice Hineshaw ordered the complaint dismissed.

At the City Hall.
CONFERENCE ON
SPEED MATTERS.MAYOR, COURT, COUNCIL AND
DRIVERS TO MEET.

Police Judge Suggests Plan for Various Departments to Drive the Elusive Buck into a Corner for a Final Pass to Determine Proper Policy for All.

In response to a suggestion made by Police Judge White yesterday, Mayor Sebastian has called a meeting in the Council Chamber for 9 o'clock this morning to discuss the automobile speeding situation and endeavor to decide upon a definite policy for eradicating the evil. Included in the conference will be the Mayor, the City Council, City Prosecutor, Police Court Judges, Chief of Police, Traffic Commissioner, representatives of the newspapers, the Automobile Club of Southern California, the Auto Bus Owners and Drivers' Association and the "Jit-Bus Union."

"The city of Los Angeles has been confronted with many perplexing questions and few have been of a more serious nature than this speeding problem," said the Mayor yesterday. "It seems to me that if all sides get together tomorrow and get down to brass tacks, we can patch up these little differences of opinion and arrive at a programme of action that will get what everybody wants. Then it will be a case of substituting action for words and we will be ready for the next big problem."

Justice White, in his letter to the Mayor, said he believes that in considering the abatement of the speed nuisance, every city department seems to be passing the responsibility to some one other than itself, with the result that the people have not been getting better protection and no constructive steps have been taken to remedy the situation.

President Betkouski of the Council will suggest amending the speed ordinance to provide for a lower minimum fine and, possibly, a heavier fine for a second or third offense and he will urge the police judges to show leniency in imposing fines for speeders.

WANTON WASTE.

CITY TO INVESTIGATE.

Los Angeles is wasting more money through failure to utilize its natural gas supply than the city is spending on public improvements, according to "Chief" Wheeler of the Council Finance Committee, who introduced a resolution yesterday calling for an immediate investigation of the situation by the Public Utilities Board. Mr. Wheeler recounted the experience of eastern cities, where, he said, millions of dollars' worth of natural gas was being wasted by the communities realized the worth of cheap fuel, and said that Los Angeles is apparently following faithfully the bad example of the Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana cities instead of profiting thereby.

The resolution, passed by unanimous vote of the Council, cites that it is well known that large quantities of natural gas in the vicinity of Los Angeles are and for a long time have been going to waste, while gas consumers of the city are not enjoying the benefits of this supply at low rates. The Board of Public Utilities is requested immediately to make an investigation covering the following points:

How much natural gas is now going to waste in this vicinity?

How much natural gas could be developed in this territory if an effort were made to develop it, and, an estimate of the expense of development and of piping it to the city.

Cheap fuel means big pay rolls, and that is the greatest need of Los Angeles right now," said Mr. Wheeler. "It is the duty of the city to make immediate municipal ownership, but the situation demands investigation."

BUSY GAS METER.

BIG BILL CANCELLED.

Mrs. Charles F. Patterson of No. 857 Ardmore avenue told the Public Utilities Board that she closed her house up tight for a month and went East, and that while she was gone the Southern California Gas Company said her meter was playing to the tune of \$57.65. The board instituted a hearing, took testimony from both sides, and decided that the gas company shall cancel the bill. Mrs. Patterson's testimony was to the effect that all the gas was turned off and the house securely locked and empty while she was away. The gas company would show no evidence that the gas had been turned on other than the meter reading.

The Utilities Board denied the application of the Miller Hive and Box Company for permission to use electric power for the purpose of drying from 4:30 to 9:30 p.m. on rush business and still take advantage of the 20 per cent. discount for power used exclusively during "off-peak hours."

TO COMBINE WORK.

NEW STANDARDS BUREAU.

Establishment of a municipal bureau of standards was discussed yesterday at a meeting of heads of departments with the Council Finance Committee and the Efficiency Commission. Various department heads protested objections to the plan whereby it is proposed to do away with some seventeen testing laboratories scattered over the city and centralize the work with a

Brentwood Park

For residences only.

No stores, hotels or apartments.

Only one residence on a lot.

Building restrictions are precautionary, not excessive.

And a liberal building discount is offered.

J. Albert Campbell

Brady-Janus Co.

Main 1271—Home 10255

320 Pacific Electric Bldg.

Branch at Brentwood Park

view to economy and efficiency.

The harbor department, which prefers to have its testing work done at the harbor under direct supervision of the harbor engineer and the Board of Public Works, expressed the fear that a central testing bureau will conflict with the provisions of the Yvon act, while the City Engineer believes the man who tests paving materials should be under his supervision.

The Efficiency Commission pointed out that the chief inspector, under the proposed plan, will act as an auditor of materials the same as the City Auditor checks financial accounts for all departments, and all legal objections to the consolidation were removed.

Chairman Wheeler of the Finance Committee said the department heads were called for aid and suggestions, and about all they gave was objections, but, nevertheless, the committee proposes to go ahead with plans for establishing the bureau.

Petition is Sufficient.

City Clerk Wilde will certify the two-plate fire ordinance repeal petition to the Council Monday. The work

of checking the supplementary petition for the repeal of the ordinance was completed last night, and the figures, subject to slight revision, show that the original petition bears 10,074 valid signatures and the amendment bears 5081 valid names. This makes a total of 15,155 good names and the required 15 per cent. is 13,275. The supplementary petition for an initiative ordinance compelling the city to sell aqueduct water for irrigation on lands outside the city limits has not yet been filed.

Warning to Firemen.

Hereafter, members of the fire department who forget to adjust the spark before cranking automobile fire apparatus and are injured through this neglect, will likely lose their pay while recovering from broken arms or legs. This order will be made by the Chief and approved by the commission, and every auto fireman will be notified in a manner that the Fire Commission believes will attract attention.

Acting Chief O'Donnell explained to the Fire Commission yesterday that

most of the frequent accidents in which firemen have been injured while cranking the big machines are really the fault of the firemen themselves, because they forget to adjust the spark. The machines all have self-starters, he said, but most of them are of the compressed-air type, and they frequently fail.

Minor City Doing.

The Council yesterday authorized the Public Service Commission to file applications with the United States Forestry Department for reservoir and dam sites and rights of way for conduits through government land in the vicinity of Leveevine Creek and Rush Creek, in the upper Owens River Valley. These reservations are sought by the city to forestall attempts on the part of private power companies to tie up the power available for development of the municipal power system.

Protests against the proposed change of grade in Avenue 50 between Pasadena avenue and Echo street were sustained by the Council yesterday and proceedings will be abandoned. The Council will hear protests against

changing grades in the San Pedro tract on October 20.

Councilman Langdon was leaving of absence for ten days, beginning Monday, when Councilman Ham will return from his vacation. Mrs. Lindsey is now on leave of absence and Councilman Brain, Mr. and Wright have not yet returned.

An echo of the old city fight was heard in the Council yesterday when a petition was presented by E. C. Emery asking permission to "unpolluted food remains" from the streets of Los Angeles. Emery proposes to collect garbage from hotels and restaurants and use it as a plant where he can raise high-class chicken feed. He maintains that if it permits the use of the "polluted" garbage in this manner the cost of garbage collection will be raised materially all city, and the City Attorney was for an opinion on the validity of Emery's petition.

Try Marine Eye Remedy for Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids.

Squabs
25c each

Hens, Fryers, 50c each

Freshly dressed for the Sunday dinner.

(Delicatessen Dept.—4th Floor)

Established 1881
Hamburger's
BROADWAY EIGHTH
AND HILL STREETS
SUNSET, BDWY. 1168—HOME 10063

Our Saturday
Candy Special

50c Stanford Chocolate, 25c

packed in 1-lb. boxes, 25c.

Chocolate cream and Shad

soft, rich cream—none delivered.

(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

The Dream of Santa Claus.



"Little Sleepy-head was having the time of her life. All about her were dollies of every kind—crippled dollies—but dollies with two hands, and two feet—and the prettiest eyes and hair!—And there were doll clothes, and beds and dishes—and 'way over in the corner were her brother's skates and toys—such a world of them!—And then she awakened. She had been dreaming of Hamburger's Toyland and Doll-dom—where Santa Claus advance gift hints.

Note—Watch Hamburger's Ads for Other News of Santa Claus

Lovely 23-inch Jointed Dolls, \$1.50

This is one of Santa's favorites—a great, tall dolly with blonde head, open mouth, sleeping eyes and pretty hair. Such a dear! And it is only a dollar-and-a-half!—Mothers, dress this dolly now for Santa Claus!

Tennis Rackets, \$1.00

Beginners like these rackets of selected wood—they are so strong, so well proportioned.

Other Rackets, \$1.25 to \$2.00.

Tennis Balls—for practice, 25c; Championship balls, 50c, or 3 for \$1.00.

(Hamburger's Toyland and Doll-dom—Fourth Floor—Today)

"Winslow" Skates, \$2.00

Ball-bearing roller skates, with adjustable foot plate and toe clamps—a standard make that will last through many skating seasons.

Plain Bearing Skates, \$1.25

(Hamburger's Toyland and Doll-dom—Fourth Floor—Today)

11 1/2-in. Teddy Bears 65c

Big plush bears that the kiddies will love to pull around! With movable head and legs, yes, and a "flower" pin wheels, 10c—11 1/2 in. in diameter; easy to revolve, and combination color effects.

—And why—because Hamburger hats are "up and away above the average. They're all fashioned on a "line of smartness" adds the "top note" of distinction to your clothes.

—Try on one of the felts in putty or cork—they're the newest. Greens, blues, grays and browns, too, are just as new "in the limelight" as ever.

—You'll particularly like the shapes we're showing—all correct.

—"Felts" priced \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50.

—Our line of "Stetson's" is "unbeatable."

(Men's Store—Main Floor)

Here's a New Lot of Suits, and They're Great Values \$12.50

Clothes do not make the man, although they may unmake him.

—Now there's a word or two to think about—and you'll think in favor of a new suit, when you see this line of new fall models at \$12.50.

—Sack coats in 3-button style—trousers on conservative lines. Fabrics are gray and blue flannel, also gray, tan and brown mixtures and plaids; sizes 32 to 40—\$12.50.

Hamburger's Men's Store—Main Floor—Today.

The Sale of Men's Ties at 35c, 65c, 95c and \$1.45

—Continues—and tomorrow, the third day of this wonder sale, will prove the greatest. For—the hundreds of men, yes, even a thousand or so, who have bought neckwear, will tell their friends—and all around will the word go—sensational values, beautiful silks, low prices—all this in Hamburger's neckwear sale.

(Hamburger's Men's Store—Main Floor—Today)

Your Hat!

Every man who appreciates the value of his appearance should wear one of our new fall hats.

Note the graceful crown and roll brim of the style shown here. It comes in shades of blue, green, gray and brown—distinctively new. The usual Siegel high quality.



Siegel's

349 South Spring St.

Open Saturdays till 11 P.M.

"Supreme"

\$3

chauffeur grades in the Bus Petition on October 30.

Councilman Landon was here of absence for ten days, leaving Monday, when Councilman Ham will return from his vacation. Mrs. Landon is now on leave of absence and Councilman Drake, Wright and Wright have not yet taken vacations.

An echo of the old city petition was heard in the Council room, when a petition was presented by E. C. Murphy for "the removal of the 'unimproved' food restaurant' from the premises to collect foreign tourists and restaurants and build a plant where he would produce high-class chicken feed, reducing the 'profitable' surplus to maintain the cost of garbage collection, and the City Attorney is for an opinion on the validity of Murphy's petition.

City of New York, County of New York.

Caecotile-coated and filled with rich cream—none delivered. Hamburg's—Main Floor—Today

were dolls of every kind—
 and they may see some of these
 at the gift show.

open month, sleeping eyes and
as this only new for Santa Clara
11½-in. Teddy Bears 6c

—The Spanish bears that the children
will love to pull around! With new-
able hands and legs, eyes, ears, and a wiggly
nose. White, yellow, blue, red, green,
purple, black, and brown. They are
in the children's store to be seen, and in
the children's store to be seen.

Tip One Hats

TEN CENTS. THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST. 1781-1915

\$0, \$3.00 and \$3.50.

The "Traffic Squad" in New York Harbor.

From New York Sun.

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GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

The Hidden Melody.
As I have seen some women do
Who knit and knit the whole day through,
So I, as I go here and there,
Along the city's thoroughfare,
Just take my thoughts amid the throng,
And knit and knit them all day long
Into a gay, fantastic song.

Folk little guess within my head
What happy melody is bred,
What singing thoughts go laughing past,
What jocund love my heart holds fast;
Nor how I have to walk my feet,
Instructing them to be discreet,
To keep from dancing on the street.

The songs are made of folks I love;
Of wind-blown steam, blue sky above;
Of babies laughing at balloons;
Of young men's quips and whistled tunes;
Of birds, of beasts, of women's hair,
And jonquills bowing debonaire,
All strung with words that dance and pair.

So all day long, prinked out in rime,
My thoughts go by to measured time,
And all because, O Love! O Might!
O Melody of sheer delight!
My soul kneels down to say it true—
Weaving a song forever new,
The world goes dancing past to you!

—[Margaret Prescott Montague, in Youth's Companion.

Music.

Not only to the winging bird,
But also to the wayside grass
I bring the essence of my word,
And through them bid its beauty pass—
Just as in haughty chant I fire
A race, enslaved, to right its wrongs;
Hammer and flail I oft inspire
To echo my undying songs—

My whisper makes the baby crow,
My laughter stirs the lusty boy;
I bless the old man's crown of snow,
I am the lover's heart of joy—

Unseen, by tone and rhythm I trace,
'Mid star dust or rose spangled sod,
For listening time a path through space—
From glowworm unto Son of God.

—[William Struthers, in Boston Transcript.

The Search.

Where sleeps eternal slope to night
A lonely spirit came;
Upon the crag's sheer looming brink
He broke the dark like flame.
From starless depths an upward breath
Took form of wind and word:
"What seek ye here where never voice
Or plea of man was heard?"

And through the echoing dusk a cry:
"I am the first of those
Whose feet shall pass all barriers
That hell or heaven knows!"

"I came along a comet's path,
On starry tides was tossed,
I seek, though seek I evermore,
To find a love I lost!"

—[Arthur Wallace Peach, in New York Sun.

To the Ankle Watch Mermaid.

Pray tell me how when you submerge
Yourself beneath the sea,
The watch is never waterlogged
So it runs sluggish-lee.
I fain would know who made the case,
Who packed the stuffing box
Around the stem that it admits
No water through its locks.

Likewise on this September morn,
A hundred in the shade,
Pray tell me where the works were bought
And by what expert made.

"If you must know and will be good,"
The wearer sweetly said,
"This ankle watch is just a fake
Without works—like your head."

—[R., in New York Sun.

The Eagle.

Fools would flee away my talons (saith the Eagle),
Fools forgetful, fools misleading and misled,
Blind to freedom's instant needs, cold to freedom's ancient deeds,
Deaf to all the voices of my dead—
Yet this: That wrong is strong (saith the Eagle),
Is the message of my stern, heroic dead.

Tearing beak and rending talons (saith the Eagle)
And the wings of aspiration—that is I!
And the will that made the weak, grace to talons and to beak,
Freemen! with their foreheads to the sky—
Yet wrong is tyrant-strong (saith the Eagle)
And who shall bide its onset—if I die?

Though I tore the guts from kingship (saith the Eagle)
Yet it writhes from strength to strength across the sea;
Though I showed the fools of earth what the gutted name was worth,
Behold! the fools of earth are deaf to me!
Yet wrong is kingly-strong (saith the Eagle),
And right must needs be stronger—to be free!

Mine the wings of aspiration (saith the Eagle);
Mine the vision of a sacred pilgrim host
That mounts from life to life to the peace beyond our strife
And meets the Lord of Freedom, ghost to ghost—
Yet wrong on earth is strong (saith the Eagle);
And man on earth must slay it, flesh or ghost.

When the Master purged the temple (saith the Eagle)
Did he pacify, or palter, or suggest?
No! a scourge of knotted cords helped the work that was the Lord's,
And the arm that hewed the ox-yokes did the rest!
He knew that wrong is strong (saith the Eagle)
So his arm that hewed the ox-yokes did the rest!

Do ye likewise, foolish freemen (saith the Eagle);
Make ye ready for the deeds that freemen do;
Ay! and forge ye for my heels two far-flashing, mighty steels
To guard my land and sea, and Yours, and You!
For wrong is devil-strong (saith the Eagle),
And right must needs be stronger—to be true;
Must needs be nobly stronger—to be true!

—[William Samuel Johnson, in New York Herald.

Ambition.

A man with firm and piercing gaze
And hair well touched with white
Stood pensive as the twilight haze
Was melting into night.
"I've wealth," he said, "and ease complete;
Yet for one thing I sigh,
I vainly wish that I could eat
A second piece of pie.

The hours are gone, alas for me,
When I would never wince
While going through the list with glee
From custard down to mince.
Those joys so strangely short and sweet,
How they have passed me by!
What would befall if I should eat
A second piece of pie?

"A bit of pastry now and then
I nibble half afraid.
My word among my fellow-men
Is instantly obeyed.
But I desire no tributes neat,
Nor flattery flattered high,
I only wish that I could eat
A second piece of pie."

—[Washington Star.

HUMOR.

[Puck:] "Money will not take a man to the top, Henderson."
"I know; but it will give him a lot more room at the bottom."

[Kansas City Journal:] "Well, I am 45 years old today."
"My dear lady, years mean nothing to a beautiful woman."
"I know. Still, I guess I'll have to really move out of the younger set."

[Pittsburgh Post:] "Don't you think it rather foolish to mortgage a home to buy an automobile?"
"Oh, I don't know. When you have an automobile you don't care whether you have a home or not."

[Judge:] Hortense: I can only be a sister to you, Alphonse.
Alphonse: Then give me back my presents.
Hortense: Why, Alphonse! Who ever heard of a sister doing such a foolish thing as that?

[Washington Life:] The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered.
"Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out," and the office boy, gathering them all into a large wastebasket, did so.

[New York Sun:] "Father, what's superfluous?"
"The words, 'Please deposit promptly' on the back of a check."

[Indianapolis Star:] Little Lemuel: Say, Paw, what is the meaning of ostentation?
Paw: Ostentation, son, is a way the neighbors have of showing off.

[Boston Transcript:] She: I suppose the Duke has landed estates?
He: Landed one every time he married, but he managed to run through 'em all.

[Buffalo Express:] "I wish, Mrs. Nurich, you would come over some time and see my aplary."
"Thank you, Mr. Jiggs, but really, monkeys never interested me."

[Topeka Journal:] "When you didn't have your fare did the conductor make you get off and walk?"
"Only get off. He didn't care whether I walked or sat down."

[New York Post:] So, doctor, you are still single? Ah, I fear that you are somewhat of a woman-hater."
"Nay, madam; it is to avoid becoming one that I remain a bachelor."

[London Punch:] Longshoreman (after protracted conversation:) Be you one o' they Germans, sur?
Visitor: Good gracious, no! Why?
Longshoreman: Well, you 'asn't asked if I wor thirsty!

[Life:] Friend: I see you have turned your wife's picture to the wall. Isn't that rather disrespectful?
Widower: No; it seems more natural. You, see, most of my time at home I spent in buttoning up her back.

[Washington Star:] "Did you use that money you put by for a rainy day in the way you intended?"
"Not exactly. But I came as near using it that way as I could. I bought watered stock with it."

[Chicago Herald:] Trustee: We're thinking of putting up a nice motto over your desk to encourage the children. How would "Knowledge is Wealth" do?
Teacher: Not at all. The children know what my salary is.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "I hear there is a movement on foot to weed out all unscrupulous lawyers from the Plunkville bar."
"We investigated and found there are no unscrupulous lawyers at the Plunkville bar."
"Who investigated?"
"Us lawyers."

[Browning Magazine:] "Where're you living now, Podgers?"
"Nowhere. Boarding at the same old place."

[Philadelphia Bulletin:] "What's the matter?"
"My wife says I don't know how to handle the baby."
"I wouldn't get miffed over that, son," said the older man. "Take my advice and don't learn."

[Yonkers Statesman:] Mrs. Flatbush: So she told you that piece of gossip, did she?
Mrs. Bensonhurst: She certainly did. "Over the telephone?"
"No; over the back fence."

[Punch:] Artist (to model he has just picked up in the street:) A man I had up here the other day stole two pounds when my back was turned. Would you do a thing like that?
Model: Oh, no, sir; you see, I 'aven't the speed.

[Houston Post:] "Want a job, eh?"
"Yes, sir. I am looking for a place where there is plenty of work."
"I am sorry, but there is not enough work here to keep you busy an hour a day."
"That's plenty of work for me, sir."

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.
[From The Times of October 6, 1915.]
THE SKY: Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., west; velocity, 7 miles. Thermometer, highest, 84 deg.; lowest, 54 deg. Forecast: Fair.

LEWIS HOWELL ROGERS Discovers the Mainspring of Life

THE VITAL NERVE

and without asking, is awarded a DOCTOR'S DIPLOMA OF HONOR BY STATE OF NEW JERSEY. CHIROPRACTOR'S ASSOCIATION. This greatest discovery of the century shows that "Good Health is good circulation only," and nothing more is required in any sickness or supposed incurable disease. Consumption, Typhoid Fever, Paralysis, Heart Disease and other "long-term" without cost, can reach the Electric Center of their own body without a moment's delay and obtain relief from the numerous life of life, as recorded of the age of mystery, but greatly withheld for speculation by the most civilized nations.

Mr. Rogers finds this ancient practice to be strictly natural and used daily by California Indians, also by the sturdy Jews, who are models of health and the women strong like men. The Times Printing Co. has printed the full method with free trial in 16-page booklet, which will be sent free to all who are interested in the subject of health. Send the voucherbook. Address Mr. Rogers, 303 Ave. 61, Los Angeles, Cal.

PERFECT HEALTH

Are you sick and suffering from an old chronic disease and cannot get well? Why not follow the footsteps of others who were in your shape, but found Perfect Health through Natural Methods of Treatment? Why not allow Nature a chance? I have shown others how to get Perfect Health. My Methods include "RADIO," the Vital Nerve, Diet and Hydrotherapy. Four systems of Natural Cure in one. Advice free. Costs nothing to investigate. Dr. James Maskell, "Radio," 613 W. Eighth St. Phone F4234. Perfect Health is your natural birthright. Perfect health awaits you now.

ROSE SPRING

4835 Pasadena Ave.
Opp. Sycamore Ave.
We now supply pure water for family use. Radioactive water for medical use. Stop for free sample or phone for booklet descriptive of how.

Radium and Radioactive Water
are curing many diseases such as constipation, rheumatism, stomach, liver and kidney, skin and scalp troubles. Phones 35613; Garvan 953.

BETTER BE SAFE.

When the eyes ache it is a sign of strain that can rarely ever be permanently relieved without wearing glasses. We can tell you whether this is so or not if you will honor us with a visit. Glasses at our own price from \$1.50 upward.
C. L. McCLELLY, O.D., N.D.,
Eyeglass Specialist,
539 1/2 E. Broadway, Suite 4.



...of the world. It is a fact that the world is a vast and beautiful place, and it is our duty to make the most of it. We should not be content with what we have, but we should strive to improve ourselves and our world. We should be kind to each other, and we should work together to make a better world for all.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

apples of Iduna, daughter of the dwarf, Svald. She had a tree, the fruit of which endowed the partaker with perpetual youth. Possibly this eternal maiden is one of those we meet on Broadway of an afternoon.

This tree of the Northland might have been a real apple.

The Countess D'Amois in her strange memoirs tells of the existence of what was called the singing apple. On giving one to a person he or she would afterward do whatever you desired. That must have been a pippin.

In the chronicles of the Arabian Nights, it is related that Prince Ahmed bought in Samarkand an apple, the properties of which were such as to cure all ills to which the body was heir. That sounds something like a real apple.

Then there is the instance of Sir Isaac Newton who was so amazed at seeing an apple fall downward from a tree that he promptly went out and discovered the law of gravitation. What he would have found had the apple fallen up instead of down is marvelous to contemplate. Newton's tree was probably a grafted one and what amazed him was to see an apple fall from a pear tree. Gravity was there all the time. What Newton discovered was graft, which has been with us ever since. Gravitation and graft sound much alike.

There are numerous other notable references to the apple in fiction and history and there can be no opposition to the institution of an Apple Day. The pioneer of the national movement is said to have been Capt. Jim Handy, secretary of the Mississippi Valley Apple Growers' Association, a society which has been in existence for nearly a quarter of a century. The captain's idea of a good lunch was a red apple and a bucket of hard cider and when he was full of his subject he was very engaging. Gov. John R. Tanner was one of the most successful politicians that Illinois ever produced and during all his career he always kept a barrel of apples at his office door to which every visitor was given free access. The Tanner apple exhibit at State conventions was a distinct feature and an apple frequently took the place of a drink. Gov. Tanner designated an Apple Day at the whim of Capt. Handy and it has been an institution ever since—spreading over into many other States.

California will try it out on October 19 along with the rest of the country and it is hoped to get an apple into the tummy of half the world, including all the scrappers in the European trenches. The apple has the most persistent class of admirers of any fruit in God's green earth.

Peace Overtures.

THE Messiah during His lifetime, although another name for Him was the Prince of Peace, and although His teachings inculcated peace and if rightfully followed would lead to universal peace, yet warned His disciples that here would be "wars and rumors of wars" until the end of the world.

We have the wars on our hands on a scale never known before in the history of humanity, and mingled with new rumors of new belligerents getting into the melee come frequent rumors of peace. May the God of Battles, another name also for the Prince of Peace, hasten the day when the nations of Europe will be in a position of re-making their worn-out cannon and small arms, their exploded ammunition and every other warlike equipment, into equipment for peace, and when they shall beat their dull, gapped and broken swords into plowshares, pruning hooks, or some other kind of agricultural implement.

The whole world is weary of the war, and longing hearts everywhere are crying for peace. Widows in their weeds are lifting suppliant hands to heaven in millions all over Europe begging peace

from heaven. If any one of those great men who are responsible for the war could have foreseen the scope that it would take, the money and lives it would cost, the sorrow and suffering it would produce, think you for a moment they would have raised that terrible "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war?" We do not hesitate to answer the question in the negative.

It is easy to "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war," but once unleashed and those ferocious bloodhounds having fleshed their teeth in human bodies and lapped the blood of their victims, become frenzied and exceedingly difficult to recall from battenning on their horrible feast. It is mighty easy to unleash the hounds, but awfully hard to put the collars around their necks again and tie them up in the old temple of Janus or any other kennel whose doors are always open during war and only closed when peace prevails.

Much as the world longs for peace and desirable as it is on every human account, few people of intelligence and perspicacity will dare to hope for that longed-for event for months to come. The way the belligerents have sustained their warfare is marvelous; marvelous from the standpoint of the men they have thrown into the trenches, marvelous for the guns they have provided and for the ammunition they have already expended. But perhaps the most marvelous thing is the money they have provided for this war. The armies are larger, the guns more titanic, the ammunition more abundant, ten times, a hundred times, a thousand times, more than in any other war that has ever cursed humanity. But the financing of this struggle is on a scale so immense that nobody could have beforehand figured out the ability of the nations to stand the strain without incurring universal bankruptcy.

Undoubtedly the Teutonic allies would be glad to make peace on their own terms, and from the information conveyed to the public, their terms are not drastic nor hard, but considering the wonderful success their armies have achieved, must be characterized as moderate. Why then not make peace? Because, although the Teutonic allies profess their willingness to give up the conquered territory in their hands and ask for little indemnity, yet peace now would be of wonderful advantage to the central European nations. Advantageous? How? In prestige mostly. They would be in a position to claim a victory as gigantic and far-reaching as the war has been.

It may be national pride that dictates this effort on the part of the other allies to do what the Chinese call save their face. But undoubtedly while national and racial vanity figures in the situation, there is more than that at stake. Until one side or the other is vastly more exhausted than at present, peace talk from any quarter would seem to be in vain. The British government and its allies have given the United States government to understand that any peace proposals emanating from this country will be regarded in the light of "an unfriendly act." Then there is undoubtedly the realization on the part of the belligerents that all sides must be more exhausted in men and money before peace could be established on anything like a stable basis.

If money holds out to defray the expenses of the war we may expect to see the men hold out indefinitely, and therefore it looks as if the world were in for another winter of war rather inactively in the trenches, to be followed by another active campaign in the following summer. It is very sad to contemplate this proposition, but it would better be faced if it has to be.

A woman in Los Angeles succeeded in getting a divorce because her husband would never provide anything for the table but soup, and wanted about five kinds of soup a week. It seems that love cannot subsist upon a liquid diet.

Hitting High Spots in History.

By Eugene Brown.

WHEN YOU go to the bank with a check next Tuesday you will be shocked on beholding a neat sign in the window stating that the institution is closed. Why?

It is one of our numerous legal holidays. The reason is that just 423 years ago that morning a Spanish sailor with a dago accent sprang from the deck of a venerable scow and raised the banner of the King of Spain on an island many acres off the Florida Coast. The odd part of it is that he thought he was confiscating India.

There is popular assent to the claim that Christopher Colombo was the white discoverer of the American continent, although this is not substantiated by fact. According to off-hand impressions our country was discovered by Columbus, recovered by Lincoln and uncovered by Roosevelt.

Anyhow it is well to give Columbus a blue ribbon for what he did. He was a grand stayer and would be considered a blend of bulldog and goat. He began life in Genoa, Italy, which was some handicap to start with. His father was a weaver and as a lad Columbus was taught to knit yarn mittens for the heathen. As he grew older he wanted to see the heathen at first hand and so he went away to be a sailor. He mingled with the Portuguese, for they were the best sea-dogs of their time. The Portuguese were regular ducks for the water. After Columbus had sailed up and down the known coasts he sighed for wider waters. He came back possessed of two ideas—that the world was round and that he could make an egg stand on end. If the world was round he could reach India by sailing west. So he went and broke the news to King John of Portugal. His Royal Highness didn't seem to be particularly impressed and thought Columbus was stringing him. The popular impression of the time was that the earth was flat and that water boiled at the equator. Consequently the sailor folk were a trifle leary about getting too far away from the home plate. If they went in one direction they would get cooked and in the other they would go over the falls. Chris hung about the place for quite a while and showed the King his magnetic needle and other tools but when he asked for a schooner the King laughed and told him to go down to the Dutchman's on the corner and get one for a nickel. Columbus loafed around Lisbon for quite a while, for he also happened to be stuck on a gosling, but he finally got mad, packed his night shirt and went back to the old home town.

He thought perhaps the Genoa Cornet Band would be down at the depot to meet him. But it wasn't. The band was out spilling at the brewers' picnic and never heard of Columbus—never heard of Ohio even. So Columbus tackled the Mayor and Finance Committee for an appropriation for a boat. When he told them that the world was round they shook their heads and made signs that he was fuzzy in his noodle.

There was positively nothing doing. So Columbus once more got passionate under the necktie and packing his valise and borrowing a ten from the old man, he took the night freight for Madrid. When he arrived he took a room at the Grand Central Hotel and rang up the palace to ask for an interview with the King. He also met a reporter for the Evening Hammer and when he told him that the earth was round the news gatherer hastened back to the office and wrote a thrilling story for the pink extra, announcing the discovery. It was a great scoop. But times were hard in Spain, also. The King had a fight on

with the Moors and the royal family was so hard up that the lovely Isabella had to run a manicure and massage parlor on the side. Nevertheless they received Columbus kindly and listened to his proposition. "Can you make an egg stand on end?" inquired the King.

"Sure, Mike—I mean Ferdy," exclaimed Columbus eagerly.

Stealthily removing his gum Columbus affixed it to the base of an egg and then balanced it without difficulty on the mantelpiece.

"Marvelous!" ejaculated the King in admiration.

But it was many weary months before the enthusiast could get any action on his proposition. The war kept the country broke and the King got down to smoking nickel cigars and wearing his shirt for two weeks. Columbus was about to give it up as a bad job when he happened to set in a game of pinochle one night with the Queen's confessor. The good priest got interested in Columbus's story and told Her Majesty that it would be a shame to let a good thing like Palm Beach get away. So there was another conference. When Columbus had again impressively told his aspirations the beautiful Isabella burst into tears and removing from her swan-like neck the diamond necklace, which all manicure ladies wore, she handed it to Columbus.

"Take it to a pawnbroker," she whimpered, "and tell him to give you enough mazuma to float a yacht."

Columbus was very much affected and immediately went out and bought three scows.

And so they sailed.

And they sailed.

It was early in August when they left Spain. The admiral headed his little fleet for the west and kept his course as steadily as wind and weather would permit for the better part of two months. The crews were mutinous at times. They thought they would never get back to the corner grocery again. Many of the men thought Columbus was dippy in the dome. But he told the man at the wheel to point her nose to the west and hold her there until the last armed foe expires.

On the morning of October 12 the lookout suddenly exclaimed: "Land, ho!"—and we have been hoeing land ever since.

There it was right before their eyes—a fair, green, beautiful land, and as the quaint vessels drew nearer to the shore they noted that the inhabitants, headed by the Tammany Drum Corps, were giving them a hilarious welcome.

America had been discovered!

It matters not that Columbus believed he had located another route to India. He had found the fringe of a new continent—a continent which was to cut some figure in future history. What matters it now that he called the first men he saw Indians and the name was to stick to them until the last red man is laid away?

But spite of all this there were earlier white visitors to the American shores. The big, blond-headed Norsemen saw them first. Back as far as 985 Blarri and his sailormen were off the New England coast and in the year 1000 Flat Lelf the Lucky, son of Red Eric, landed and had a colony somewhere near where now is Buzzard's Bay—which Grover Cleveland made famous.

But the Norsemen sailed away and forgot us for four centuries and that is the reason why we have Columbus Day instead of the day of Lelf Ericson.

Sigmund Lubin, another great moving picture producer, is in Los Angeles with a view to establishing one of his great studios here. Let him come, and welcome. They can't make pictures in Southern California without showing the world how beautiful is our land.

Judge Monroe does not mean that there is more domestic infelicity in Los Angeles than anywhere else when he asks to be relieved from any longer service in the divorce court here. He only means that he objects to having the whole miserable mass dumped upon his own head.

A young lady who edits a daily newspaper in Peoria has been visiting in Los Angeles. That is a dangerous thing for an eastern woman with a career to undertake. If she escapes matrimony out here she is still facing the hazard of being captured and made into a moving picture star.

Culver City is to get a big portion of the New York Film Corporation's plant. This will give Mr. Ince headquarters of fine convenience and will add appreciably to the pay roll of Culver City. Many of the actors will live there, whereas nobody is expected to live in Inceville.

The "Traffic Squad" in New York Harbor.

From New York Sun.

EXACTING TASK.

NEW YORK'S harbor has never before been so crowded with every description of seagoing craft. The great overseas commerce brought about by the war now taxes the docking facilities to their utmost and crowds the anchorages. More than 100 oceangoing steamers were assembled in local waters at one time last week. This unusual congestion of shipping in local waters is just now making a great deal of trouble to the official regulators of traffic. New York's harbor, it is not generally known, had its traffic rules and officers to enforce them long before Broadway.

No matter what the congestion of local waters may be a clear channel must, of course, always be maintained, and the traffic squad of the harbor must keep up a constant vigil night and day to watch it. The problem is often very complicated. Most of the vessels occupying the public anchorages are large, often measuring 400 feet or more in length. Each steamer or sailing craft rides at the end of a long anchor chain. The turn of the tide makes each vessel at anchor swing around in an immense circle, whose radius is equal to the length of the ship and the anchor chain. When scores of oceangoing ships are anchored close together near the channel they, of course, require a great deal of attention from the traffic squad. Left to themselves, the vessels might find themselves in a hopeless tangle, endangering themselves and the shipping of the harbor.

Scattered throughout the harbor are some twenty-eight anchorages bordering on the regular channels. The boundaries of each of these anchorages have been definitely marked. They are to be found in every

section of the harbor, and the convenience of every class of shipping has been carefully considered. The public anchorages are besides so placed that the regular channels and the courses of ferryboats, excursion boats and other craft will not be interfered with. No anchors are permitted near cable crossings, pipes or tunnels. To the eye of the average landlubber the boats riding at anchor in the harbor seem to be grouped by chance, while, as a matter of fact, every boat is obliged to toe the mark with absolute accuracy.

The regular traffic squad which keeps these boats in line comprises three revenue cutters in regular service. The greater part of the ships at anchor are to be found between the Battery and the Quarantine. This section includes the great public anchorages off Liberty Island and along the Staten Island shore, where scores of large ships are always to be found. It is one of the duties of the revenue cutter which runs from the Battery to Quarantine to see that this fleet is within the imaginary line which bounds these anchorages. A second boat, the Manhattan, makes two trips daily to round up the boats at anchor. A third boat visits the anchorages in the more remote parts of the harbor. Scarcely an hour passes, therefore, without the anchorages being under inspection. Let a boat, from carelessness or ignorance, drop its anchor a few feet from the proper position and the watchful eye of the traffic squad will note the mistake and call the offending captain's attention to it.

As in the case of street traffic, the inspectors have the necessary authority to enforce their rules. The skippers of the vessels, no matter what flag they may serve under, recognize the authority. It is only necessary for an inspector to wave his hand at an of-

fending steamer, just as a traffic policeman raises his hand to control the traffic of the streets. Should the ship which chances to be out of bounds refuse to move the penalty is definite and severe. Any violations of the rule may incur a penalty of \$100 fine, and the vessel may be seized and libelled for the recovery of the fine.

The law regarding the public anchorages is very explicit, and the skipper of every craft entering the harbor is supposed to know what he is about. The law states that each vessel must not only anchor entirely within the prescribed anchorages, but that no portion of the hull shall extend beyond these boundaries after it has veered or when riding to a tideway. Besides, no vessel is permitted to anchor in any of the channels except in case of extreme emergency, and even then must keep as near the edge as possible, so that she will not interfere with the free navigation of the fairway. In case of accident, a vessel may anchor temporarily outside the anchorage boundaries, but only until assistance can be obtained. No vessel is allowed to anchor in a position which will obstruct the approach to any pier.

A special rule is made in the case of the stakeboat, used for assembling barges, canal-boats and other vessels which are to be made up into tows. That may be moored, under permit granted by the supervisor of anchorages. Such boats may, of course, find it difficult to obey the exact letter of the law. An exception is also made in the case of wrecking plants, derricks and scows which are being used to recover sunken property. All these craft, however, when occupying positions in the regular channels, must comply with all the laws governing lights and fog signals and assume all the responsibilities of their positions.

These public anchorages are to be found in every part of New York's great harbor, from Sandy Hook to the northern boundary of the city, in the Hudson and East rivers and Long Island Sound. Combined, they provide sufficient room for the largest fleets of war and merchant ships which could possibly be assembled. New York's harbor is the most spacious in the world, and the anchorages set aside for public use are proportionate to its great size. Beginning at Sandy Hook, practically the entire area of the lower bay is available for anchorage, excepting a comparatively narrow channel west of Ambrose Channel and the narrow Main and Swash channels.

Another broad expanse of water is set aside north of Coney Island extending to the Narrows. There is a special Quarantine anchorage and a temporary Quarantine anchorage, while the waters set aside for boats along the Staten Island and Brooklyn shores of the upper bay comprise more than half the total area of this section of the harbor.

A special section is reserved at the northern boundary of the general anchorage for naval vessels. Except for a comparatively narrow channel, known as the Bay Ridge Channel, leading from the Narrows to the Erie Basin, the entire eastern portion of the upper bay is also available for general anchorage. A glance at the anchorage maps of the harbor shows that the channels comprise a surprisingly small proportion of the total area of navigable waters.

The upper section of the Hudson River above Seventy-ninth street is kept clear of all anchored merchant vessels, but a special anchorage is provided for naval vessels. This begins at a point opposite Seventy-ninth street and extends above Fort Washington Point.

A Dreamer in the Sunshine.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHT.)

The woman agreed to say nothing, and went out.

From behind the door, as it slowly swung in closing, he stepped, with revolver poised for the blow that would silence the "friend."

Some instinct seemed to make the man turn, for as the blow fell he turned and the revolver crashed against the door. With the same motion, Daniel dropped the revolver, seized the man's throat, and, exerting all his strength, hurled the other to the floor. In his heart and mind there was but one wild, unreasoning desire, and that was to kill.

The man on the floor seemed to realize the meaning of the struggle, for he sought to break the hold on his throat with all his strength. But O'Connor's desperation-driven fingers would not give, and in the struggling man's eyes a wild look of terror gathered. With one supreme effort he managed to free himself enough to gasp:

"Dan—good—news!"

Something in the way the words were gasped struck through to O'Connor's consciousness, and his fingers relaxed.

"What d'ye mean?" he demanded, still keeping a close grip.

"Let me up just a minute—my throat—man—the other gurgled."

O'Connor eyed him suspiciously. "Is this any game? Ye say ye hev good news? What good news kin ye bring me, save ye want to hang a rope aroun' me neck? If ye thinks ye can fool me, think again, fer I'll—"

"By the Holy Mother, Dan'l, I speak the truth! Tie my hands if ye wish. I'll prove I'm your friend."

"A friend! 'Twas ye who sent me a wanderer over the face of the earth, leavin' behin' my kith and kin, the childer and the woman! A friend!"

Stirred by the memory of his wrongs, Daniel's wrath was aroused, and his grip closed again on the throat of the prostrate man. But just before the wavering thread of consciousness was about to break, the man murmured again in the name of the Virgin Mary.

O'Connor's fingers loosened their grip. "Speak, then, ye dod—ye bloodhound. What hev ye to say?" Daniel ordered.

The man did not attempt to rise. He

felt of his throat and, then lifted his face and began to speak painfully.

"I'll say it, Dan O'Connor, an' your heart'll be wrung before I am through.

"Forty years ago in Glengarry you were charged with the murder of young Lord Elderr. Blame me not. A passer-by near the house where you were playing heard you and the young Lord in dispute; a little later they found him dead and you with a staff that was stained. You were drunk on the floor, but you managed to get away, with the help of the rest of your crowd. Can you blame us for what we did?"

O'Connor's wrinkled face was set in pain. "The boys said I did it, an' I better get away. I was drinkin' wid 'em, an' I never loved the young Lord. I do not doubt I killed him. I ha' paid the penalty—forty years from kith an' kin in a strange land, seein' the face o' ye at every corner. It has been hell!" He sagged into his seat. "Never a drop has crossed my lips, an' never will—ah, had I but said the same these forty years ago—"

"Dan'l; it may not be wise to tell you, but I feel I must for many reasons. I have not been after you to jail you. No, not that. The day after you escaped, Chart Ruggary owned that he knew who it was that hit the young Lord; it was one of your gang. They hushed it up and laid it upon you, but Chart could not have it so. We caught the guilty man, and he was punished. He—"

O'Connor had risen from his chair, his hands extended tremblingly in front of him. His voice was a whisper.

"But man, man, why did ye not tell me?"

"Dan'l," the other said sadly, "I have been tryin' to find you all these years to tell you, but I missed you at every turn. You see, just as soon as the old lord found out you was not to blame he told me to find you, and he gave me money. He pitied your wife and the children, Dan'l—it's hard to speak of them, I know. But the old lord gave me the money, and your brother helped, and all these years I have been a-seeking you. Now, I have found you, and you almost kill me. But I forgive you, and they're waiting for you over in Glengarry—"

O'Connor tottered to his feet. "Are the woman an' the childer alive?" he begged, his faded eyes aglow with hope.

"Yes, Dan'l, alive and waiting. They've changed, of course, but they want you. It's been a long time."

"Yes, it's been a long time. To think—"

just to think, if I had spoken to ye in St. Louis the time I see ye an' ye didn't me. I'd been back in old Glengarry thirty years ago—thirty years ago," he muttered.

"True, Dan'l, but I have found you at last; and now let's go home."

"Home?" O'Connor raised his head at the sound of the word which had been sweet in his dreams, but was sweeter still spoken. "Home," he repeated again in a wondering way; "why, yes, let's go home—back to Glengarry."

The other, whose quest of forty years was over, looked at O'Connor's face, and understood how faces may look when upon them shines for the first time the light of the Holy City.

tion of the townsfolk waited on him and presented him with a huge box of the famous candy. At the same time a pompous man stepped forward with a large roll of paper in his hand, which he began to open. It was a royal address, and evidently a very long one.

Now, King Alfonso loathes listening to addresses, so as the big man advanced, he handed round the box of candy among the deputation and made the would-be reader take a particularly large piece. Of course, etiquette forbade him to refuse. As he worked his jaws up and down, his teeth stuck in the candy, and he could no more have read the address than he could have flown into the air.

Music and Efficiency.

[Christian Herald:] Pilgrims must sing for their own sakes. Songs are the appointed helpmeets of the journey, and if we reject them the road doubles in length. "If the way be weary, tell it Him in song," and in the very telling some of the weariness will have fled. In one of the most powerful of his poems, Wordsworth describes a marvelous sunset which he saw from the cliffs of the northwestern coast of England. And this is how he says he felt: "Wings at my shoulders seemed to play." And those are the very wings which play upon the shoulders of the pilgrims who pace the highway of the Lord singing the songs of Zion. The song fills the soul with a sense of lightness, and gives nimbleness to the heavy feet. Even Mr. Ready-to-halt "footed it well" when Mercy began to play upon the lute, and melody was heard upon the road.

Alfonso's Ready Silencer.

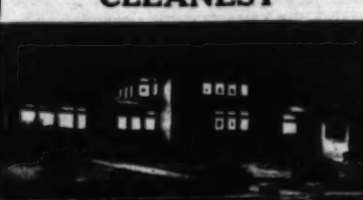
Few of those who recently read in the papers that King Alfonso of Spain had celebrated his twenty-ninth birthday remembered that the young monarch has reigned longer than any other European sovereign except the King of Montenegro and the Emperor of Austria. Alfonso was born a King, and has reigned all the twenty-nine years of his life. Pearson's Weekly tells an amusing story of a visit he once paid, when he was little more than a boy, to a small Spanish town that is noted for a certain delicious kind of candy that is as sticky as it is palatable.

When the young King arrived a deputa-

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The "Traffic Squad" in New York Harbor.

LOS ANGELES TIMES
Saturday, October 6, 1915

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GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

The Hidden Melody.
As I have seen some women do
Who knit and knit the whole day through,
So I, as I go here and there,
Along the city's thoroughfare,
Just take my thoughts amid the throng,
And knit and knit them all day long
Into a gay, fantastic song.

Folk little guess within my head
What happy melody is bred,
What jingling thoughts go laughing past,
What jocund love my heart holds fast;
Nor how I have to walk my feet,
Instructing them to be discreet,
To keep from dancing on the street.

The songs are made of folks I love;
Of wind-blown steam, blue sky above;
Of babies laughing at balloons;
Of young men's quips and whistled tunes;
Of birds, of beasts, of women's hair,
And jonquills bowing debonair,
All strung with words that dance and pair.

So all day long, prinked out in rime,
My thoughts go by to measured time,
And all because, O Love! O Might!
O Melody of sheer delight!
My soul kneels down to say it true—
Weaving a song forever new,
The world goes dancing past to You!

—[Margaret Prescott Montague, in Youth's Companion.

Music.

Not only to the winging bird,
But also to the wayside grass
I bring the essence of my word,
And through them bid its beauty pass—

Just as in haughty chant I fire
A race, enslaved, to right its wrongs;
Hammer and flail I oft inspire
To echo my undying songs—

My whisper makes the baby crow,
My laughter stirs the lusty boy;
I bless the old man's crown of snow,
I am the lover's heart of joy—

Unseen, by tone and rhythm I trace,
Mid star dust or rose spangled sod,
For listening time a path through space—
From glowworm unto Son of God.

—[William Struthers, in Boston Transcript.

The Search.

Where sleeps eternal slope to night
A lonely spirit came;
Upon the crag's sheer looming brink
He broke the dark like flame.

From starless depths an upward breath
Took form of wind and word:
"What seek ye here where never voice
Or plea of man was heard?"

And through the echoing dusk a cry:
"I am the first of those
Whose feet shall pass all barriers
That hell or heaven knows!"

"I came along a comet's path,
On starry tides was tossed,
I seek, though seek I evermore,
To find a love I lost!"

—[Arthur Wallace Peach, in New York Sun.

To the Anklet Watch Mermaid.

Pray tell me how when you submerge
Yourself beneath the sea,
The watch is never waterlogged
So it runs sluggish-lee.

I fain would know who made the case,
Who packed the stuffing box
Around the stem that it admits
No water through its locks.

Likewise on this September morn,
A hundred in the shade,
Pray tell me where the works were bought
And by what expert made.

"If you must know and will be good,"
The wearer sweetly said,
"This anklet watch is just a fake
Without works—like your head."

—[R., in New York Sun.

The Eagle.

Fools would flee away my talons (saith the Eagle,
Fools forgetful, fools misleading and misled,
Blind to freedom's instant needs, cold to freedom's ancient deeds,
Deaf to all the voices of my dead—
Yet this: That wrong is strong (saith the Eagle,
Is the message of my stern, heroic dead.

Tearing beak and rending talons (saith the Eagle)
And the wings of aspiration—that is I!
And the will that made the weak, grace to talons and to beak,
Freemen! with their foreheads to the sky—
Yet wrong is tyrant-strong (saith the Eagle)
And who shall bide its onset—if I die?

Though I tore the guts from kingship (saith the Eagle)
Yet it writhes from strength to strength across the sea;
Though I showed the fools of earth what the gutted name was worth,
Behold! the fools of earth are deaf to me!
Yet wrong is kingly-strong (saith the Eagle;
And right must needs be stronger—to be free!

Mine the wings of aspiration (saith the Eagle;
Mine the vision of a sacred pilgrim host
That mounts from life to life to the peace beyond our strife
And meets the Lord of Freedom, ghost to ghost—
Yet wrong on earth is strong (saith the Eagle;
And man on earth must slay it, flesh or ghost.

When the Master purged the temple (saith the Eagle)
Did he pacify, or palter, or suggest?
No! a scourge of knotted cords helped the work that was the Lord's,
And the arm that hewed the ox-yokes did the rest!
He knew that wrong is strong (saith the Eagle)
So his arm that hewed the ox-yokes did the rest!

Do ye likewise, foolish freemen (saith the Eagle;
Make ye ready for the deeds that freemen do;
Ay! and forge ye for my heels two far-flashing, mighty steels
To guard my land and sea, and Yours, and You!

For wrong is devil-strong (saith the Eagle.)
And right must needs be stronger—to be true;
Must needs be nobly stronger—to be true!
—[William Samuel Johnson, in New York Herald.

Ambition.
A man with firm and piercing gaze
And hair well touched with white
Stood pensive as the twilight haze
Was melting into night.

"I've wealth," he said, "and ease complete;
Yet for one thing I sigh,
I vainly wish that I could eat
A second piece of pie.

The hours are gone, alas for me,
When I would never wince
While going through the list with glee
From custard down to mince.
These joys so strangely short and sweet,
How they have passed me by!
What would befall if I should eat
A second piece of pie?

"A bit of pastry now and then
I nibble half afraid.
My word among my fellow-men
Is instantly obeyed.
But I desire no tributes neat,
Nor fattery flattered high,
I only wish that I could eat
A second piece of pie."

—[Washington Star.

HUMOR.

[Puck:] "Money will not take a man to the top, Henderson."
"I know; but it will give him a lot more room at the bottom."

[Kansas City Journal:] "Well, I am 45 years old today."
"My dear lady, years mean nothing to a beautiful woman."
"I know. Still, I guess I'll have to really move out of the younger set."

[Pittsburgh Post:] "Don't you think it rather foolish to mortgage a home to buy an automobile?"
"Oh, I don't know. When you have an automobile you don't care whether you have a home or not."

[Judge:] Hortense: I can only be a sister to you, Alphonse.
Alphonse: Then give me back my presents.
Hortense: Why, Alphonse! Who ever heard of a sister doing such a foolish thing as that?

[Washington Life:] The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered.
"Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out," and the office boy, gathering them all into a large wastebasket, did so.

[New York Sun:] "Father, what's superfluity?"
"The words, 'Please deposit promptly' on the back of a check."

[Indianapolis Star:] Little Lemuel: Say, Paw, what is the meaning of ostentation?
Paw: Ostentation, son, is a way the neighbors have of showing off.

[Boston Transcript:] She: I suppose the Duke has landed estates?
He: Landed one every time he married, but he managed to run through 'em all.

[Buffalo Express:] "I wish, Mrs. Nurich, you would come over some time and see my aplary."
"Thank you, Mr. Jiggs, but really, monkeys never interested me."

[Topeka Journal:] "When you didn't have your fare did the conductor make you get off and walk?"
"Only get off. He didn't care whether I walked or sat down."

[New York Post:] So, doctor, you are still single? Ah, I fear that you are somewhat of a woman-hater."
"Nay, madam; it is to avoid becoming one that I remain a bachelor."

[London Punch:] Longshoreman (after protracted conversation:) Be you one of they Germans, sur?
Visitor: Good gracious, no! Why?
Longshoreman: Well, you 'as'n't asked if I wor thirsty!

[Life:] Friend: I see you have turned your wife's picture to the wall. Isn't that rather disrespectful?
Widower: No; it seems more natural. You, see, most of my time at home I spent in buttoning up her back.

[Washington Star:] "Did you use that money you put by for a rainy day in the way you intended?"
"Not exactly. But I came as near using it that way as I could. I bought watered stock with it."

[Chicago Herald:] Trustee: We're thinking of putting up a nice motto over your desk to encourage the children. How would "Knowledge is Wealth" do?
Teacher: Not at all. The children know what my salary is.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "I hear there is a movement on foot to weed out all unscrupulous lawyers from the Plunkville bar."

"We investigated and found there are no unscrupulous lawyers at the Plunkville bar."
"Who investigated?"
"Us lawyers."

[Browning Magazine:] "Where're you living now, Podgers?"
"Nowhere. Boarding at the same old place."

[Philadelphia Bulletin:] "What's the matter?"
"My wife says I don't know how to handle the baby."
"I wouldn't get miffed over that, son," said the older man. "Take my advice and don't learn."

[Yonkers Statesman:] Mrs. Flatbush: So she told you that piece of gossip, did she?
Mrs. Bensonhurst: She certainly did.
"Over the telephone?"
"No: over the back fence."

[Punch:] Artist (to model he has just picked up in the street:) A man I had up here the other day stole two pounds when my back was turned. Would you do a thing like that?
Model: Oh, no, sir; you see, I 'aven't the speed.

[Houston Post:] "Want a job, eh?"
"Yes, sir. I am looking for a place where there is plenty of work."

"I am sorry, but there is not enough work here to keep you busy an hour a day."
"That's plenty of work for me, sir."

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.
[From The Times of October 6, 1915.]
THE SKY: Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., west; velocity, 7 miles. Thermometer, highest, 84 deg.; lowest, 64 deg. Forecast: Fair.

LEWIS HOWELL ROGERS Discovers the Mainspring of Life

CHOCOLATE THE VITAL NERVE

and without asking, is awarded a DOCTOR'S DIPLOMA of HONOR BY STATE OF NEW JERSEY CHIROPRACTOR'S ASSOCIATION. This greatest discovery of the century shows that "Good Health is good circulation only," and nothing more is required. In any sickness or supposed incurable disease, Consumption, Typhoid Fever, Paralysis, Heart Disease and other "bugbears" vanish like a dream. (All can do it.) Everybody, without cost, can reach the Electric Center of their own body without a moment's delay and obtain relief from the numerous ills of life, as recorded of the age of mystery, but grossly withheld for speculation by the most civilized nations.

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apples of Iduna, daughter of the dwarf, Svald. She had a tree, the fruit of which endowed the partaker with perpetual youth. Possibly this eternal maiden is one of those we meet on Broadway of an afternoon.

This tree of the Northland might have been a real apple.

The Countess D'Amois in her strange memoirs tells of the existence of what was called the singing apple. On giving one to a person he or she would afterward do whatever you desired. That must have been a pippin.

In the chronicles of the Arabian Nights, it is related that Prince Ahmed bought in Samarkand an apple, the properties of which were such as to cure all ills to which the body was heir. That sounds something like a real apple.

Then there is the instance of Sir Isaac Newton who was so amazed at seeing an apple fall downward from a tree that he promptly went out and discovered the law of gravitation. What he would have found had the apple fallen up instead of down is marvelous to contemplate. Newton's tree was probably a grafted one and what amazed him was to see an apple fall from a pear tree. Gravity was there all the time. What Newton discovered was graft, which has been with us ever since. Gravitation and graft sound much alike.

There are numerous other notable references to the apple in fiction and history and there can be no opposition to the institution of an Apple Day. The pioneer of the national movement is said to have been Capt. Jim Handly, secretary of the Mississippi Valley Apple Growers' Association, a society which has been in existence for nearly a quarter of a century. The captain's idea of a good lunch was a red apple and a bucket of hard cider and when he was full of his subject he was very engaging. Gov. John R. Tanner was one of the most successful politicians that Illinois ever produced and during all his career he always kept a barrel of apples at his office door to which every visitor was given free access. The Tanner apple exhibit at State conventions was a distinct feature and an apple frequently took the place of a drink. Gov. Tanner designated an Apple Day at the whim of Capt. Handly and it has been an institution ever since—spreading over into many other States.

California will try it out on October 19 along with the rest of the country and it is hoped to get an apple into the tummy of half the world, including all the scrappers in the European trenches. The apple has the most persistent class of admirers of any fruit in God's green earth.

Peace Overtures.

THE Messiah during His lifetime, although another name for Him was the Prince of Peace, and although His teachings inculcated peace and if rightfully followed would lead to universal peace, yet warned His disciples that there would be "wars and rumors of wars" until the end of the world.

We have the wars on our hands on a scale never known before in the history of humanity, and mingled with new rumors of new belligerents getting into the melee come frequent rumors of peace. May the God of Battles, another name also for the Prince of Peace, hasten the day when the nations of Europe will be in a position of remaking their worn-out cannon and small arms, their exploded ammunition and every other warlike equipment, into equipment for peace, and when they shall beat their dull, gapped and broken swords into plowshares, pruning hooks, or some other kind of agricultural implement.

The whole world is weary of the war, and longing hearts everywhere are crying for peace. Widows in their weeds are lifting suppliant hands to heaven in millions all over Europe begging peace

from heaven. If any one of those great men who are responsible for the war could have foreseen the scope that it would take, the money and lives it would cost, the sorrow and suffering it would produce, think you for a moment they would have raised that terrible "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war?" We do not hesitate to answer the question in the negative.

It is easy to "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war," but once unleashed and those ferocious bloodhounds having fleshed their teeth in human bodies and lapped the blood of their victims, become frenzied and exceedingly difficult to recall from battenning on their horrible feast. It is mighty easy to unleash the hounds, but awfully hard to put the collars around their necks again and tie them up in the old temple of Janus or any other kennel whose doors are always open during war and only closed when peace prevails.

Much as the world longs for peace and desirable as it is on every human account, few people of intelligence and perspicacity will dare to hope for that longed-for event for months to come. The way the belligerents have sustained their warfare is marvelous; marvelous from the standpoint of the men they have thrown into the trenches, marvelous for the guns they have provided and for the ammunition they have already expended. But perhaps the most marvelous thing is the money they have provided for this war. The armies are larger, the guns more titanic, the ammunition more abundant, ten times, a hundred times, a thousand times, more than in any other war that has ever cursed humanity. But the financing of this struggle is on a scale so immense that nobody could have beforehand figured out the ability of the nations to stand the strain without incurring universal bankruptcy.

Undoubtedly the Teutonic allies would be glad to make peace on their own terms, and from the information conveyed to the public, their terms are not drastic nor hard, but considering the wonderful success their armies have achieved, must be characterized as moderate. Why then not make peace? Because, although the Teutonic allies profess their willingness to give up the conquered territory in their hands and ask for little indemnity, yet peace now would be of wonderful advantage to the central European nations. Advantageous? How? In prestige mostly. They would be in a position to claim a victory as gigantic and far-reaching as the war has been.

It may be national pride that dictates this effort on the part of the allies to do what the Chinese call save their face. But undoubtedly while national and racial vanity figures in the situation, there is more than that at stake. Until one side or the other is vastly more exhausted than at present, peace talk from any quarter would seem to be in vain. The British government and its allies have given the United States government to understand that any peace proposals emanating from this country will be regarded in the light of "an unfriendly act." Then there is undoubtedly the realization on the part of the belligerents that all sides must be more exhausted in men and money before peace could be established on anything like a stable basis.

If money holds out to defray the expenses of the war we may expect to see the men hold out indefinitely, and therefore it looks as if the world were in for another winter of war rather actively in the trenches, to be followed by another active campaign in the following summer. It is very sad to contemplate this proposition, but it would better be faced if it has to be.

A woman in Los Angeles succeeded in getting a divorce because her husband would never provide anything for the table but soup, and wanted about five kinds of soup a week. It seems that love cannot subsist upon a liquid diet.

Hitting High Spots in History.

By Eugene Brown.

WHEN YOU go to the bank with a check next Tuesday you will be shocked on beholding a neat sign in the window stating that the institution is closed. Why?

It is one of our numerous legal holidays.

The reason is that just 423 years ago that morning a Spanish sailor with a dago accent sprang from the deck of a venerable scow and raised the banner of the King of Spain on an island many acres off the Florida Coast. The odd part of it is that he thought he was confiscating India.

There is popular assent to the claim that Christoforo Colombo was the white discoverer of the American continent, although this is not substantiated by fact. According to off-hand impressions our country was discovered by Columbus, recovered by Lincoln and uncovered by Roosevelt.

Anyhow it is well to give Columbus a blue ribbon for what he did. He was a grand stayer and would be considered a blend of bulldog and goat. He began life in Genoa, Italy, which was some handicap to start with. His father was a weaver and as a lad Columbus was taught to knit yarn mittens for the heathen. As he grew older he wanted to see the heathen at first hand and so he went away to be a sailor. He mingled with the Portuguese, for they were the best sea-dogs of their time. The Portuguese were regular ducks for the water. After Columbus had sailed up and down the known coasts he sighed for wider waters. He came back possessed of two ideas—that the world was round and that he could make an egg stand on end. If the world was round he could reach India by sailing west. So he went and broke the news to King John of Portugal. His Royal Highness didn't seem to be particularly impressed and thought Columbus was stringing him. The popular impression of the time was that the earth was flat and that water boiled at the equator. Consequently the sailor folk were a trifle leary about getting too far away from the home plate. If they went in one direction they would get cooked and in the other they would go over the falls. Chris hung about the place for quite a while and showed the King his magnetic needle and other tools but when he asked for a schooner the King laughed and told him to go down to the Dutchman's on the corner and get one for a nickel. Columbus loafed around Lisbon for quite a while, for he also happened to be stuck on a gosling, but he finally got mad, packed his night shirt and went back to the old home town.

He thought perhaps the Genoa Cornet Band would be down at the depot to meet him. But it wasn't. The band was out spelling at the brewers' picnic and never heard of Columbus—never heard of Ohio even. So Columbus tackled the Mayor and Finance Committee for an appropriation for a boat. When he told them that the world was round they shook their heads and made signs that he was fuzzy in his noodle.

There was positively nothing doing.

So Columbus once more got passionate under the necktie and packing his valise and borrowing a ten from the old man, he took the night freight for Madrid. When he arrived he took a room at the Grand Central Hotel and rang up the palace to ask for an interview with the King. He also met a reporter for the Evening Humer and when he told him that the earth was round the news gatherer hastened back to the office and wrote a thrilling story for the pink extra, announcing the discovery. It was a great scoop. But times were hard in Spain, also. The King had a fight on

with the Moors and the royal family was so hard up that the lovely Isabella had to run a manicure and massage parlor on the side. Nevertheless they received Columbus kindly and listened to his proposition. "Can you make an egg stand on end?" inquired the King.

"Sure, Mike—I mean Ferdy," exclaimed Columbus eagerly.

Stealthily removing his gum Columbus affixed it to the base of an egg and then balanced it without difficulty on the mantelpiece.

"Marvelous!" ejaculated the King in admiration.

But it was many weary months before the enthusiast could get any action on his proposition. The war kept the country broke and the King got down to smoking nickel cigars and wearing his shirt for two weeks. Columbus was about to give it up as a bad job when he happened to set in a game of pinochle one night with the Queen's confessor. The good priest got interested in Columbus's story and told Her Majesty that it would be a shame to let a good thing like Palm Beach get away. So there was another conference. When Columbus had again impressively told his aspirations the beautiful Isabella burst into tears and removing from her swan-like neck the diamond necklace, which all manicure ladies wore, she handed it to Columbus.

"Take it to a pawnbroker," she whimpered, "and tell him to give you enough mazuma to float a yacht."

Columbus was very much affected and immediately went out and bought three scows.

And so they sailed.

And they sailed.

It was early in August when they left Spain. The admiral headed his little fleet for the west and kept his course as steadily as wind and weather would permit for the better part of two months. The crews were mutinous at times. They thought they would never get back to the corner grocery again. Many of the men thought Columbus was dippy in the dome. But he told the man at the wheel to point her nose to the west and hold her there until the last armed foe expires.

On the morning of October 12 the lookout suddenly exclaimed: "Land, ho"—and we have been hoeing land ever since.

There it was right before their eyes—a fair, green, beautiful land, and as the quaint vessels drew nearer to the shore they noted that the inhabitants, headed by the Tammany Drum Corps, were giving them a hilarious welcome.

America had been discovered!

It matters not that Columbus believed he had located another route to India. He had found the fringe of a new continent—a continent which was to cut some figure in future history. What matters it now that he called the first men he saw Indians and the name was to stick to them until the last red man is laid away?

But spite of all this there were earlier white visitors to the American shores. The big, blond-headed Norsemen saw them first. Back as far as 985 Blarni and his sailormen were off the New England coast and in the year 1000 Flat Left the Lucky, son of Red Eric, landed and had a colony somewhere near where now is Buzzard's Bay—which Grover Cleveland made famous.

But the Norsemen sailed away and forgot us for four centuries and that is the reason why we have Columbus Day instead of the day of Left Ericson.

Sigmund Lubin, another great moving picture producer, is in Los Angeles with a view to establishing one of his great studios here. Let him come, and welcome. They can't make pictures in Southern California without showing the world how beautiful is our land.

Judge Monroe does not mean that there is more domestic infelicity in Los Angeles than anywhere else when he asks to be relieved from any longer service in the divorce court here. He only means that he objects to having the whole miserable mass dumped upon his own head.

A young lady who edits a daily newspaper in Peoria has been visiting in Los Angeles. That is a dangerous thing for an eastern woman with a career to undertake. If she escapes matrimony out here she is still facing the hazard of being captured and made into a moving picture star.

Culver City is to get a big portion of the New York Film Corporation's plant. This will give Mr. Ince headquarters of fine convenience and will add appreciably to the pay roll of Culver City. Many of the actors will live there, whereas nobody is expected to live in Inceville.

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The "Traffic Squad" in New York Harbor.
From New York Sun.

EXACTING TASK.

NEW YORK'S harbor has never before been so crowded with every description of seagoing craft. The great overseas commerce brought about by the war now taxes the docking facilities to their utmost and crowds the anchorages. More than 100 oceangoing steamers were assembled in local waters at one time last week. This unusual congestion of shipping in local waters is just now making a great deal of trouble to the official regulators of traffic. New York's harbor, it is not generally known, had its traffic rules and officers to enforce them long before Broadway.

No matter what the congestion of local waters may be a clear channel must, of course, always be maintained, and the traffic squad of the harbor must keep up a constant vigil night and day to watch it. The problem is often very complicated. Most of the vessels occupying the public anchorages are large, often measuring 400 feet or more in length. Each steamer or sailing craft rides at the end of a long anchor chain. The turn of the tide makes each vessel at anchor swing around in an immense circle, whose radius is equal to the length of the ship and the anchor chain. When scores of oceangoing ships are anchored close together near the channel they, of course, require a great deal of attention from the traffic squad. Left to themselves, the vessels might find themselves in a hopeless tangle, endangering themselves and the shipping of the harbor.

Scattered throughout the harbor are some twenty-eight anchorages bordering on the regular channels. The boundaries of each of these anchorages have been definitely marked. They are to be found in every

section of the harbor, and the convenience of every class of shipping has been carefully considered. The public anchorages are besides so placed that the regular channels and the courses of ferryboats, excursion boats and other craft will not be interfered with. No anchors are permitted near cable crossings, pipes or tunnels. To the eye of the average landlubber the boats riding at anchor in the harbor seem to be grouped by chance, while, as a matter of fact, every boat is obliged to toe the mark with absolute accuracy.

The regular traffic squad which keeps these boats in line comprises three revenue cutters in regular service. The greater part of the ships at anchor are to be found between the Battery and the Quarantine. This section includes the great public anchorages off Liberty Island and along the Staten Island shore, where scores of large ships are always to be found. It is one of the duties of the revenue cutter which runs from the Battery to Quarantine to see that this fleet is within the imaginary line which bounds these anchorages. A second boat, the Manhattan, makes two trips daily to round up the boats at anchor. A third boat visits the anchorages in the more remote parts of the harbor. Scarcely an hour passes, therefore, without the anchorages being under inspection. Let a boat, from carelessness or ignorance, drop its anchor a few feet from the proper position and the watchful eye of the traffic squad will note the mistake and call the offending captain's attention to it.

As in the case of street traffic, the inspectors have the necessary authority to enforce their rules. The skippers of the vessels, no matter what flag they may serve under, recognize the authority. It is only necessary for an inspector to wave his hand at an of-

fending steamer, just as a traffic policeman raises his hand to control the traffic of the streets. Should the ship which chances to be out of bounds refuse to move the penalty is definite and severe. Any violations of the rule may incur a penalty of \$100 fine, and the vessel may be seized and labelled for the recovery of the fine.

The law regarding the public anchorages is very explicit, and the skipper of every craft entering the harbor is supposed to know what he is about. The law states that each vessel must not only anchor entirely within the prescribed anchorages, but that no portion of the hull shall extend beyond these boundaries after it has veered or when riding to a tideway. Besides, no vessel is permitted to anchor in any of the channels except in case of extreme emergency, and even then must keep as near the edge as possible, so that she will not interfere with the free navigation of the fairway. In case of accident, a vessel may anchor temporarily outside the anchorage boundaries, but only until assistance can be obtained. No vessel is allowed to anchor in a position which will obstruct the approach to any pier.

A special rule is made in the case of the stakeboat, used for assembling barges, canal-boats and other vessels which are to be made up into tows. That may be moored, under permit granted by the supervisor of anchorages. Such boats may, of course, find it difficult to obey the exact letter of the law. An exception is also made in the case of wrecking plants, derricks and scows which are being used to recover sunken property. All these craft, however, when occupying positions in the regular channels, must comply with all the laws governing lights and fog signals and assume all the responsibilities of their positions.

These public anchorages are to be found in every part of New York's great harbor, from Sandy Hook to the northern boundaries of the city, in the Hudson and East rivers and Long Island Sound. Combined, they provide sufficient room for the largest fleets of war and merchant ships which could possibly be assembled. New York's harbor is the most spacious in the world, and the anchorages set aside for public use are proportionate to its great size. Beginning at Sandy Hook, practically the entire area of the lower bay is available for anchorage, excepting a comparatively narrow channel west of Ambrose Channel and the narrow Main and Swaach channels.

Another broad expanse of water is set aside north of Coney Island extending to the Narrows. There is a special Quarantine anchorage and a temporary Quarantine anchorage, while the waters set aside for boats along the Staten Island and Brooklyn shores of the upper bay comprise more than half the total area of this section of the harbor.

A special section is reserved at the northern boundary of the general anchorage for naval vessels. Except for a comparatively narrow channel, known as the Bay Ridge Channel, leading from the Narrows to the Erie Basin, the entire eastern portion of the upper bay is also available for general anchorage. A glance at the anchorage maps of the harbor shows that the channels comprise a surprisingly small proportion of the total area of navigable waters.

The upper section of the Hudson River above Seventy-ninth street is kept clear of all anchored merchant vessels, but a special anchorage is provided for naval vessels. This begins at a point opposite Seventy-ninth street and extends above Fort Washington Point.

A Dreamer in the Sunshine.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHT.)

The woman agreed to say nothing, and went out.

From behind the door, as it slowly swung in closing, he stepped, with revolver poised for the blow that would silence the "friend."

Some instinct seemed to make the man turn, for as the blow fell he turned and the revolver crashed against the door. With the same motion, Daniel dropped the revolver, seized the man's throat, and, exerting all his strength, hurled the other to the floor. In his heart and mind there was but one wild, unreasoning desire, and that was to kill.

The man on the floor seemed to realize the meaning of the struggle, for he sought to break the hold on his throat with all his strength. But O'Connor's desperation-driven fingers would not give, and in the struggling man's eyes a wild look of terror gathered. With one supreme effort he managed to free himself enough to gasp: "Dan—good—news!"

Something in the way the words were gasped struck through to O'Connor's consciousness, and his fingers relaxed.

"What d'ye mean?" he demanded, still keeping a close grip.

"Let me up just a minute—my throat—man—the other gurgled."

O'Connor eyed him suspiciously. "Is this any game? Ye say ye hev good news? What good news kin ye bring me, save ye want to hang a rope aroun' me neck? If ye thinks ye can fool me, think again, fer I'll—"

"By the Holy Mother, Dan'l, I speak the truth! Tie my hands if ye wish. I'll prove I'm your friend."

"A friend! 'Twas ye who sent me a wanderer over the face of the earth, leavin' behin' my kith and kin, the childer and the woman! A friend!"

Stirred by the memory of his wrongs, Daniel's wrath was aroused, and his grip closed again on the throat of the prostrate man. But just before the wavering thread of consciousness was about to break, the man murmured again in the name of the Virgin Mary.

O'Connor's fingers loosened their grip. "Speak, then, ye dod—ye bloodhound. What hev ye to say?" Daniel ordered.

The man did not attempt to rise. He

felt of his throat and, then lifted his face and began to speak painfully.

"I'll say it, Dan O'Connor, an' your heart'll be wrung before I am through."

"Forty years ago in Glengarry you were charged with the murder of young Lord Elderr. Blame me not. A passer-by near the house where you were playing heard you and the young Lord in dispute; a little later they found him dead and you with a staff that was stained. You were drunk on the floor, but you managed to get away, with the help of the rest of your crowd. Can you blame us for what we did?"

O'Connor's wrinkled face was set in pain. "The boys said I did it, an' I better get away. I was drinkin' wid 'em, an' I never loved the young Lord. I do not doubt I killed him. I ha' paid the penalty—forty years from kith an' kin in a strange land, seein' the face o' ye at every corner. It has been hell!" He sagged into his seat. "Never a drop has crossed my lips, an' never will—ah, had I but said the same these forty years ago."

"Dan'l; it may not be wise to tell you, but I feel I must for many reasons. I have not been after you to jail you. No, not that. The day after you escaped, Chart Ruggarty owned that he knew who it was that hit the young Lord; it was one of your gang. They hushed it up and laid it upon you, but Chart could not have it so. We caught the guilty man, and he was punished. He—"

O'Connor had risen from his chair, his hands extended tremblingly in front of him. His voice was a whisper.

"But man, man, why did ye not tell me?"

"Dan'l," the other said sadly, "I have been tryin' to find you all these years to tell you, but I missed you at every turn. You see, just as soon as the old lord found out you was not to blame he told me to find you, and he gave me money. He pitied your wife and the childer, Dan'l—it's hard to speak of them, I know. But the old lord gave me the money, and your brother helped, and all these years I have been a-seeking you. Now, I have found you, and you almost kill me. But I forgive you, and they're waiting for you over in Glengarry—"

O'Connor tottered to his feet. "Are the woman an' the childer alive?" he begged, his faded eyes aglow with hope.

"Yes, Dan'l, alive and waiting. They've changed, of course, but they want you. It's been a long time."

"Yes, it's been a long time. To think—"

just to think, if I had spoken to ye in St. Louis the time I see ye an' ye didn't me, I'd been back in old Glengarry thirty years ago—thirty years ago," he muttered.

"True, Dan'l, but I have found you at last; and now let's go home."

"Home?" O'Connor raised his head at the sound of the word which had been sweet in his dreams, but was sweeter still spoken. "Home," he repeated again in a wondering way; "why, yes, let's go home—back to Glengarry."

The other, whose quest of forty years was over, looked at O'Connor's face, and understood how faces may look when upon them shines for the first time the light of the Holy City.

Music and Efficiency.

[Christian Herald:] Pilgrims must sing for their own sakes. Songs are the appointed helpmeets of the journey, and if we reject them the road doubles in length. "If the way be weary, tell it Him in song," and in the very telling some of the weariness will have fled. In one of the most powerful of his poems, Wordsworth describes a marvelous sunset which he saw from the cliffs of the northwestern coast of England. And this is how he says he felt: "Wings at my shoulders seemed to play." And those are the very wings which play upon the shoulders of the pilgrims who pace the highway of the Lord singing the songs of Zion. The song fills the soul with a sense of lightness, and gives nimbleness to the heavy feet. Even Mr. Ready-to-halt "footed it well" when Mercy began to play upon the lute, and melody was heard upon the road.

Alfonso's Ready Silencer.

Few of those who recently read in the papers that King Alfonso of Spain had celebrated his twenty-ninth birthday remembered that the young monarch has reigned longer than any other European sovereign except the King of Montenegro and the Emperor of Austria. Alfonso was born a King, and has reigned all the twenty-nine years of his life. Pearson's Weekly tells an amusing story of a visit he once paid, when he was little more than a boy, to a small Spanish town that is noted for a certain delicious kind of candy that is as sticky as it is palatable. When the young King arrived a deputa-

tion of the townsfolk waited on him and presented him with a huge box of the famous candy. At the same time a pompous man stepped forward with a large roll of paper in his hand, which he began to open. It was a royal address, and evidently a very long one.

Now, King Alfonso loathes listening to addresses, so as the big man advanced, he handed round the box of candy among the deputation and made the would-be reader take a particularly large piece. Of course, etiquette forbade him to refuse. As he worked his laws up and down, his teeth stuck in the candy, and he could no more have read the address than he could have flown into the air.

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ONCE in a blue moon, or oftener, the Eagle likes to leave his perch on the granite tower in the midst of the big busy city and travel on slow wings over hills and valleys to his mountains. However interested he is in watching the pulsating life of his human brethren as they go about their daily vocations, and much as he enjoys an occasional flight to the great restless ocean that beats unceasingly against the shore, the mountains are his homeland, and to them he turns for real rest and refreshment. In their quiet steadfastness he finds relief after hurry and restlessness of city and shore.

Alighting on some tall gaunt pine which has gained poise through long battling with the strong winds which occasionally sweep over the exposed crest where it has established a firm foothold, the Eagle sits for hours at a time on the topmost branch and takes in the world with his glance. From this high vantage point all seems serene. The hum and haste of the city are lost in distance, and only at intervals arises a faint sound of industry from the valley spreading fair and wide far below him.

The Eagle has traveled much and "many goodly states and kingdoms seen," but always after these extended flights he returns gladly to his beloved California. He has seen the Scottish highlands, the plains and storied hills of Italy, and the "blue Alsatian mountains." He has soared about the rocky peaks of the Alps with their sempiternal snows and has watched the comings and goings of the seekers

after health and pleasure. But never has he seen grander peaks, nobler trees, more magnificent streams and waterfalls, or lovelier flowery meadows than in the Snowy Range, or the "Range of Light," as your beloved John Muir called it—"the most divinely beautiful of all the mountain chains I have ever seen." And he too had traveled in many lands.

In your own Mother Mountains of Southern California the Eagle loves to linger at times. Lacking some of the awesome grandeur of the high Sierras, they yet have dignity and beauty of their own, and an appearance of brooding over the plains and the lower hills, their children.

From his lofty perch on a forest giant the Eagle notes with keen eye the everyday life of the wild folk of the mountains. He sees the rabbit and the quail among the brush, the rattlesnake gliding down the hillside. Though not musical himself, he likes to hear the sweet tones of songsters. The saucy chatter of the busy squirrels as they go about their harvesting amuses him. He loves to see the deer feeding quietly with their fawns or tripping lightly to some rock-strewn stream to drink. Occasionally he sees a water ouzel following the windings of the stream or poised daintily on a rock, and at rare times its exquisite song penetrates to his keen ear through the rushing sound of the cascade. He watches the fish as they glide smoothly and gracefully through the water, their shining sides iridescent in the sunlight.

The Eagle is a peaceable bird and loves to see peace and happiness about him. Therefore he does not hail with delight the coming of the hunter and the fisherman to the mountains to bring sorrow and pain to his friends. However, the reasonable hunter or fisherman is endurable, though not welcome. But the game hog, who takes pride in "getting the limit" every time he sallies forth in his war paint, is a creature quite beneath the contempt of the Eagle and all his tribe. Why, dear human friends, do you not abolish the game hog from the face of the earth?

You have numerous camps and pleasure resorts in your mountains where many of you spend a week or a month each summer. The Eagle is glad to see you there.

He is glad your City of the Angels has provided a playground in the mountains above San Bernardino where the less fortunately situated among you may get a breath of the pines and of the clear air of the heights. He rejoices that so many of these mountain places have been made easily accessible by good roads, permitting even the aged and the invalid to enjoy their benefits.

The Eagle hopes the extent of these roads may be increased so that all of you who appreciate may see the many beauties that are now reserved for the equestrian and the sturdy foot traveler in the mountains. He hopes that before many months have passed you may begin the construction of the road you have so long talked of from Pasadena to the Antelope Valley, and that more recently suggested and even more scenic route from Azusa through the San Gabriel Canyon and over the range to Big Rock Creek on the desert side. It would rejoice the heart of the old Eagle to see a road along the crest of the ridge connecting these two cross routes, possibly to be extended later beyond the Cajon pass to join the "Rim of the World" road and continue to Big Bear Lake. The Eagle in his soaring flights has looked down on all this country and found it a delight to the eyes.

He has seen it at all seasons and at all times of day and night. He has seen the snows of winter piled deep in canyons and on high peaks and weighing down the pine boughs with their heavy white burden. He has watched the flower buds open and the trees burgeon forth in the spring time. The story of summer blossoms and full streams has made him happy. But not least has he enjoyed the splendor of the autumn, when the maples and the wycamores in the canyons turn to pale gold, the oaks on the hillside wear tanned gold and russet, and the poison-oak flames scarlet. Most of you, human friends, who forsake the mountains when September comes lose much of their resplendent beauty.

The Eagle is glad to see you take an interest in his beloved mountains, and he wishes there were more of you who showed this interest, for he knows from experience the value of the gifts which

the mountains bestow on their lovers. He knows that even the indifferent man who is rightly constituted can not fail to become impregnated with the lofty and calm spirit of the heights. Pettiness and greed and selfishness must vanish sooner or later, to be replaced by tolerance and largeness of vision. The benefits which the physical man receives in rest and re-creation through healthful exercise are obvious to you all.

Not only is the Eagle pleased to see more roads planned to penetrate and cross the Sierra Madre, but he is eagerly watching developments in the Sierra Nevadas. He is almost holding his breath with expectancy and waiting to see whether a highway will really be built in the near future to the top of California, nearly to the summit of Mt. Whitney. I issue to come some day, but how soon?

There are a number of literary folk among you who are giving good service, spreading the gospel of the open air and the heights by means of beautiful books and interesting magazine articles profusely illustrated. And that splendid organization, the Sierra Club, one of whose founders was John Muir, is a most effective factor, with its 2000 members enthusiastic in their devotion and in their purpose "to explore, enjoy and render accessible the mountain regions of the Pacific Coast." The club has financed the construction of many trails, showing its faith by its works.

As he sits on his granite tower above the busy street corner or perches on a granite crag of some rocky peak and thinks of these things the Eagle wishes that all his human friends might know the joy of crisp fall days in the mountains, of brisk climbing which sends the blood racing to all parts of the body, the splendor of the autumn foliage, the gathering around the blazing camp fire, the sound, dreamless sleep in warm blankets under sparkling stars.

Yours for mountain joys,

The Eagle
MRS. MARK



WE MAY as well face it. Sport champions will persist in writing books about it. The thing is settling down into a positive tradition. The tennis and golf heroes are the most persistent. They simply ooze literature. They seem to take it as a matter of duty, of conscience, to place their opinions of how the game should be played into book form, and make a sublime effort to appear sweetly modest and retiring while making it plain what clever chaps they are.

The male of the species is far more deadly than the female in this connection. One simply has to be a bit of a prig and a good deal of a bore in sport to think that his own little personal attainment justifies him in filling several hundred pages of print about his ideas and experiences—and the ladies have not arrived at that stage yet.

Jerome Travers is the latest sinner in golf. But one has to commend his business acumen in first dedicating his book to the duffers, of whom there are comfortable thousands of predisposed purchasers, and in saying a whole chapter full of pleasant things about the ladies, which is quite an innovation in golf annals.

The Woman Golfer.

AS REGARDS the ladies, Travers offers a shock to male complacency. He announces quite definitely that the woman golfer, certainly she is of the championship class, is a far better sport than the male, a far more pleasant opponent, a far more

cheerful loser, and far less of an eternal bore in talking about it afterward.

Oh, heresy! He says that the women players make of golf a sport—not war. That when they make a poor shot they laugh, and comfortably endeavor to do better next time. No swearing at the caddy, no blaming the atmosphere or the gallery or her clubs, no peevishness with her opponent, no glum silence, but everything in accordance with the idea that golf is a game for pleasure.

Well, we are glad to hear it. It is true that our own women's tournaments are gay and less tragic than the men's, but it is also true that our California women golfers generally manage to interpose at least one good flood of tears at every meeting. And Travers was speaking primarily of the Englishwomen champions who come over for the big events. And we must remember that Englishwomen are less pampered, and have never, under any circumstances, been allowed to take themselves or their sports seriously. They have been trained with the idea that they don't matter, that foolishness is expected of them, that they are merely clever imitators, anyway. Like precocious children.

The Awful Gravity of Golf.

AND even the Englishman does not take his golf to heart like the American. A big American tournament is much more like a tragic funeral than a game. You would think that the honor of the nation depended upon each individual player making a superlative showing. If he tops a mashie shot or drives into a bunker the miserable sinner feels disgraced for life; it's a hideous family scandal that will take years to live down.

To talk of anything but golf, and that with sparse brevity, is a crime. They have all read those interminable books by champions who never fail to insist upon the vital importance of concentration. And if an automobile whizzes by a roadside green at the moment when Smith is addressing his putt, it is a horrible calamity for which the player is entitled to gallons of sympathy, and to have his trial recorded in the report of the match.

Doctors have a pleasant little way of

recommending golf for nerves, but one sees more shattered nerves on the golf course, the result of unskillful shots, than ever were seen in Wall street. Ungovernable rage is quite usual and it is no imaginative joke to hear blasphemy of a terrific order rend the air. And it usually means that Smith's ball struck a pebble and kicked from the line—that's all.

Dressing Up.

DID you dress up last week, old man? Or did you smile with comfortable indifference and conclude it did not mean you? Clever chaps, these sartorial merchants. Complacently assured as we are that there is no room for improvement in our particular get-up, the beggars do jar us a bit. And they have got the ladies on their side. Of course we don't care a continental what the ladies think about our clothes; we know it won't make any difference to our irresistible attractiveness—but, hang it all, what has it got to do with them?

The insinuation is that they want us all right, but that we might have the decency to make ourselves worth wanting. As a fine specimen of debonair masculinity, I protest against the tables being turned upon us in this way. It has been our inalienable right to criticize female fashions, to jeer at them for slaves of the mode, to ridicule their contour and their gaudiness. And, now, instead of trying modestly to improve their ways, they have, with the usual feminine effrontery and lack of logic, started jeering at us for being incredible dows, and holding us up to ridicule for self-satisfied but very imperfect prigs.

Of course, we don't care. Of course, it won't alter our ways in the slightest. And we beg to inform them that if we have recently purchased a new suit, and one of those flighty waistcoats, if we have indulged in a half-dozen saucy shirts and giddy ties, if we have carefully considered the right kind of shoes to wear with this acquisition, and the right kind of hat, well, dash it all, we meant to this week anyway, and it wasn't anything to do with any silly dress-up campaign. Quite so. Very well, then.

And just to spite them, we won't invite them-out to dinner until the pristine spruceness has worn off. So there. And we shall

not care when the rigid crease down our trouser leg shall have disappeared—not much. Except, of course, if she persists in assuming that we did not know it ought to be there. Drat her!

The Masquerade Husband Case.

A VERY indignant young lady is asking the British courts for protection from spurious husbands. It appears that her husband went out to fight in the Dardanelles. Six months later he came home, very much altered in countenance, owing, he explained, to the awful experiences he had been through. The lady kept a village grocery store, moderately prosperous. While she was alarmed and concerned over the change in her husband, she accepted him and duly killed the fatted calf and resumed conjugal relations.

Everything went well until another lady appeared on the scene and claimed the returned hero for her own. Her evidence was painfully indisputable, and she added insult to injury by heaping caustic remarks upon his victimized wife.

Now the village provider is demanding damages of the British government who, she considers, should have protected her from any such victimization. Among other things, she requires the government to buy her grocery store, as she says life is untenable for her in that locality. That she is the village pet joke. That the first question she is asked over the counter every morning is, "Well, how's hubby?"

And the worst of it is, she doesn't know where or how hubby really is, but she expects him to return in an awful rage by and by. She says she will never take another husband in until the British government has certified and vouched for him. She says it is bad enough to have to house her own husband, but she draws the line at other people's.

And to think that we know scores of ladies who cannot find even one husband, while this poor grass widow is having husbands thrust upon her.

[Detroit Free Press:] "Do you find it expensive to run an auto?"

"No. It's when the car doesn't run that it's costly."

For Wife and Mother.
For Daughter and Maid.

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the mountain peaks, and the rugged foot of the Sierra Nevada, but he is eagerly watching the developments in the Sierra Nevada. Not only is the Eagle pleased to see the physical man receives in rest and recreation through healthful exercise are obvious to you all.

The Eagle hopes the extent of these benefits that are now reserved for the few who appreciate may see the many roads may be increased so that all of them may be able to enjoy the benefits.

He is kind your City of the Angeles has provided a playground where the less fortunate San Bernardino may get a breath of the pines and of the clear air of the heights. He rejoices that so many of these mountain places have been made easily accessible by good roads, permitting the aged and the invalid to enjoy the beauties that are now reserved for the few who appreciate may see the many roads may be increased so that all of them may be able to enjoy the benefits.

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In your own Mother Mountains of Southern California the Eagle loves to linger at the foot of the high Sierras, they yet have dignity and beauty of their own, and an abundance of brooding over the peaks.



Saturday, October 9, 1915.

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California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

Wizards' Magic Age.

DURING the last week in September the convention of the National Wholesale Druggists' Association was held at the Potter Hotel, Santa Barbara. The president of the organization, Charles A. West, seems to be a man with eyes to see. In his address he called attention to the opening of long-distance telephone communication between New York and the Pacific Coast. He certainly had an inspiring theme, and it was not lost on his active brain. He saw in this accomplishment of the wizard science of the twentieth century an important commercial influence. This in the opinion of Mr. West meant increased activity in commerce between the Coast and the East.

It is a long call from fifty years ago, when there were infrequent "steamer days" out of San Francisco by way of Panama, the only connection between the two coasts excepting the pony express across the continent. The average time of communication between San Francisco and New York in those days was all of three weeks, and between Los Angeles and the East it was a week longer. Of course there was the telegraph, an expensive way of communication used only in emergencies.

The telephone, by which one can speak directly with a merchant or a manufacturer in the East, annihilates time and space and brings the two coasts face to face. With this means of communication, and with fast freight trains across the continent, a merchant anywhere on the Coast can order goods from any city in the East today, and may expect to get them in from two to three weeks.

Day of Big Ocean.

THE twentieth century is the biggest era the human race has ever seen. This big era is the era of America and the Pacific Ocean. James J. Hill, the Great Northern Railroad man, is quoted in an article in the Times Illustrated Weekly of October 2, to the effect that in a short number of years the population of the United States will be 300,000,000. When that day comes, while it may not be the most populous empire on earth, it will be the greatest, everything considered, by far the greatest. New York today is taking the place of London as the center of world commerce. This has been an evident outcome to close observers and far thinkers for years past as sure to come within the first half of the present century. The war in Europe has hastened this event very rapidly.

When the country has a population of 300,000,000 the center of world commerce will have shifted from New York to San Francisco. The commerce of that day will be to that of today in about the same proportion as the area of the Pacific Ocean is to that of the Atlantic. The center of population in the United States when this population is here will have shifted far into the interior of the country, and the States of the Pacific Coast will be more densely peopled than those of the Atlantic.

These reflections are brought to the surface by the discussion of the establishment of a line of steamers between the Los Angeles harbor and Honolulu. The question has been up between our merchants and the officials of the Great Northern Pacific Steamship Company for some time. All the steamship men ask is a guarantee of 1000 tons of freight per ship before beginning the service on a four-and-a-half-day run between here and Honolulu. The plan is to have one big turbine steamer make the run direct from the islands to Los Angeles, returning by way of San Francisco, while another would run from Flavel, Or., connecting with the Honolulu steamer with passengers and freight.

Reaching for South American Trade.

THE VARIOUS states of South and Central America have organized a society, known as the South American States Association, for the purpose of promoting trade between all the Americas. The members have subscribed \$16,000,000, to carry on the plan, and one of the things in contemplation is the erection in New York of a building of which a floor will be devoted to exhibiting the products of each state represented.

The fact that a Pacific Coast man has been selected to manage the affairs of the association is interesting to the people of the Coast.

Col. D. C. Collier of San Diego, former president of the Panama-California Exposition, is the man selected for the place. It is reported that his salary is to be \$15,000 a year for three years, with a bonus of \$25,000 at the end of the period if he remains in the position for the whole time. It is a purely private organization, separate from all government control and influence, and indicates the interest existing between the sections of the continent.

The Era of Manufacturing.

THE present day in Southern California is the era for developing manufacturing of various kinds in this section of the country. We have been an agricultural and horticultural community since the first Spanish settlements were made in Southern California, and the development in this line in a hundred years has been very notable. From the pastoral industries of the early Spanish settlers, with the growth of population and connections with the outside world came an era of general farming. This was succeeded by the orchard age, and the production of fruits of various kinds has been carried to a high degree of perfection. The development of orchards has caused a large increase in the population, has increased the wealth of the community vastly beyond that of the days of herding and of general farming, and has laid a basis for the establishing of manufacturing plants.

A Gay Assembly.

FIFTEEN hundred men and women, every one of them over 70 years of age, the other day were at a picnic at Sycamore Grove in the city of Los Angeles. They came from all parts of Southern California, and were coming and going all day long to the lunch tables as thick as a lot of ants around an ant hill or of bees around a hive. One of the suborganizations was the Octogenarian Club, and eighty did not begin to measure the extreme old age of many of these picnickers. Dr. S. E. Wisher was 90, Dr. David J. Higgins 98, while Mr. and Mrs. F. Bryan were married sixty-two years. There were eleven of those present more than 90 years old. Six were 87, two 88 and one 89.

A few days later in Los Angeles a family gathering was held to celebrate the birthday of a young daughter, and there were five generations present. The crowning glory of the assembly was the spry great-grandmother of 90 years of age. It may well be questioned if such an assembly could have been gathered anywhere, outside of Southern California, and certainly nowhere could so many be found of three-score years and ten who had been sent here with the threat of death in six years if they had attempted to remain in their old home.

The beginning made is an excellent one. The section has more than 3000 plants, with a very heavy output of products valued at \$157,000,000 a year. No less than 100 new industries have been set on foot here since the beginning of the current year. All we waited for was the local market, cheaper money, and cheaper labor, as we have a great advantage all the time in a mild climate. We now have abundant raw material, very cheap fuel, transportation facilities connecting us with the outside world by rail and ship, and labor conditions equal to those of any section of the country, superior to most if not all of them.

In the district surrounding Los Angeles there are, according to the Industrial Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce, more than 2000 separate manufacturing plants turning out a total of 875 different articles. Los Angeles leads the list, then comes Long Beach with sixty, Pasadena fifty-four, and the Los Angeles harbor district forty-six.

The bureau referred to above has set apart the week beginning November 1 as Home Products Week, in which the merchants are asked to make a special display of goods made in Los Angeles in their show windows and to urge their customers to buy these. Among the industries of the current year, one of the very important ones is the Southern California Iron and Steel Company. The unique industry on the Coast is the Avery Manufacturing Company, maker of dolls. Tuna packing has grown to a giant industry. From nothing it has grown until there is invested \$1,000,000 in packing plants, and the pack of the year is

350,000 cases. There is no limit to the amount of this fish that can be sold if properly canned. It is the least fishy of anything that swims the deep, and a salad made of canned tuna is quite as delicious as a chicken salad and not very easily distinguished from this.

Eye-opening Decision.

THE decision of the Appellate Court as to the legality of a city or district of country ruling absolutely against the introduction of all alcoholic stimulants is in the nature of a sensation. That it is a conscientious decision on the part of the court cannot be questioned. A judge doing politics and thinking of his own re-election instead of administering law and doing righteousness would certainly have ruled otherwise.

The Times is always in favor of temperance. It recognizes this as one of the most important of our morals, and recognizes drunkenness as the source of more evil than any other vice that curses poor fallen humanity. Yet we are of the opinion that the decision is not only sound in law but wholesome in morals. This opinion is based on two important and radical considerations. In the first place it never was the intention of the American government as framed by the fathers thereof to interfere too much with the private life of the individual or to let any majority, however large, override the will of a minority, however small, excepting on considerations of the most vital import and where there is no room for any question of the right of the majority to coerce the minority. Of course when it comes to a minority, no matter how important, coercing the majority, the case is utterly against all principles of American jurisprudence.

The decision is very important to a large number of our people who are engaged in the industry of grape growing, wine making, and the merchandising of this commodity. It is important to another large section of the community who produce barley and hops on their farms, and to those who convert these products into light beers.

San Bernardino, not San Fernando.

THROUGH an unfortunate typographical error in this page of last week's Illustrated Weekly it was made to appear that the San Fernando Valley was a vine-growing region. It was stated that grapes were being hauled to the wineries there. As is well known to most readers, the San Bernardino Valley is the great wine-making region of this part of the State, and the paragraph in question referred to the San Bernardino Valley instead of to the San Fernando Valley.

For Holiday Regaling.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, from the Tehachapi to Tin Juana is almost everywhere busy harvesting the walnut crop of the season. This crop is estimated at 12,500 tons, or 40 per cent. larger than that of last year which, by the way, was under the average. The growers of the nuts have been holding a meeting to consider the market and the possible prices to be had for their crop. They have fixed the price at about 10½ cents for No. 2's, about 13½ cents for No. 1's, a little more than 16½ cents for jumbos, and for budded 17 cents. This should enable the consumers all over the country to get good nuts for not more than 15 cents a pound, excellent quality for 20, and the finest for about 25 cents. The growers expect to get about \$3,500,000 out of the crop.

The growers evidently are of the opinion that there will be no interference with the shipment of French and Italian walnuts to the United States or they would not have made the prices so reasonable. A dozen years ago the total consumption of nuts in the United States was about 11,000 tons, but last year it was 23,000 tons. There are only two districts in the world that produce this fruit in anything like abundant measure enough to interfere with the California crop. Below Naples in Italy, around Sorrento, there is a district that produces quite a quantity of walnuts of immense size. But the great walnut-producing center of the world is on the Rhone in France around Grenoble. The walnut growers of California are an intelligent and shrewd people, and have undoubtedly informed themselves of conditions in Italy and France as to the possibility of

gathering the crop and snipping it out in spite of the war.

Then in other sections of the States, notably at Fresno, the vine growers are busy curing their crop of raisins. These will be available for the holiday trade. These are certainly among the most delicious foods the human race enjoys, and on the Thanksgiving and Christmas tables will be at the dessert of millions of homes in America exceedingly enjoyed.

Building the City Beautiful.

THERE IS a decided revival of building in Los Angeles and in all the cities round about us. A single edition of the Sunday Times is bulging with accounts of new enterprises in the way of fine buildings. On the corner of Lake and Sixth streets, overlooking Westlake Park, a great hotel and apartment-house is about to be erected at a cost of \$150,000. Far down to the southwest, on Vermont and Slauson avenues, a great square of buildings is to be erected at once. One of these is to be a two-story frame apartment house containing ninety-six rooms. F. W. Braun, the owner of this projected improvement, has forty acres adjoining which he intends to improve with a number of bungalows. He has plans for forty in the near future.

A twenty-room flat building is to be erected on the 1500 block of South St. Andrews place to cost \$16,000. A sixteen-room flat is to go up at 2727 West First street. There are a number of flat buildings of less ambitious pretensions planned for immediate construction.

The greatest activity in building is in the construction of fine houses, and of all the sections of the city the Southwest is the scene of the greatest activity. It is but a few years since Col. Crenshaw secured a tract of land lying between Sixteenth and Washington streets out near Vineyard station at the western limits of the city. The streets in the tract are private. The lots are restricted to residence purposes for a period of sixty years. The owner has made a wonderful success of this tract. The houses are nearly all of the Italian villa style, with white plaster exterior, and there are probably nearly a dozen new ones under construction there at the present time.

Notes of Progress.

THE Rialto Heights Association is about to construct a new packing-house at a cost of \$10,000.

The F. P. Newport Company is about to raise a lot of tide lands near the harbor by dumping in the dredgings from the channel.

In the Carissa Plains, Santa Maria region in the Cuyama Valley, a great crop of grain is being gathered, estimated at 25,000 sacks. Mayor Lisenby of Long Beach announces the securing of a tract of sixty acres on the north slope of Signal Hill for a city park.

The Nevada Powder Company has applied to the Board of Trustees of Azusa for a tract of land on which to erect a powder factory. At Owensmouth, in the western part of the San Fernando Valley, there is wonderful building activity, the structures under way being worth a quarter of a million dollars.

S. J. Wood of Pomona is the moving spirit for a project to level mesa land around Yuma for the purpose of planting orange orchards.

Nursing a Crouch.

[Zim, in Cartoons Magazine:] What a dissatisfied bunch of mortals we are! Three hundred and sixty-five days of each year we grumble about the weather. It's either too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry. You meet a friend who says, "It's a fine day today!" You answer, "Delightful!" The next one you meet says, "Ain't this beastly weather?" You answer, "The foulest ever!" You're always ready to agree with and join the knocker. Even the poor innocent weather cannot escape your hammer. Every thing is this world was made wrong—except yourself. I mean; you are the quintessence of perfection in your own mind! When you're invited to a party, you are mad because you are invited, and if you are ignored, you're mad again just because that condition fits your disposition. Why don't you, for a change, look at the bright side of things and maybe your "dissatisfaction" will improve.

For Wife and Mother.
For Daughter and Maid.

"Home, Sweet Home"

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

Modern Treatment of Articular Rheumatism.

A CORRESPONDENT of this magazine has written us asking for information about the best method of treating the form of rheumatism which results in enlarged and painful joints. This condition is frequently the result of the form of rheumatism popularly known as inflammatory, and is one of the most obstinate and persistent conditions that afflict humanity.

The older method of treating this disease was by external applications, blood purifiers, and various medicines. It was thought to have some effect in reducing the inflammation about the joints. But recently much more satisfactory results have been obtained by the use of vaccines, or serums, injected hypodermically into the circulation. Obviously, this sort of treatment can be administered only by a physician. But in this respect it does not differ from most effective methods of treating serious afflictions; and the marked improvement, and even complete cures, that have followed this form of medication show the advisability of giving it a trial, particularly when the older remedies have failed.

Poisonous Effects of Decomposed Food.

It is a comparatively recent discovery that certain forms of heart disease and diseases of the blood vessels, particularly hardened arteries or arteriosclerosis, are frequently caused by the decomposition of food products in the system. This decomposition is at work from childhood to old age, and is undoubtedly the chief underlying cause of the increased blood pressure which finally results in arterial changes and cardiac diseases in later years.

"In babyhood," says Dr. Robert N. Wilson of Philadelphia, "the main influence of their production is usually an oversupply, less often today, an unclean or improper form of food. This factor of gross over-feeding and consequent gastro-intestinal decomposition is operative, as a rule, throughout childhood and well past puberty. Occasionally, it is continued through life. It exerts two influences on the heart, one toxic, the other mechanical. Beginning with the child's admission to the general diet of the family table enters still more forcefully the factor of indigestible food, not infrequently taken in unreasonable excess. We all eat too much for our individual needs; we all indulge in many things better calculated to disturb than to further nutrition, and most of us send them on their way toward the stomach and the bowel very imperfectly prepared for assimilation. As a direct result, whether babies, or adult working units, or old men and women, we have at all times within us digestive tubes more foul than they should be, from which we absorb the poisonous end products of not only an excess, and of improper pabulum, but also of the altogether suitable foods."

An Experiment in Over-feeding.

In this connection, it should be remembered that the quantity as well as the kind of food eaten is an important item in producing poisonous effects on the system. Dr. Wilson has reported a series of experiments, which seem to demonstrate very conclusively that over-eating produces detrimental effects, not only upon certain organs, but upon the system as a whole. One of his experiments consisted in giving measured quantities of food to a cat, which he describes as follows:

"I have just finished a nine months' study of a giant tom cat in which were noted, on a single meal per diem, a normal pulse rate of about 100, a single formed stool, and an apparently well, lazy, affectionate cat. On two daily meals (one of milk, one of mixed food from the table,) the cat ran a distinctly angry cardiac action and rate of about 120, its stools numbered two and three and were exceedingly offensive, and the cat was evidently irritable and ugly when disturbed. On three meals daily, two of them containing a small quantity of meat, the stools became numerous and diarrhetic in character, and occasional blood streaking could be noted, the animal manifestly suffering from an intestinal inflammation secondary to the decomposition of food in excess. The cardiac action averaged from

120 to 130, and the apical impulse was no longer bounding and angry and of high tension; it was rather diffuse and weak, and an occasional irregularity could be detected. The heart and the vessels were incompetent as the result of a toxemia."

This series of experiments was carried on repeatedly on various kinds of foods, with identical results in all instances. The excess of animal proteins would poison the animal more promptly than a strictly vegetable dietary, but the main factor was manifestly the excess of supply, and not the kind furnished.

An interesting feature of Dr. Willson's experiments is his conclusion that certain non-protein foods produce the same detrimental effects as meats, if taken in excessive quantities. Thus he finds that such highly acid vegetables as tomatoes and rhubarb, and such fruits as the apple, orange, lemon, peach and strawberry, and also the cantaloupe, will sometimes produce identical effects with excessive use of proteins and over-indulgence in any kind of food. He also finds that shell fish, excepting when used in moderation, are likely to produce toxic effects.

Climate and Lung Troubles.

It is a popular belief that lung troubles (particularly tuberculosis,) are peculiarly prevalent in certain climates and practically unknown in others. The fact that persons who are afflicted with pulmonary diseases frequently recover on moving to some other locality suggests that one climate is less favorable to these conditions than another. It appears, however, that these differences are more apparent than real, and that tuberculosis develops in all climates from the Arctic region to the equator. This seems to indicate that social and hygienic conditions are really much more important in preventing this disease than climatic ones. A French physician who has made a careful investigation of this subject has recently summarized his conclusions as follows:

"Climate exercises absolutely no influence on the more or less marked frequency of the disease. Tuberculosis takes place just as frequently, and its appearance is just as serious, among the Esquimaux and the Laplanders as among the negroes of the Congo State or the Kanaki of the New Hebrides. If, generally speaking, these races suffer less than the European, this is exclusively owing to their habit of living together in less numerous groups, and also owing to the nomadic life which some of them habitually lead."

Scaring People Into Health.

When the era of public hygiene was inaugurated something like a quarter of a century ago two methods came into vogue for inducing people to give more heed to the subject of health and disease. The older method of attempting to have men pay more attention to the condition of their bodies was similar to that frequently employed to compel them to provide for the welfare of their souls, namely, by frightening them. But practical experience in hygienic matters, like the experience with religious teachings, has shown that this method is not the most effective. It requires something more than the fear of illness or of death to make the average person pay the necessary attention to matters of hygiene.

Appreciating this fact, the Life Extension Institute has recently issued a pamphlet which aims to inculcate the love of health rather than fear of disease, in the campaign that is being waged for the production of better public hygiene: "It is not a fear of illness or of death that we should encourage, but a love of health, a sense of responsibility for the care of our bodies, a desire for bodily endurance and efficiency and full achievement. If the mind is fixed on these ideals, and the already known means of approaching them are utilized, the needless miseries that embitter the lives of so many may be left to take care of themselves. It is not so much necessary to fight disease as to cultivate health for the happiness, contentment and moral gain that it brings."

"There is something unusually optimistic and buoyant in such words. They embody the psychologic cue to comfort and happi-

ness for many a patient, without implying that 'man is incapable of sin, sickness and death,' or that 'health is not a condition of matter, but of mind.' To inspire a love of health does not mean to exclude the great body of scientific knowledge which is the best that science can offer today regarding disease, or to replace medicine by crude metaphysics. The ardent love of health insures a mind receptive to the lessons of modern medicine."

Purification of Swimming Pools.

It has been demonstrated conclusively that public swimming pools may be the source of various infections unless special attention is given to purifying the water either by chemical or mechanical means. As the purely mechanical methods of purification are not practical in their application to most pools, the question of chemical purifiers has been thoroughly investigated, with the result that the use of copper sulphate in small quantities is now the accepted method, which seems unobjectionable, inexpensive and thoroughly practical. The manner of using this chemical was summarized recently in a technical journal as follows:

"The method of using copper sulphate is very simple. I found as the results of experiments that about one-twentieth (0.04) part of copper sulphate to a million parts of water, used every day, kept the water pure. As stated before, this amount cannot be recommended absolutely for every pool. The chemical contents of the fresh water, the number of bathers, the frequency of refiltration, etc., are factors that should not be overlooked. However, for most pools averaging not more than from 100 to 150 bathers per day, and in which the proper care is taken, this amount will prove the proper one."

"Copper sulphate may be obtained at the present time under the commercial name of blue vitriol for about \$7 per hundred pounds. One hundred pounds will last the average pool a year."

Substitute for Absorbent Cotton.

Since the beginning of the European war the demand for cotton substitutes has increased on account of the high prices and the difficulty of obtaining cotton. Various cheaper substitutes have been devised, but are not as satisfactory. Among these substitutes is "Lignin," a German product made by a secret process which is said to absorb blood better than cotton, but is not so good as a dressing for a wound. It is made in sheets, 14x24 inches in size. A cellulose wadding made from chemical wood pulp is a Swedish product for dressing wounds. It is prepared in thin sheets like

tissue paper, but crimped. The process of manufacture is secret, but it seems to be made in the same way as tissue paper. Another substitute for cotton in dressings is a moss gathered in Westmoreland and Yorkshire, in England. The moss contains minute tubes and in a natural state holds water to the amount of eight or nine times the weight of the plant. When it is dry it is one of the most absorbent materials known. It is soft, light and cool, and, of course, is sterilized before use. Little preparation is required, and it is very economical. It has been used for some time in the hospitals in England.—[Commerce Reports.]

Servian Method of Treating Fractures.

Whatever may be said of Servia, it is generally admitted even by the friends of that country, that it is not progressive in things directly concerned with medicine or surgery. It is interesting to note, therefore, that the method of treating fractures as practiced by the Servian surgeons, particularly fractures of the bones of the limbs, has been found so effective that it has been adopted in some of the large military hospitals of other nations.

The method as employed by the Serb surgeon is as follows: The limb is suspended from a bar fastened to the head of the bed and to a higher bar standing upright at the foot. The suspension is made with two, three or four triangular bandages, so arranged that the knee is slightly flexed. In this position, the dressings can be changed readily, the patient suffers comparatively little pain, and there is rarely stiffening of the joints.

It will be seen from this that the Servians have departed from the older method of fixing broken bones rigidly in place by means of wooden splints or plaster of Paris castings. But results seem to show that this departure is at least a practical one. And in this connection it should be noted that the American Indian, in his primitive state, employed a method of treating broken bones very similar to that used in Servia. The Indian did not use triangular bandages or metal beds, but he accomplished the same purposes by the use of basket-like cradles made of flexible twigs in which he suspended the injured limb.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

Methods of Restoring Flood Gullies on Farm Lands.

By M. V. Hartranft.

SOIL SAVING.

MANY a ranch in Southern California now has a gully running right down the middle of a broad field as the result of the flashing flood of 1914, which may be satisfactorily restored if attention is given to the construction of soil-saving dams before the rainy season begins. Even so large a gully as was made upon the grounds of the San Gabriel Country Club can be restored in handsome shape and at very little cost in relation to the value of the accomplishment.

If you fill up the small gullies and provide a flume or concrete ditch for the subsequent flood flow you will never have large gullies. We see in every section attempts to retain eroded soil by building unprotected dams across farm gullies. A favorite, and quite successful method with small gullies is to form a check dam of brush (or orchard prunings,) upon which stones and boulders and dirt is piled to form a dam behind which the muddy water settles and leaves a load of silt. If the brush dam is porous enough to permit the slow percolation of the water through it, or gently over it a gully may be fully restored at almost no expense.

The brush dam method in large gullies fails during heavy flood flow by washing out. When the volume of water gets large enough to tear over the top of such a dam the destruction thereof is a question of but a few moments.

The protection against such destruction is the simple plan of laying sewer pipe, in such a way as to carry the surplus water under the dam. There is some danger in getting the tile too small, but no danger whatever in getting it too large. For the very smallest gully in which an ordinary brush dam will not suffice, and in which a tile underdrain pipe is needed to take the water by the dam the twelve-inch pipe should be used. For such a large gully as has been made on the grounds of the San Gabriel Country Club a series of underdrain pipes should be used—or perhaps a concrete conduit in size of four by four feet should be constructed in place before the dirt dam is built around it.

The sewer pipe method is a very simple way of preventing the loss of rich soil washed down from cultivated hills and of catching that which washes from your neighbor's farm. The dirt dam when constructed also provides a good roadway along its top as will hereafter be discussed. The method was worked out by a farmer named Christopher in Missouri after fifteen years of trial and experiment. It is not patented and he has made known his experience for the benefit of others. The application of the method in California is but a question of building an underdrain flume or series of drain pipes that has capacity to carry all subsequent flood flows away as fast as it arrives behind the dam.

Construction Details.

At the lowest point in your gully lay out ten to twenty joints of vitrified clay pipe on the bottom of the stream, according to the width of the base of the proposed dam. Make the joints as tight as possible with good rich mortar; then over this pipe and across the bed of the gully build an earth bank or dam. Upon the end of the pipe which extends out on the upstream side of this dam, place a vitrified pipe elbow or one-quarter curve in a vertical position, and fit into its upturned end one length of pipe. Protect this pipe by driving four stout stakes around it and wrap hog wire around the stakes to keep debris from clogging the pipe. Continue the earth dam until its crest is at every point two feet higher than the top of the upstanding pipe.

When the rains come they will bring valuable soil from the foothills and fields above you and the water will be formed for the time being into a small pond by the dam, rising to the level of the upstanding pipe. Having reached this level, the water will begin to pour down through it, under the dam and away, but the greater part of the fine soil which it originally carried will have settled to the bottom of the pond, and after a few hard storms the entire depression will be filled with soft rich soil up to



the level of the pipe. It is then time to add a few more feet to the dam and place another length of pipe upon the first. The silt will now settle to a much higher level, much broader in expanse, and the process may be continued indefinitely so long as the dam and the pipe are from time to time raised.

In a broad and comparatively flat depression, cut up by a winding stream, one long dam with a number of L pipes will produce a wide fill. In a steep gully deeply eroded by a swift stream, a succession of very short dams, each with a single pipe, will transform a waste strip of land into a succession of steps or terraces of wonderful fertility; and besides the land actually gained and added to the ranch in this way, is the further advantage of being able to work your fields all in one piece instead of wasting time and energy in hauling and climbing around the canyon gashes. Every ranch along the foothills where the mesas are divided by deep arroyos or gulches can be brought under control and the mesas linked together with good earth only slightly depressed. Most of these big gullies have been cut by great floods in the past. You know what the maximum stream flow is and that it would not fill one one-hundredth part of the gully that has been eroded. Therefore build a check dam with an L culvert (or pipe,) instead of a horizontal culvert or pipe, and let the gully fill up. After its restoration to normal proceed to make a conduit that will carry off the maximum flow without future erosion. These dams can be scraped into position by the team at a time of year when they are not busy with rush work.

Automatic Road Making.

In addition to the land gained, the pipe drain method of soil saving accomplishes the making of a road upon the crest of the dam. As you take the hollow out of your land and fill in the gash between your two mesas you also take the hollow out of your road and increase the efficiency of the team on your ranch work. The stream brings down enough material from the hills to be scraped up on the low points in the road; but in addition to this, the ditch on the upland side of the road itself brings a lot more from the high points on the same road and leaves it at the pipe instead of carrying it away as it does through the ordinary road culvert.

Anyone may control the storm waters and make them add more acres to his farm instead of letting the soil be taken away, a ton at a storm, to the bottom of Los Angeles Harbor. All that is necessary is to pay attention to the few details of the upkeep of the pipes and dams as you would to the upkeep of fences. When a big winter storm is threatening, the dam must be visited and sometimes during a torrential downpour you should be on hand in your rubber coat to see that any excess of debris is pulled away from choking the overflow pipe or conduit. If you find you built the dam too high at the start and the rains form a pond behind which you do not care to have upon the soil for any length of time just lift off one or two joints of the vertical pipe. All of the vertical joints can be left loose for this purpose; but the joints under the dam must be firmly set to begin with and well plastered, since they are to be under hydrostatic pres-

sure and liable to undermine themselves if they leak.

Vitrified clay pipe insures permanence. The earth for the dam must be well packed. The upstanding ends of the overflow pipes must be well protected against choking with debris. The pipes or L conduit must be sufficiently large to carry the heaviest runoff so that at no time will the stream flow over the crest of the dam. The rules used by railways for culvert areas in your locality may be safely divided by two on account of the greater velocity of water under the head obtained in the vertical pipe.

Controlling Mad Waters.

Water is our servant and should never become our master. We can control water as easily as we can plant a tree. There is no mystery in the science of this control. The fundamental principle of flood control is based on every method which retards the flow and diminishes velocity. There are two schools of engineering in the matter of flood control—one says the haphazard plan of speeding the flow to the ocean by conduits; the other works out the details of slowing down the velocity of all stream flow thereby restoring fertility to our lands and conserving the moisture for summer use, abolishing the need of large conduits.

As a result of the Times Illustrated Weekly's efforts on these lines of conservation there are thousands of check dams being constructed in the mountains all over Southern California. Water companies and ranchers have taken up the work. In the Crescenta-Canada region the Earl Canyon is being completely protected from stream bed erosion by a set of dams exactly as illustrated in these pages, as taken in Haines Canyon. At the Fussenot ranch, in same territory, Dr. Buck, who had charge of the construction in Haines Canyon, is doing a large amount of work. Over at Sunland, Emil Kirchner of Los Angeles is fitting out both of the canyons that come down through his country estate in the Verdugo Mountains. He has brought from Switzerland a man who for many years worked in the Sihlwald forest at Zurich, of which he wrote at length several weeks ago. The Kirchner canyon work is being done entirely with brush fills, as the other materials are lacking upon his north slopes. To my fears that he could not make the brush beaver dams stick, Julius, the Swiss, just laughs and says, "you come see time-by." All of the names of the ranches will be recognized as prominent in commercial circles in Los Angeles; and in addition all along the range just such work is being done.

Believing that all European experience has definitely proven it, and that the system is doubly beneficial in this country where the retarded waters may be used for irrigation, we shall continue to insist upon the doctrine of retarding floods rather than accelerating their flow by open conduits. We deeply regret the policy outlined by the Board of Flood Control, as now organized, to call for an issue of six million dollars to be spent mainly for the purpose of "speeding" up the flow of flood waters. We will not be able to support this measure and will from time to time undertake to point out the errors in such a policy.

In the meantime through private effort, let us attempt restoration of the gullies in our fields. Let us begin on lines above

given, to cause a dirt field to fill in the arroyo that now divides two fine mesas of productive land upon our ranch.

Likewise, if we may be permitted the intrusion into semi-private affairs, could we not build an excellent soil-saving dam, or possibly two of them, with nice driveways along the tops thereof, upon the grounds of the mentioned country club, and restore that ugly gash for just about one-tenth the cost of retaining the lawyers that are fighting the case against the city of Pasadena?

A Short and Profitable Patent.

[Wall Street Journal:] Perhaps the shortest patent application extant is the one on file in the patent office at Washington, which reads: "I claim a patent on a screw with a gimlet point."

Previous to that all screws used in wood-work had been of the blunt end variety, and the carpenter had to carefully bore a hole with a gimlet or auger before inserting his screw and forcing it home. The advent of the screw with a gimlet point which would bore itself in, revolutionized this.

This patent was held by the American Screw Company, of Providence, R. I., and before the patent ran out and it was impossible for others to manufacture it without damage suits, this company made tremendous profits. The demand for the gimlet pointed screw was, of course, immense and the company did not know what to do with its profits.

All of its dray horses were carefully selected blacks and tremendous prices were paid for good stock. The harness was of patent leather trimmed with red, while the wagons plying back and forth between the factory and the docks or the railroad had red undergear to match the harness trimmings, and the wheels were decorated with gold leaf, 14 carat fine. But this is all past. Today the pointed screw can be purchased at any corner store for a few cents a package.

The Chewing-gum Habit.

"The chewing-gum habit," writes Zim, in Cartoons Magazine, "is bad enough in itself, but the habit of sticking the quid on the bedpost is intolerable. Wives who are addicted to the latter should be advised to desist before a serious breach in the family occurs. The bedpost is the husband's recognized clothes-tree and should be held sacred as such. To find his trousers garrisoned daily with that adhesive element is not conducive to conjugal felicity. Another convenient place of repose for the harmless-looking little wad which thwarts immediate detection is the under-side of the wife's dining-room chair. I have known men to leave a quid of 'Honest Scrap' or 'Fine Cut' on the window sill during luncheon, but they were not deemed gentlemen of high caste; neither can a woman who deigns to return a wad of once-used gum to her jaws for a second kneading lay claim to the title of lady. There is a respectability in everything if properly carried out, but the practice of sticking chewing-gum in obscure places is downright beastly."

Rural Science.

The famous botanist was pacing slowly along the country road, his eyes, as usual, roaming from side to side for new plants to study.

Suddenly an eager look swept across his features, and he leaned over the low fence inclosing a cottage garden. He had found a plant he did not know.

What could it be? If only he had a specimen of it to study?

At that moment a shock-headed lad strolled along the road and stopped to gaze open mouthed at him.

"I say," called the botanist urgently. "See that plant there—that pale pink one in the corner? You know it?"

"Uh-uh!" said the country boy briefly. "What's its name? Do you know what family it belongs to?"

The lad jerked a grubby thumb over his shoulder toward the little cottage as he spoke more briefly still.

"Higginses!"—[Utica Herald-Dispatch.]

Americans Settled in South America.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

sugar cane grows luxuriantly. There is a great deal of rice raised, and there are four rice mills near Villa Americana. Not long ago some of the Americans started planting watermelons. They were doing well, when the Italians came in and competed, cutting the prices to such an extent that the Americans had to give up the business. The Italian immigrants are among the great competitors of the Americans. They live on almost nothing, a large part of their food being sausage and mush. One of the Americans tells me they eat the mush and smell the sausage and this suffices.

In connection with the agricultural conditions of this part of Brazil, I cannot do better than describe my visit to the farm of one of the oldest of the American settlers. I refer to that of Ezekiel Pyles of Georgia. He came here at the age of 25, and he has under cultivation and in pasture something like 1000 acres of land. He has 400 acres which are now in crops of one kind or other, and his fields are as clean as any garden in Georgia. His home is far more comfortable than the average farmhouse of Georgia, and its luxury approximates that of some of the richest homes of the South. Mr. Pyle has thirty men working on his farm. They all have homes there, and most of them have families.

A Productive Estate.

This estate is situated about ten miles from Villa Americana, and I went there in an automobile in company with young Dr. Hall, a son of Charles M. Hall, of whom I have written. We passed through rich lands all the way, and at one time crossed a fazenda of 9000 acres owned by a Portuguese, who has married a Brazilian. Mr. Pyles's farm adjoins that estate, but it is far better cultivated.

In going over the Pyles farm we used the automobile, riding through wide roads from field to field. Everything was growing luxuriantly. I saw fields of sugar cane, cotton and rice, and also of cowpeas and velvet beans. Mr. Pyle tells me that the prices of cowpeas are \$2 or \$3 a bushel, and that he is raising them to supply the farmers of the neighborhood who are becoming interested in advanced agriculture and want to bring up their lands to the use of such crops. He says there is a market for all the corn and rice that can be raised, and that the sugar cane when turned into sugar and rum brings a good price.

I asked Ezekiel Pyles as to the character of farming in the country about. He said it was poorly done. Before the Americans

came the people used nothing but hoes to cultivate the fields. The new settlers brought in American plows and they are now used everywhere. The people have learned our methods of farming from them and many of them are better off from the fact of the American colony.

Before our people came many of the fields were covered with bunch grass so tough that it could not be dug out with a hoe. The Americans bought this land at low prices and used their plows to turn the grass under. The grass made a good fertilizer and the land trebled in prices.

I asked as to the coffee possibilities. Mr. Pyles replied that the land about Villa Americana is not fitted for coffee growing on account of the frosts, although the State of Sao Paulo has the largest coffee plantations of the world, and supplies the greater part of the world's crop. He says the pasture is excellent for cattle and mules, and that Mr. Hall is raising mules to supply the local demand. Big mules sell well; a good team will bring over \$300, and mules as large as ours bring as much as \$400 or \$500 per team. The chief working animals are oxen, which are yoked up by the necks instead of the horns. Sometimes as many as a dozen yokes will be harnessed to one wagon, and in moving heavy machinery thirty-two oxen are sometimes used to drag the trucks over the road. The ordinary ox-cart has a wheel of solid wood. The driver has a long goad, at the end of which is a ring and a sharp point. The latter is driven into the oxen to prod them along.

Money Essential.

This is no place for Americans without money. The farm hands get wages of about 75 cents a day, with free house rent. The tenant-house is a shack about fifteen feet square and from eight to ten feet in height. The whole family sleeps on the floor. The stove is usually of brick with a sheet of iron on top. The common food of the people is rice, beans, dried beef and bacon. The farm hands work from day light to dark. They have a half-hour off for breakfast and forty minutes for dinner. The working day is fourteen hours in the summer and ten or eleven in the winter. The climate is such that the grass grows all the year round. The grass is always green and several crops can be raised on the same ground in one year. The ordinary working-man needs but little clothing, his usual attire consisting of a shirt, hat and a pair of trousers. The hat is of straw and it costs about 6 cents, the shirt and trousers can be

bought for \$2, so that for \$2.06 a man can get a full outfit.

Mr. Pyles tells me that he had enjoyed his life in Brazil. He believes it is a good place to make money, but he would prefer the United States as a place to die in. The reason for this is his children. He would rather have them among his own people than here in Brazil.

I find that a number of the Americans here are well satisfied with their conditions, and some are sensitive about being pitied for their expatriation. About twenty-five years ago a sympathetic wave concerning the American colony passed over our country, and the United States government sent word to our legation at Rio to look up the expatriated Americans and aid them to return home. At that time the secretary of legation was a man named White, a pompous young fellow, with a high opinion of his own office and also of the Stars and Stripes. He came down to Sao Paulo and traveled up to the American settlement. He was met by some of the older citizens, and among them a man named John Norris. Mr. Norris told him that he was an American and that he would like to know how the United States was getting along now. Mr. White replied that our country was prospering and that he had been directed by the State Department to visit the American colony in Brazil.

Satisfied With Brazil.

"Indeed," said Mr. Norris, "and may I ask what is the object of your visit?"

Mr. White replied: "It is to learn your condition and to tell you that Uncle Sam would be glad to have you come home, and that, if necessary, he would even supply the funds to carry you there."

The way this remark was made angered Mr. Norris. He replied:

"I and the rest of my American friends are satisfied with Brazil, and I think we will stay where we are."

"I am sorry," said Mr. White. "But perhaps there is something else that the American legation can do for you. If so we will be glad to do it."

"There is only one thing that you can do," was the reply. "That is to send us something that will kill the insects that are infesting our cotton."

The trip from Sao Paulo to Villa Americana is interesting. I left Sao Paulo yesterday morning on the railroad and it was not until afternoon that I reached Villa Americana. The country everywhere is high and rolling, the vegetation is a rich

green, and the soil is as red as brick dust, the roads making streaks of blood through the green fields. Now and then we passed through woods which were more like a jungle than a forest. The trunks of the trees were covered with moss and their branches so bound together with lianas that it would be impossible to go through the forest without the use of an ax. Here and there the fields were black. This is caused by burning the grass to clear away the vegetation. It ruins the soil, taking the life out of it, and in some places the country is barren.

Much of the farms is given up to pasture. I saw herds of long-horned cattle not unlike our old Texas stock. Now and then among them were bulls with humps on their backs like the cattle of India.

On the way we passed through Campinas. This is a thriving little city in the heart of one of the oldest coffee regions of Brazil. It has coffee trees which are more than 100 years old and are still bearing. The country about is lower than that of Villa Americana and therefore less subject to frosts. The railroad passes through many plantations. The coffee trees are low and bushy. They cover the sides of the hills.

Near Villa Americana the land is more and more rolling. It looks not unlike parts of Virginia. There are many fields of corn fenced with wire. The country is divided up into fields. There are no barn or out-buildings. The animals feed out of doors all the year round. Now and then one sees a chapel by the roadside with a cross on the top of it and a shrine inside. These are scattered over this part of Sao Paulo. Each stands upon the site where a man has died or to mark the grave of a heathen. Only Christians can be buried in the regular cemeteries. I am told that unbaptized babies have to be buried outside for this reason. I doubt that.

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Adversity.

Sweet are its uses, so the great bard said.
Go not thou, then, along misfortune's road
With brow bent low and heart bowed down
With dread,
But stand erect, throw off the loathsome load;
Go bravely forth, pluck from its venomous head
The precious jewel of the ugly toad.
—[J. J. M., in New York Sun.]

Through Love of Old Erin. By E. Niall Breene.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

"H. PSHAW, Aileen!" said Mary, as she was doing up her hair before the glass, "you're entirely too particular. That gilt-edged introduction idea was all right back in your little Irish town, but this is a live 'burg' where competition is keen, and if we're to get the right man, we'll have to step lively. I'm a stickler for the conventionalities myself, when it comes right down to the point, but if I waited for an introduction in the old-fashioned way, I'd miss a lot of good times. Anyway, I'll bet if the right man came along you wouldn't be so particular about a little thing like an introduction."

"My right man," said Aileen icily, "isn't the type of man who flirts with operators over the lines, and I wouldn't talk to a man I didn't know if he were the last man on earth. I wouldn't do it, never!"

"Well, I'm not so fussy," said Mary. "He has a big machine and he can show me a good time. I am old enough to take care of myself, so why should I fret?" Then she threw her arms around Aileen and said penitently, "Don't be mad, honey—these things all seem funny to you because you're strange. I have to go now. He's waiting for me. Be good!" and she was gone.

Aileen sat still for a long time looking at the disorderly room and thinking. She had come over from Ireland only six months ago, and it was hard for her to get used to some of the standards she found at the office of the American Telephone Company. When Aileen had come she had intended to stay with friends, but they had moved away shortly after her arrival, so left to her

own resources she had accepted Mary's invitation to room with her. Aileen was very fond of Mary, for she had been good to her, but there were some things that Mary did to which she could not get used.

Tonight the trouble was a date that Mary had made over the line. To Aileen it all seemed common and cheap, and she felt hurt that Mary, her friend, should care for anything of the sort.

The light from the solitary electric globe beat down wearily on the room, and seemed to bring out unflinchingly the harsh, ugly outlines of it all. Aileen was heartsick for her little old town of Kerry—for the joy of the moonlight, the clean open winds, and the song of the lark in the morning. All the wild, rich beauty of Erin seemed calling to her, and the gray-blue eyes were half-filled with tears, while the corners of her rose-petal lips drooped sadly. She picked up the evening paper listlessly. There, staring at her was the announcement that Chauncey Olcott would appear that evening in "A Play of Old Erin, with six new Irish songs." Aileen looked at it wistfully. "I'm sure 'twould be just like seeing a bit of home again," she said. "If Mary were only here we could go." Then came the thought, why couldn't she go herself? There was the 50 cents that was to have gone for a new jabot—but it was a long way to the theater and it would be dark coming home. She wavered undecidedly. Then suddenly she remembered the beautiful new pumps that she had bought on her pay-day, and the new silk hose that Mary had given her for Christmas. With the thought all the eternal feminine in Aileen came to the surface. Of course she would go.

She flew around setting the room to rights, dressed hurriedly in her little blue serge

suit and panama hat, with the pumps and the new silk hose to set it all off, and when she was ready to go she paused for a moment before the glass. It was a charming bit of femininity that peered out at her, and Aileen was woman enough to know it. She looked around guiltily. Then her hand stole into the drawer and brought out Mary's powder puff. Delicately she dabbed a bit of powder on her nose and then surveyed the effect. Suddenly seized with a panic, she rubbed it all off again and hurried out, locking the door.

Aileen went in with the big crowd of people at the balcony entrance. She was soon seated and surveying it all at her leisure. It was a very critical, if not disparaging look that she gave it.

"Sure, it's not very fine at all," she said, "and the walls are that dirty; my!"

Then the music began and Aileen was in raptures. The Irish folk dances were new to Aileen, still the lift of old Erin was in them and her heart sang to the tunes.

Finally the play began with a pretty little lady, and a big, genial Irishman in a long, comfortable old room.

"For all the world like the bailiff's house in Kerry," said Aileen.

Then the big Irishman, who was really Chauncey Olcott, sang, and Aileen was charmed by the liquid melody of his voice.

When the song was ended there was a burst of applause, and the boy in the seat next to Aileen nodded enthusiastically, with a smile.

"Isn't he the grand one though?" said the boy.

"He is that," said Aileen, "and the play's for all the world like my own little town of Kerry."

"Are you from across the water, too?"

said the boy. "Now did you know Michael Keirns and the place o' the wells at Kerry?"

So the conversation began and after the theater Aileen walked home, and the boy walked along with her, and neither of them thought it was strange.

By the time they had reached Aileen's home they had found so many things to talk about, and there were so many places that they each had known and loved that they seemed like old friends, and when the boy suggested a trip to the beach for the following Sunday, Aileen accepted gladly.

When Mary came home, Aileen was sitting up in bed waiting for her.

"Oh, Mary," she said, "I've been to the grandest play, and I met the nicest Irish boy that you ever did see."

"For the love of Pete," said Mary, "how did you happen to go to a show, and who is this said boy?"

"Why," said Aileen, "I just saw an Irish play advertised and I went on the 50 cents that I was saving for a jabot, and it was all so fine that I had to talk to someone, so I talked to him, and he's going to take me to the beach next Sunday, and, Mary, he's awful nice."

"Well, of all the nerve!" said Mary. "Here you are lecturing me about flirting over the telephone lines, and you go to a show, calmly pick out a stranger and make a date for Sunday! I'm afraid I don't quite get your reasoning."

"But, Mary," said Aileen, "he wasn't like a stranger. He was from my own little town of Kerry, and anyway," she added sleepily, "a body just couldn't help talkin' at that play."

"Oh, I see," said Mary, laughingly, as she turned out the light. "A one touch of nature romance. You're a joke, Aileen."

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Set your pests
and wrap with
wire to keep

MANY a ranch in Southern California
now has a full running right down
SOIL SAVING
DRAINAGE

Methods of Restoring Flood Gullies on Farm Lands.

By M. V. Hartman.

The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Brauntun.

Gardens, Grounds,
Streets, Parks, Lakes.

Chrysanthemums.

THE DAY OF THEIR ANNUAL EXPLOITATION AT HAND.

FOR THE next few weeks the attention of flower fanciers will be centered on chrysanthemums (what a jaw-breaking name when 'mum's the word.) Soon we shall have flower shows from Redlands to the sea and the "Queen of Autumn" will reign supreme over every one of them. Pasadena has each year been the center of attraction in its display of 'mums and this year, during the last week in October, they will show their latest and their best. For the whole of the same week Los Angeles is to have a flower show, after a lapse of several years, and near enough to the scene of the last of the old run to make many of us recall with a sigh how we worked day and night to entertain an apathetic public with a grand display of the finest flowers and plants to be found in local gardens, fields and greenhouses. Yet the same old band of workers, with many new accessions to the ranks, will be found at the Broadway Flower Show, October 23-30.

But we started out to talk about 'mums, for now, in the closing days of the season every one will be striving to produce the best and many will overdo. Too much food at this time often proves disastrous to many ambitious, worthy, but misdirected enthusiasts. If the flowers have not been well fed before this it is too late to get gigantic blossoms, for when color shows in the bud all food stimulus must be stopped, but water should be given unsparsingly. There will be late sorts not yet showing color that may still be fed and the rule of little and often should be strictly observed. Liquid manure has never been surpassed as a food for 'mums, and that from the dairy has proven better than that from other sources. Many of our best growers use nothing else and often those obtaining first prizes in all classes have for years adhered strictly to the application of liquid leached from cattle manure. Those using bone-meal early in the season and other commercial fertilizers later are many, and splendid results are attained with almost any food if the method of little and often governs its application. The most noted grower of 'mums in this country at present uses the liquid manure herein noted almost exclusively, but also applies a solution of sulphate of ammonia made by dissolving one pound of the sulphate in fifty gallons of water. More 'mums are spoiled by too much food than by too little. But use water copiously.

The Tulip Tree.

ONE OF the finest deciduous trees for street or garden use is *Liriodendron tulipifera*, the tulip tree. Aside from its lovely flowers it is strikingly handsome when in full leaf and its outline is ideal, closely resembling that of a gigantic umbrella tree. Just why it is not more frequently seen in Southern California is a hard nut to crack, for it certainly thrives. Two large trees on the old Rust place, Monterey Road, South Pasadena, bear witness that the tulip tree does as well in this end of the State as any tree native to our Southern States. It is a close relative of the evergreen magnolia, so popular in California, and surely is as well suited to local climate as that much-abused native to low, damp lands.

Nearly Ever-blooming.

IF ONE experienced and observant with plant life were asked what shrub bloomed more months in the year than any other he might perchance say *Spartium junceum*, the Spanish Broom, for it bears several crops throughout the year, or at least two or three long-extended crops, according to treatment. As this shrub grows somewhat sparse and slender it is well to cut it back severely at the end of each flowering period, for this treatment will induce a bushy growth and also keep the flowers down within the line of vision, for they bloom on the newest growth and this is nearly all strictly upright and very little of it lateral or horizontal.



THE EVERGREEN, ORNAMENTAL, FRUIT-BEARING AVOCADO

Advertising Avocados.

SEVERAL have written to this department stating that they have one or more avocado trees bearing fruits of a high grade and asking how best to realize profit from such trees. In fairness to the public let it first be stated that if one has an excellent quality of avocado the question of a market for young budded trees is easily solved. An exhibit of the fruit and the plants for sale by any energetic nurseryman of good standing will start things aright. If you wish to get the greatest possible returns from a tree, regardless of its intrinsic value, insure it for a large sum, surround it by a giant chicken coop securely locked (presumably to keep the natives from swiping buds for propagation,) and hire a live press agent. We believe this method is a proven success.

Good Shrubs.

MYRTUS COMMUNIS, the common myrtle; *Abelia grandiflora* or *A. rupestris*, *Coronilla glauca*, *Leptospermum laevigatum*, and *L. scoparium* formed a group of shrubs lately noted by the writer and all were good. The *Leptospermums* grow much faster than the others and are more spreading but in other respects the growth of this shrubbery was much alike under general garden treatment. The last mentioned doubtless grew the faster for the reason that less water is required by them for a normal growth.

Arctic Gardening.

THAT CROP production may be engaged in north of the Arctic Circle is one of the interesting facts brought out by a report on a reconnaissance soil survey in Alaska soon to be issued. This embodies

the results of a study of the soils of a vast area in Alaska by experts of the Bureau of Soils, made for the purpose of determining the possibilities of agricultural development. It was found that gardening is carried on and grass thrives in Alaska, up to and north of the Arctic Circle. In addition it is shown that the climate and soils of Finland are very similar to those of Alaska, the latitude of the two regions being practically identical. In Finland a number of crops are grown at a considerable distance north of the Arctic Circle.

A Good Red Rose.

THERE WILL ever be some dispute as to what is the best rose of any color or class, for soils and treatment vary so widely as to bring results equally as varied. In the writer's garden no red climbing rose has bloomed through so many months each year or with a more abundant crop than climbing *Souvenir de Wootton*. All who have grown it will admit its good qualities and the experience of many has been similar to that of the writer. In addition it is a most vigorous climber, well foliaged down to the base, never bare below as is the case with *Henriette*.

Native Clematis.

ASIDE from their being deciduous, two species of native clematis, found quite generally over California, make very satisfactory climbers for fences and arbors. They drop their leaves about Christmas and leaf out again in March so that not for long are they devoid of foliage. During summer they make a dense shade and bear abundant crops of flowers. The lowland species, *Clematis ligusticifolia*, is not nearly so handsome as *C. lanosa*, the one found in higher altitudes.

PRIZE-WINNING SCHOOL GROUNDS.

The awards of the 1915 Beautifying Committee to high schools in Class No. 1, were: Inglewood, first (\$400); Covina, second (\$300); Venice, third (\$100); and Montebello, fourth (\$75.) All these were planned by Ernest Brauntun. A full set of plans and specifications were furnished the first, second and fourth; and the third was advised how best to compete, during a visit to the grounds.

Among the other prize winners, Ernest Brauntun was official adviser to the following: Santa Monica High School; Grant and Garfield schools, Santa Monica; Central School, Redondo Beach; Central School, Venice; Lawndale; and Zelzah.

Let me plan your parks, school grounds and residential sites. Country homes grounds a specialty.

WAIT A MINUTE—There is now in press and will be on sale in about ten days the best book on California gardening ever printed. It will tell you how to plan, plant and care for your home grounds; no essential phase or detail being overlooked. The 14 chapter titles will be: Planning the Place; Lawns and Soil Covers; Trees and Shrubs; Climbers and Trailers; Rockeries and Ferneries; Annuals and Perennials; Water Gardens and Aquatics; House and Porch Plants; Bulbs and Tubers; The Rose Garden; Chrysanthemums; Pests and Diseases; The Garden Calendar; Glossary. Well bound in cloth covers, freely illustrated. Price, One Dollar, postpaid. Send now and get the first out.

Ernest Brauntun, 237 Franklin St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Tree Lovers will Gather.

THE NEXT convention of the Southern California Arboricultural Association will be held at Redlands on the 11th and 12th of this month. All interested in any phase of civic beautifying are invited to be present, also to join the association, for membership is not confined to tree wardens, park superintendents, etc., but is open to all who will aid in making a more beautiful Southern California.

Radium Fertilizers.

NO DOUBT radium fertilizers are of benefit to the soil, but the benefit is in all probability due rather to the nitrogen, potash and phosphorus they contain than to any radium which may be present. Until the value of radium as a fertilizer has been actually demonstrated the economy of paying high prices for such fertilizers is decidedly questionable.

Know Your Garden Flowers.

THE TRUE way to enjoy flowers is to get on intimate terms with them. Know them by name, know their characteristics. Learn to love them and make them a part of your life. Then the flowers breathe their secrets, and you learn little by little that they are living things—boon companions and friends. Those who work with flowers know of other things than seeds and bulbs—love and faith and love; strength, inspiration and happiness. The gather in more than the blushing flowers themselves. They gather health and wealth and Nature's revealed secrets. How natural it is, then, that those who work with flowers should be big, and strong, and good, and kind. They are very close to the heart of life—and Nature.

Full Directions, by Maurice.

IN SOME notes on "How to Produce the Best Gladioli Blooms for Exhibition," by Maurice Fuld, he gives the following "wrinkle": "Wait until the spike is well advanced and the bottom buds are just opening. Remove one or two of the top buds very carefully, then place a brown paper band around the bottom of shade, leaving it on for a few days, with the top exposed to the sun. In this way you will get all the flowers out at once. Another method is to cut the spike when the first bud shows color, to remove the two top buds and to place the spike in a vessel of water and store it in an absolutely dark place. In three to four days a flower has opened while none has wilted. There is one disadvantage in this method—that the color is not nearly as brilliant as if the blooms had opened outdoors."

Nurserymen Florists

100,000 people will visit the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, October 23 to 30, at the Boston Store Building, opposite City Hall.

Entries for the 42 cups to be awarded in the flower competition assure a wonderful display of cut flowers and plants. You should embrace this golden opportunity to show these visitors what you produce.

For particulars as to space, apply to J. S. Conwell, Boston Store Building.

Free Lawn Folder

Tells all about our new sprinkler head. How it economically and efficiently waters lawns. Write today for it. Thompson Adjustable Sprinkler Heads with brass core and zinc body, are simple, unique, practical and inexpensive. Save time, trouble, water, money.

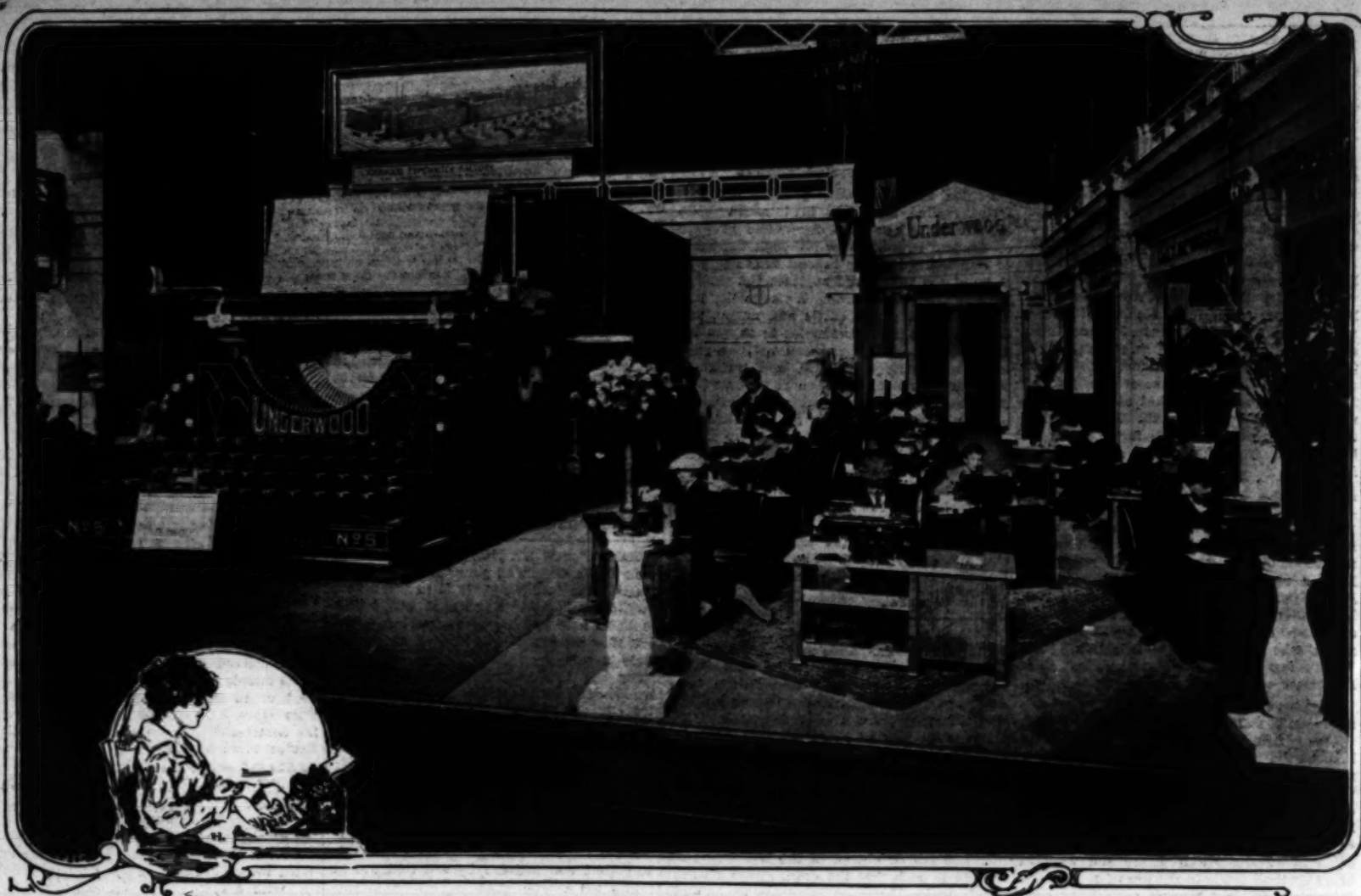
THOMPSON MFG. CO.,
8th Street and Santa Fe Ave.

FOR FIGHTING FIRE USE GARSTANG GRASS BURNER

For the city lot owner, or rancher. Designed solely for fighting dangerous and useless brush and weeds. Clears off city lots or vacant acreage. Kills the seed of weeds and rank vegetation at the right season. Safe, inexpensive and an efficient safeguard against accidental fires. Burns oil, distillate or gasoline. Prices on application.

Richard Garstang, Patented, 234 W. 50th St.

Mammoth Typewriter on Exhibition at San Francisco.



A picturesque grand prize winner in the Palace of Liberal Arts, Panama-Pacific Exposition, is the exhibit of the Underwood Typewriter Company. There are two central features of this display around which all others revolve. One is the gigantic machine, now known and immortalized throughout the country as the largest typewriter in the world, and the other is the illusion and moving-picture combination which tells the story of the evolution of office equipment.

The mammoth typewriter weighs fourteen tons and is an accurate fac simile of the regular business typewriter. It is electrically operated in connection with a regular size typewriter. As the operator for the small machine presses a key, the corresponding lever of the large machine is operated, striking a giant letter through a ribbon wide enough to be used as a bed sheet, the impression on an enormous sheet of white paper.

Running close to the giant Underwood in popularity is the series of illusion-moving pictures which teaches the lesson of the world's progress in expression. The first picture is a typical office scene of the period of 1853 and looks as if it had been lifted bodily from a Cruikshank edition of Dickens. There sits the antiquated office clerk in knickerbockers and faded long-tailed coat, an old bandanna falling from his back pocket. He writes with the quill of our grandfathers' days, a flickering oil lamp affording him scarcely enough light to do his work.

As one watches the lamp it gradually changes into a gas lamp and the entire picture is transformed into the 1883 period. The worn, worried amanuensis of those days sits at a desk manipulating an old-fashioned blind typewriter, while on the wall is an old-time and very primitive type of telephone.

Presto-change! The gas light is transmuted into an electric fan. The weary office clerk is translated into a chic, present-day stenographer in a well-equipped and efficient business office with a desk telephone and an indirect electric lighting system.

The next picture is the Underwood factory at night with the city of Hartford in the distance and a beautiful cloud effect adding beauty to the portrayal. Finally appears an attractive room with the product of the factory on display.

This progress exhibit is continuously going on. It is handsomely staged. The foyer and platform are carpeted in a rich, soft, blue velour. The curtains are of the same material and are heavily hand embroidered in gold thread.

A Dreamer in the Sunshine. By Arthur W. Peach.

GOOD NEWS.

OLD DAN O'CONNOR never attempted to account for the park in which he passed away the days. Just why there should be a patch of struggling green and a dozen slowly-dying trees in the heart of the tenement district he did not stop to reason out. When, at the age of 65, he took his carefully-treasured little hoard and sought out a room in the densely-populated part of the city, he had just one reason for choosing the section near Holly Park.

After a man has spent forty years of his life wandering from place to place, suspicious of every new face, of every one who takes an interest in him; especially when one carries with him an ever-present dread of something, he is quite likely to look forward to some place of refuge. In that section of the city he thought he had found it. A year passed and he was convinced. As the months passed into another year his sense of security became fixed, and peace came upon him, save a peace that comes only when the mind looks not backward, and memory has been dragged with the years.

So it came about that O'Connor, as soon as the warm days of spring touched with magic and warmth the gray tenements, went from his room to one of the rear rows of benches in the park. There, save for his brief allowance of time for meals, he spent the days. Spring came, and the green spirit fought its losing battle for life in the dingy area of the park. Spring drew on to summer, and summer to fall. Daniel stayed out until the leaves, dusty and brown, drifted upon him, until the winds grew keen. Then he went back to his room.

Seemingly, he had found a nook where the tide came in softly, bearing in, it is true, driftwood and refuse; the stories of outward storm and stress, but quietly, nevertheless. Around him the noisy youngsters of the tenements played; at times he entered into their games; at other times they could not induce him to join them, but he was never troubled by the racket they made.

In the spring of his third year as a dweller near the park, the first ripple of storm entered the quiet harbor where he had cast anchor. He was watching the children about him, when he glanced up at a passer-

by, whose loitering step had not penetrated the sound of the children's mirth.

The moment Daniel saw him a shudder shook his frame. He had seen that face three times—once in St. Louis, another time in New Orleans, once more in Montreal, but it had haunted him through the past forty years.

The stranger passed on. Daniel watched him furtively, but there was no sign to show that the stranger had recognized him. Softly Daniel rose from the bench and crossed swiftly toward the building in which he roomed. Again he must be on the way which men have trod since time immemorial who did not make their peace with men and with Him who is the giver of a lasting peace.

Up the worn, creaking stairs he hastened, and into the narrow, corner room, where his life centered. He drew from beneath the sagging bed a venerable suit case. Jerking open the battered drawers of his bureau, he began to empty the contents into the case. Feverishly he worked, listening now and then for a fancied step.

As he shut the cover of his case and reached for his coat he heard a step in

the hall outside. He paused in the act of taking his coat from the hook. He listened.

The step came nearer. Would it pass? It paused before his door. There was the sound of voices; one was the voice of his landlady; the other was the voice he feared.

The moisture collected on his face, but in his old heart there was no tension; he would kill before he would surrender. Strength came with determination. He drew from his case a heavy revolver, and hid himself behind the door. If the stranger entered without the woman the struggle would be short and sharp.

There was a knock at the door; then, as he did not answer, another and another. Then the door opened slowly, and a voice said:

"If he is not in I'll wait for him. Don't tell him I'm here. I a an old friend and am bringing him good news. He will be glad to see me."

Daniel listened in a turmoil of rage—an "old friend," "bringing good news," "he will be glad to see me"—to Daniel it was sarcasm to the highest degree.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY.)

Alfalfa a Popular Green Food for Poultry.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

A White Leghorn designated as "Lady Laymore," native of Nebraska, is said to have produced 286 eggs in twelve months at the Missouri Experiment Station. This beats the White Rock hen "Lady Show You" by just five eggs.

During the last week in November there will be held a poultry show and an exhibition of agricultural products in Coalinga. The former will be under the auspices of the local poultry association, and the latter of the Chamber of Commerce.

O. T. Nichols, Secretary of the Ontario-Upland Poultry and Pigeon Association, writes: "We have close to 100 members in our association, with an attendance of about thirty-five at each of our monthly meetings. Have up now for special consideration the question of a proper market for our eggs and stock."

Stuffy grain and mouldy bread should not be fed to hens. To purify same, put in an oven and heat before feeding.

Poultrymen look for a good winter and spring trade, both in eggs for hatching and breeding stock. If you are a small operator try to get your share of this business.

If cheaply available, unthreshed wheat and barley make excellent material for the scratching shed.

Frequent refurbishing of the laying nests with fresh material insures sanitation and also acts as a preventive for lice and mites.

An experiment that has large possibilities for poultry is being conducted at the California station by Prof. M. E. Jaffa, with the assistance of Dr. H. A. Mittell of Salt Lake City. Working from the conclusions arrived at by Osborne and Mendel of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station in 1911, they are endeavoring to determine just what nitrogen compounds contained in the various species of grains are able to promote growth in the day-old chick.

Flocks should be culled out at regular intervals, especially at this season of the year. No bird should be kept over winter that does not give evidence of good performance and profit.

The proposition to have two varieties of Barred Plymouth Rocks should be frowned down. It is proposed to have Dark Rocks and just plain Rocks, due undoubtedly to the divergence in color markings brought about by the double mating system. Not only should the idea be "killed a bornin'," but the necessity for double mating also removed.

In another two months the first of the winter shows will be in full swing, the ball opening in this State with the advent of the

International Show in San Francisco. This is as it should be. The one thing more a fowl than well-conducted poultry shows, does anything produce better advertising value to breeders than to exhibit liberally at these functions, be they large or small.

It is said that electric egg-testing tells the whole story of how you treat your egg crop. If you wash the eggs it comes out in the testing. If you have left them in the nest for two days, it tells it; if the eggs come from a newly-discovered nest in the barn loft, it is found out.

Among devious practices in the poultry business the most common is to fake birds sent to exhibitions; to sell specimens other than those advertised; to advertise fictitious egg-records; to sell birds from 200-egg-laying strains, when possibly only one or two in a given flock ever equaled such a performance.

Turkeys Must not be Neglected in Early Fall.

By M. M. Stearns.

WHEN RAIN COMES.

WHEN the first Southern California rains drift in after the long dry summer months, turkeys that have apparently been doing fairly well throughout the year will often sicken for no very evident reason; instead of coming through the moult properly, old birds will be found "going light" and epidemics of colds or croup will spring from nowhere.

This disastrous condition may almost always be prevented if the proper precautions are taken in time. It is only in flocks that are suffering to a certain extent from the neglect that seems to be almost universally the portion of turkeys in the early fall that sick birds are seen.

Turkeys get plenty of attention just before Thanksgiving; during the five or six weeks of fattening that immediately precede the big fall marketing nothing is too good for them; but not infrequently all this care lavished upon them after the dollars that they are to bring in are in sight, is partially wasted on account of the neglect that immediately preceded it.

In most instances turkeys finish the summer in a lean, more or less rundown condition, that renders them pretty susceptible to disease. If they are well cared for they go into the moult readily, and a little later take on weight in the fattening process to a gratifying degree; but if for any reason they receive scant attention until after the first damp, chilly mornings of fall have had their effect, a discouraging crop of turkey troubles is apt to be sown.

A thorough cleansing of the birds' quarters, a change of feed, and a little extra care in the important matters of green food and stimulation to exercise, will see the danger period safely past. It is only the fact that altogether too often flocks of turkeys fail to receive this slight amount of necessary extra care, that makes possible the early fall losses with which nearly every turkey raiser who has handled the birds on a big scale is familiar.

Old turkeys, rather than young ones, are most apt to suffer at the edge of colder weather after a hot summer. Young birds, that have been growing properly during the first four or five months of their existence, pass on into the succeeding periods of colder weather with no injurious results as a rule, though occasionally they too, if somewhat neglected, will suddenly harbor the germs of diseases from which they have seemed previously immune. Old turkeys are considered hardy; it is often said that mature turkeys are as healthy as young turkeys are frail, but in the first weeks of a California fall the exact reverse will once in a while be found to be true.

Turkeys that are ranging, are, of course, not nearly as apt to suffer from early fall neglect as birds that are confined, for the simple reason that they are to a far greater extent looking out for themselves anyway, and enjoy the benefits of a comparatively natural condition all the time. Ranging turkeys may be neglected by their owners, but cannot be neglected by nature; their semi-wild environment enables them to take the unconscious precautions that safeguard them from harm. But even at that it is safe to assume that the early fall weeks see a greater proportion of fatalities among old birds than any others of the entire year, except.

unless possibly it should be the hard weeks that immediately precede the return of warm weather in the spring.

When turkeys are kept throughout the year in confinement it is an entirely different matter. Yarded turkeys can be wintered with even greater safety than birds on range; through the breeding season and the warm weather of early summer they do well, and only as cold weather comes on do they seem to feel the effects of the confinement particularly, taking the moult hard, and dying at the first opportunity offered.

The first step to take in building up the condition of a flock of run-down yarded turkeys is to disinfect the birds and their quarters thoroughly.

Just as in the spring a thorough cleansing-out of the turkey houses is imperative on account of the sudden increase in all insect and parasitic life, so in the fall such a cleansing is particularly valuable because of the greater results obtained; a good thorough cleansing in the fall will keep a poultry house comparatively free from vermin throughout the winter, and until the first warm days of the spring come along.

Roosting poles should be taken out and carefully painted with a combination of coal oil and lice killer to do away with mites. The addition of a proportion of one of the good strong coal tar products will make a more efficacious mixture than undiluted kerosene, and its effects will be more lasting. Particular care should be taken to get the preparation about the ends of the roosts and into the nearby crevices, as it is in these places that mites are most apt to congregate.

If the turkey quarters are equipped with good dropping boards, a copious spraying or painting of these with lice killer shortly before the birds go to roost will usually do away with body lice to a sufficient extent. This method cannot be employed, it is wise, wherever the size of the flock makes such procedure practicable, to catch each bird, old or young, and give it a good dusting with insect powder.

In addition to the treatment of roost and dropping boards, all parts of the quarters should receive a good disinfectant spray. Any of the recognized lice killer preparations, or a weak solution of carbolic acid, will prove satisfactory for this purpose. All the woodwork of the quarters should be included in the operations, down to the last post or doorstep.

An exceedingly good precaution is to clean out any old litter from the turkey houses or yards, and spade the ground up thoroughly. Then, in the compartments of the roosting house, new, clean litter may be spread.

In the diet, a great abundance of green stuff is the best possible insurance against the outbreak of disease. If necessary, the birds of the grown flock should be stimulated to greater activity and appetite; this may be accomplished by watching the rations closely, feeding the birds just a little less than they are willing to eat, without shutting down the rations to a point where it will cause any weakness, and then feeding small extra rations of particular relish—fresh lettuce leaves, bread and milk, ripe tomatoes or fruits, or, best of all, a few handfuls of freshly ground bone or meat scraps.

As the birds come into better condition, the improvement can be maintained and intensified by a partial change of ration; for example, if the birds have been getting no mash, clean bran kept before them in hoppers will do them good. If they have been getting bran regularly, it may for a time be eliminated altogether and instead of a dry mash they may be fed for a time a light meal of whole grains early in the morning. If they have been getting no beef scrap, sufficient change of diet can usually be effected by adding this element to the feed.

If any, or all of these precautions are taken in the weeks of early fall, just before the fattening process proper begins, the value of the turkey flock at Thanksgiving time, when the profits for the year are realized, will be enhanced to a degree that will amaze the turkey raiser whose birds have just been allowed to struggle along as best they could.

A Bunch of Liars.

Lies that would have made Baron Munchausen green with jealousy and driven Ananias to despair are published sometimes in the New York Press.

A Connecticut correspondent of the New York Herald gravely related a history of an enamored and jealous trout murdering a cannibal.

Last autumn a male and a female trout, each measuring ten inches, were taken from a small spring at Highland Lake and placed in a sp. ten feet deep, where Pete, a tame trout, had made his home for seven years without a competitor. Pete welcomed the lady, but, whenever the lid of the spring was raised, he would rise to the water after the gentleman trout like a progressive politician after an office, and whenever close enough would try to bite him. At feeding time when bits of meat were dropped into the water would restrain his appetite until his female companion has satisfied her hunger, but kept his eye on the other trout in a diabolical gaze chase if he tried to get any food.

A retracted thought caused the water level to drop from eight feet to two, and the trout whose life Pete had sought for three months fell a victim to the big trout's prowess, the water not giving him the room he had been accustomed to when fleeing from Pete's assault. The lid of the spring was raised only two were to be seen, Pete and his friend. For Pete's mouth protruded the tail of the other fish.

The voracious historian of this voracious fish episode concludes his narrative by saying that Pete was easily captured and the dead trout extracted with difficulty. Pete appeared none the worse for the experience, and quite contented with his female friend.

A companion to the Connecticut fish lie is found in another column of the same issue of the New York Herald in a story related by a New Jersey correspondent. This Ananias states that a plumber named Rensch, who was an experimenter in incubation, figured that if the heat in an incubator would hatch an egg in twenty-one days it followed that to increase the heat twenty-one times would cause an egg to be hatched in one day, thus saving time and anxiety.

From the steam-heating boiler in the

cellar of his home he stretched steam pipes to an incubator in which he placed thirteen eggs. He kept an extra weight on the safety valve for twenty-four hours and when he opened the incubator he was gratified to find a chick picking through his shell.

Rensch ran upstairs and prepared a mass of infant chicken food. On his way back to the cellar he heard a loud and lusty crowing and soon found that the chick had grown into full and vigorous roosterhood.

Mr. Rensch had upstairs to obtain food more suited to advance roosterhood, but he forgot to turn off the heat, and when he returned to the cellar, he found that the rooster had died of senility and the chicks in the other eggs had perished of old age.

Mr. Rensch pledged to the New York Herald his honor as a poker player, a Tammany politician and a friend of Chauncey Bryan for the truth of this story, and, on his assurance, the Herald published it.

T. F.

Was it a Threat?

"That Patrick Mulligan is a funny fellow. I can't quite understand him."

"Why? What's he been up to now?"

"Well, you see, he and I were having a little argument at his house the other evening, and then I offered to prove that he was a fool, in black and white."

"Yes; well, what about it?"

"Well, up to then I had confined ourselves to slightly raised voices, but when I said that he flared up immediately."

"Prove I'm a fool," "ack an' white, will ye?" he yelled. "Well, if ye don't clear out of this house at once I'll prove in black, blue and red it's falsehood ye're telling!"—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Nurserymen Florists

100,000 people will visit the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, October 23 to 30, at the Boston Store Building, opposite City Hall.

Entries for the 42 cups to be awarded in the flower competition assure a wonderful display of cut flowers and plants. You should embrace this golden opportunity to show these visitors what you produce.

For particulars as to space, apply to J. S. Conwell, Boston Store Building.

Staite's Lice Killer Food

A preparation which when fed to fowls will rid them of Lice and Mites, keep them in absolute health, prevent disease and increase the egg yield.

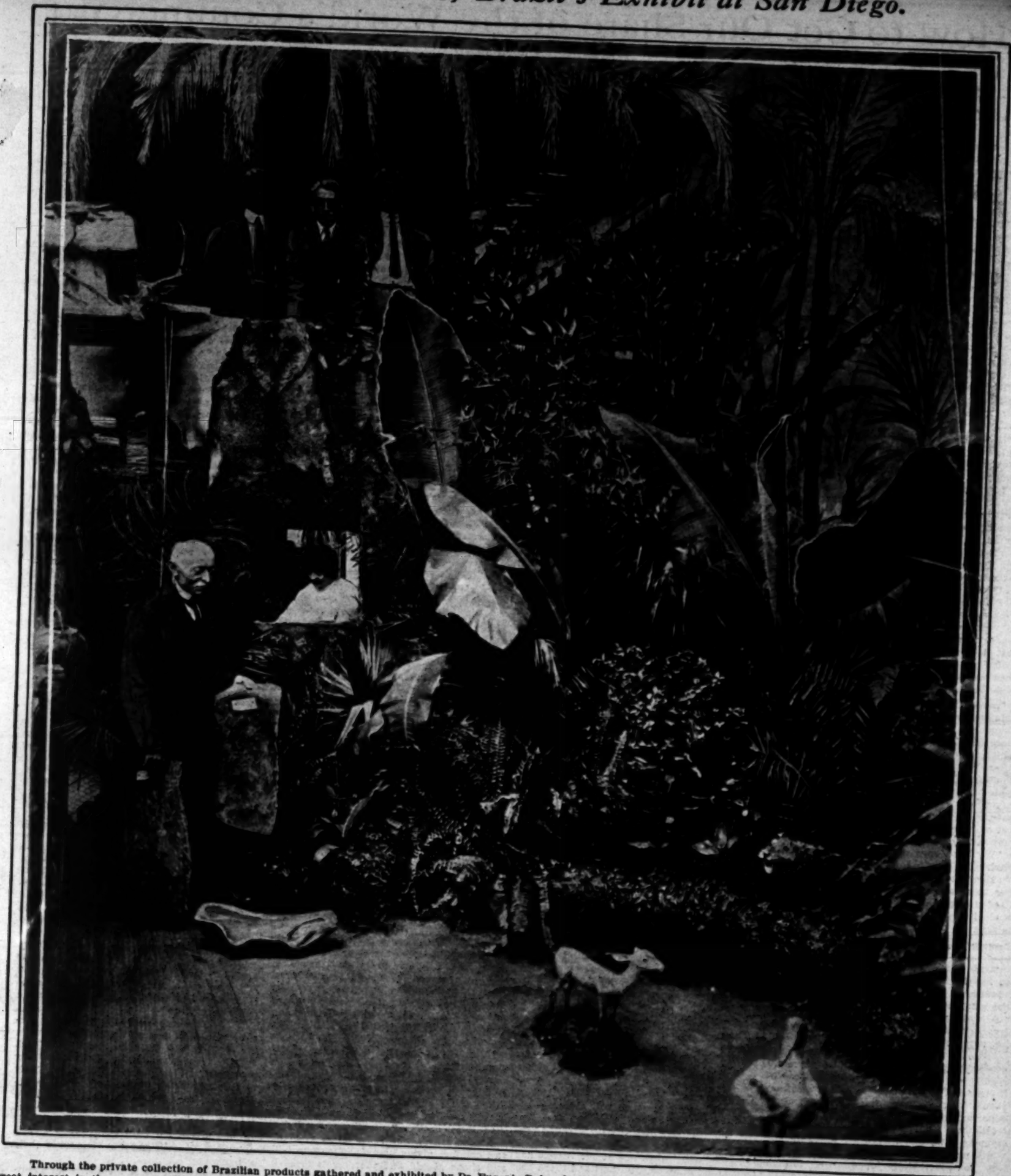
THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD

No Spraying, No Dusting, No Greasing
"JUST FEED IT TO 'EM, THAT'S ALL."
Does not affect eggs or flesh.
Try this new Lice Killer, it is a wonder.
Mix in the feed three times a week.

Aggeler & Musser Seed Co.

115 NORTH MAIN STREET
Los Angeles Agents.

Dr. Dahne and Part of Brazil's Exhibit at San Diego.



Through the private collection of Brazilian products gathered and exhibited by Dr. Eugenio Dahne in the Commerce and Industries Building at the Panama-California Exposition, great interest in the resources and possibilities of Brazil in its future commercial development has been aroused. In fact, so much interest has been shown that Dr. Dahne left the latter part of September for Brazil with the idea of bringing a much more extensive and better exhibit for the exposition should it be continued next year. Although it has not been officially announced that such will be the case, it is almost a certainty that the exposition will continue.

The exhibit with its Southern Brazil section, where is a display of the native beverage, mate, the coffee exhibit from the State of Sao Paulo, the rubber exhibit and others have attracted the attention of men and women of prominence as well as homeseekers and others who have visited the fair. Each and every one has drunk the delicious Brazilian coffee served by Dr. Dahne and his charming wife. When Pan-American Day was celebrated at the exposition, the principal exercises of the programme took place at Dr. Dahne's exhibit, as it was considered the most appropriate place for the occasion. And John Barrett, director of the Pan-American Union, and Dr. Ernesto Nelson, commissioner to the San Francisco exposition from Argentina, made addresses on the future possibilities of South and Central America. Though the exhibit is a private one it is one of the most important in the exposition. As financial troubles interfered to prevent Brazil from making exhibits as a government, Dr. Dahne, who had been in the employ of the United States government for five years working on the Brazilian exhibits, at once resigned his position with the government and went to Brazil to obtain a private collection representative of his country. His work resulted in the opening of the exhibit in July of this year, which he hopes to make much larger and to be official next year.

As a means of further interesting visitors in the resources of Brazil, Dr. Dahne and his wife have been giving away copies of the Los Angeles Illustrated Weekly containing Frank G. Carpenter's sketches of Brazil and descriptions of the Brazilian exhibit at the exposition. Said Dr. Dahne: "After the article by Mr. Carpenter, on the Brazilian beverage, mate, appeared, we were besieged with questions about the preparation of the drink and with requests for a cup of that which we serve here."

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

MUCH has been said and written in favor of lucerne or alfalfa as a green food for poultry, not only in the arid West, where it constitutes the leading greenery for fowl, but also in the cooler sections of the country. To our minds it is the best green food available in this section, hence finds wide application among poultrymen. The reasons are that it luxuriates under prevailing conditions of soils and climates, and when irrigated on deep soils yields enormous crops under proper conditions of culture. As green food for poultry it should be sown thickly broadcast, so as to secure a thick stand, thereby insuring a succulent growth. It is usually at its best when about one-eighth of the flower buds are developed. On grounds of economy, as well as for the health of the birds, it should be fed cut into short lengths; if fed as hay, or in lengths as cut from the field, the long fibrous stems are apt to bunch up in the crop, thus forming an impacted mass that is hard to digest, often resulting in what is known as "crop bound." Some breeders pasture their birds in open fields or yards planted to this crop, but this results in much waste, and is not exempt from the trouble just alluded to. Some practice feeding in small bundles hung in the yards. This may afford some exercise to the birds, but is still open to the criticism of more or less loss from waste. Cut alfalfa is also fed in troughs or dishes, which is really the best way. If cut short, the birds "go to it" greedily, and unless fed in too great quantities, will eat it up clean in the space of, say, twenty to twenty-five minutes. It may also be fed in the wet mash foods, say, at the rate of about one-third alfalfa to two-thirds of the mash material.

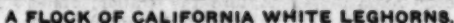
According to D. F. Laurie, alfalfa has a high feeding value. The protein content ranges up to 17 per cent., fat 3 per cent. and mineral salts averaging 6.43 per cent. The fiber is rather heavy (22 per cent.,) but if fed when chopped into small lengths it causes no trouble.

Alfalfa meal represents the product in a milled condition, in which state it has become quite an article of commerce. In this form it is made at once available in the warm mash foods for use by people with family flocks, or by fanciers who grow poultry in rather limited numbers, thus obviating the labor and appliances for cutting, and also the necessary ground for its cultivation.

Under date of September 23, J. T. Leddy of Pasadena writes: "Recently I rented a place with five chicken yards, each 20x5 feet, and find it to be alive with mites. It has been used for chicken yards for years. I have sprayed the houses with crude carbolic and distillate and they appear to be clean; I have scraped the top of the soil, and cleaned up everything all around and I seem to have made no improvement. The ground, fences and trees, however, are still full of mites. Please advise what to do; I cannot move the chicken yards nor plant the ground, for it is too hard."

You have indeed a problem calling for drastic and continuous treatment until the pest is eradicated. The red mite is really not a louse at all, but belongs to the spider family. It lives on the blood of its host, and when allowed to increase without hindrance multiplies amazingly. It lives in cracks and crevices, in the joints of the roosts, under boards, and indeed wherever it finds dry shelter. Unless numerous, it is usually dormant in the day, coming out at night to live on its victims. Once in possession of the premises it is a formidable insect to get rid of, and a dangerous menace to the prosperity and well-being of the fowl. Its thorough eradication simply means a siege until finally overcome and exterminated.

Remedies that would apply when only found on fowls and under perches in small patches do not apply where the pest has gained possession over whole premises. Here remedies must be applied in a large way. Go at it with a spray pump, remove



ing all perches, and be sure that the liquid gets into all cracks and crevices. A good spray is made as follows: Shave one 10-cent cake of laundry soap into one pint of water; heat or allow to stand until a soap paste is formed; stir in one pound of commercial cresol and heat or allow to stand until the soap paste is dissolved; then stir in one gallon of kerosene. For a lice-killer use undiluted, painting the perches and sides of the house with a paint brush. If used as a spray add fifty parts of water and stir. This will make a milky fluid which may be used in the sprayer. Cresol is a coal-tar product and drugists supply it.

In addition give the ground a thin coating of air-slacked lime; this will not only assist in their destruction, but also sweeten up the ground, which should be spaded up soon after applied, because hens do better on a friable soil than on hard ground. Spraying should be repeated every two weeks until the premises are clean of every vestige of mites. In the meantime remove the fowls, if there are any, while cleaning is going on. If affected they should be treated with insect powders and even their temporary quarters subjected to disinfection. Thoroughness is essential, as the pest once in possession of premises can only be conquered by repeated disinfection.

Advises just received from Secretary S. T. Campbell, of the American Poultry Association, contain the gratifying information that a series of association gold and silver medals will be offered to California exhibitors at the Panama-Pacific International Poultry Show at San Francisco November 18-23. He further announces that all who are not members that get their entries in before the closing date (October 15), will have the privilege of joining up to the time that judging commences. This affords a splendid opportunity to compete for the A.P.A. medals, which are distinct and in addition to the exposition honors and all special awards that may be offered. Special attention is called to this feature just at this time, because the closing date for making entries is October 15. Particulars, entry blanks and premium lists can be secured by addressing the Bureau of Live Stock, Poultry Division, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco.

It is not the custom of poultry associations to have at their meetings the presence of commission men and dealers; but once in a while such a thing does happen. At the third annual meeting of the poultrymen of Massachusetts, the breeders listened to some sound sense from one of these much-abused individuals in the person of F. S. Snyder of Boston, who is at the head of a large wholesale concern, operating in eggs and table poultry. The two things he sought to hammer into the gray matter of his listeners were: (1.) That eggs, to

bring top prices, must be taken from the nest before the germ starts, and got to market while still new; and (2.) That breeders should ship poultry in better eating condition. Too much poultry is shipped alive before it has been properly fattened. There is good money in keeping the hens and roosters two weeks longer before shipping and properly fattening them. Today much of this has to be done by the wholesale houses, who would rather not do it, in order to suit the buyers of the hotels and homes.

This is not only true of New England, but applies to nearly every section where poultry is produced. Nearly all the table poultry that reaches Los Angeles on the hoof is subject to betterment—a condition that enhances the growers' returns and insures to the satisfaction of the final buyers.

A. C. F., Santa Ana, writes to know about the blood spots on some of her eggs, the cause and if there is a remedy.

It is generally supposed that spots in eggs are due to the rupture of small blood vessels, which seemingly do no harm to the hen, but, nevertheless, vitiate to some extent the commercial value of eggs. These spots are more common with hens that are in a fat condition and to pullets in their early laying period. In the former case the condition suggests its own remedy while in the latter it is quite apt to regulate itself.

A Plymouth Rock breeder from Gardena reports a remarkable egg-laying hen, but complains that every once in a while she lays a soft-shelled egg; says she is not fat, and apparently in perfect health, and that the ration he is feeding supplies shell-forming material.

To name the cause in this case seems hazardous, and to prescribe a remedy, still more so. We will suggest, however, that a hen might be fat enough to cause the trouble, and yet not be over heavy in weight, and in appearance trim and in good working condition. She may be carrying a superabundance of fat only about the egg-making organs.

W. F. Redlands writes for information regarding gluten meal mentioned in the Missouri egg-laying ration published a few weeks ago.

Gluten meal is one of the products separated from corn in the manufacture of glucose; gluten feed is a mixture of this with other by-products of the same process. Both are rich in protein and fat. Neither is extensively used for poultry.

In the wheat stubble fields near Terra Bella J. E. Russell and his sister are herding a flock of over 1000 young turkeys.

At the late mail vote of the American Campine Club M. R. Jacobus of Ridgefield, N. J., was elected president, Nat E. Luce of Glendale, Cal., vice-president, and Mrs.

So good an authority as Michael K. Boyer is of the opinion that England may be proud of her Orpingtons, France of her Houdans, China of her Langshans, and Spain of her Spanish, but when it comes to the production of broilers and roasters, our American breeds outclass them all.

In the Illustrated Weekly for September 18, the types made us say that five hens fed on the balanced egg ration in the Missouri contest, laid in six months 1603 eggs—which is, to say the least, going some. Without having the official record at hand, we nevertheless opine that the figure should have read 603.

A scrutiny of the Los Angeles markets shows that poultry products usually reach their maximum prices during November and December, and their minimum in April and May. Last November and December eggs

T RUE SILVER CAMPINES the Poultry of the Distant Past, the Powl of the Future, long established in Belgium, England and Canada, but comparatively rare in the United States. Selected and mated breeding birds for sale.

Crystal White Orpingtons, selected Barred Rocks, White-faced Black Spanish (Rowan's sweeping prize winners,) Black Minorcas, (ribbon getters.) "Red" R. I. Reds, and the always on-deck Single-comb White Leghorns.

Fowls and eggs supplied. Day-old and 10-day-old chicks for sale. Choice of above breeds.

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Pigeons, Deer, Goats and Dogs.

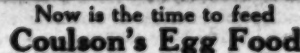
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**Makes Eggs.
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Makes Healthy Birds.
Makes You Money.
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All from one Sack.**

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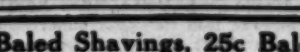
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HIGH GRADE
Ground Tankage—Dried Blood.
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Commercial Fertilizer..... 4-10-2
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Write for full particulars and free book,
"Chickens."

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Special Prices—In Quantities.
Clean, sifted. No dust. No redwood. Excellent mulch for orchardists. Best for horse and cattle bedding, gardens, chicken nests, scratching material, etc.

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Sunset East 118. 201 No. Ave. 12. Home 1048

...the chance continues till we take the place which rightfully is ours. Years ago I hoped for this, and thought I saw it coming. Now my greatest hope is that I may live to see the day when it shall be a matter of fact. Today, New York is temporarily the financial center of the world. If we are reasonably intelligent it will have so established its advantage and the prestige by the time the war ends that I kept the steamer and was met with a merely better, consisting of an exchange of...
...that my journey would mean an increase of the better he would like it, for he knew they, in turn, must buy of us. We shall be in a position to dictate it if we do. We must tell the South Americans that we will buy of them, but that if we do tremendous effort which I hope we shall make. When we go there now, in the method. That was an exceedingly poor business...
...I went to Manila and was met with a note from Gov. Forbes, who said he had been 'talking for me.' He put a steamer at my disposal and assigned a man to take me around the islands, saying that the longer that I kept them the better he would like it, for he knew that my journey would mean an increase of American trade.
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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

How to Get Our Share of the World's Commerce.

By Edward Marshall.

CAPT. DOLLAR TALKS.

THAT days of such prosperity as we never knew before are close ahead of us is the opinion of the most notable expert in ships and shipping whom I could find to talk to—an expert so notable that by both sides of the controversy over the La Follette bill he has been recognized as one whose opinion must be reckoned with.

And his optimism stands even in the face of what must be, to him, the most depressing fact that his particular interests have been hit extremely hard, not only by the war, but by our own legislation which preceded it.

Capt. Robert Dollar is the largest single ship owner on the Pacific Coast; he is the one important individual figure in our oriental maritime trade; he is a very careful student of world commerce.

"We are confronted by enormous opportunities," said he, with the strong Scotch burr which survives his ardent Americanism.

"If we do not take advantage of them, world conditions cannot be blamed; our own intelligence will be at fault. We are an intelligent people and that should not occur."

"I have seen pessimistic predictions in the newspapers; I can see no justification for them there, although I myself have suffered heavily so far. But I have faith in the United States. We have before us unprecedented chance for foreign trade, and foreign trade is the surest guarantee of any nation's prosperity. I don't believe that we shall let it slip. I can't believe it."

"Personally, I am confident that the next Congress will adopt such measures as may be necessary to the development of an American merchant marine, and as soon as that is done our foreign commerce will spring into proportions which could not have been possible if the European war never had been declared."

"Indeed the war has done us a considerable service. It has created an extensive commerce in munitions, which has been more than sufficient to offset the commerce which the conflict has kept off the seas, and when I say 'munitions,' thus, I do not include in this classification any arms or ammunition, any military transport, or indeed any purely military material of whatsoever character. We have exported these things, but we have exported other things in truly mammoth quantities."

"We have been uniquely situated in the past. We have grown with such rapidity that our production never has far exceeded our own demands, so we have not greatly needed foreign trade. Hence we have never studied seriously the art of getting and retaining it."

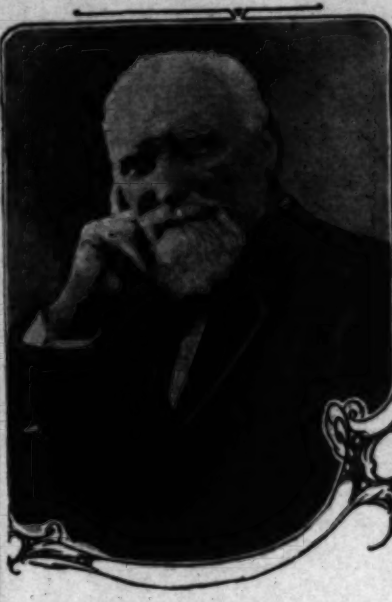
Competitors for World Commerce.

"Only a few years before the war began it, for the first time, became apparent that conditions had begun to change and that our continued national prosperity upon the old scale would necessitate our entrance into competition with the other great producing nations for world commerce."

"But we were in the habit of an insular prosperity, and could not adjust ourselves readily to the fact. We lost because of slowness of adjustment. Long ago our merchants seem to have forgotten both their opportunities and their necessities; our legislators stupidly have failed to revive shipping laws and inspection requirements, which make it impossible for American vessels to successfully operate in foreign trade. Now has come the La Follette bill, which caps the climax. It was passed not long after hostilities commenced, in spite of its obvious injustices. Without it we should have borne much better the world-shock of the great conflict."

"Instantly after the war began there sprang into the public attention various statements of the enormous gains which would accrue to American shipping as soon as foreign bottoms were scared from all the seas by hostile ships. Those who made these predictions failed to take this law into their consideration."

"This did not occur, first, because we had no ships worth mentioning with which to



CAPT. ROBERT DOLLAR.

take advantage of our chance; second, because those which we had were governed by restrictions making them unprofitable even in the face of the great opportunity; and third, because the ocean war was so uneven that the commerce-carrying vessels of one country only suffered. England's and those of France remained practically free to sail and trade as they never before had sailed and traded. And remember—we but recently had handicapped ourselves."

"Instead of a period of reconstruction of American shipping came a continuance of its decline. We had no ships, and under existing regulations could not profitably build or buy ships. We could not begin to develop a great foreign commerce without a merchant marine, any more than a man could start a factory without tools. Indeed we sold some of the ships which we had."

"The war, however, has been a great educator and the next session of Congress is bound to remedy some of our old mistakes, adjusting our affairs so that certainly we shall be able to take some advantage of the chance before it passes into history. I cannot doubt this."

"There has been a general stimulation of our national interest in those foreign markets which will be open to us as soon as we have carrying facilities wherewith to supply them, and those carrying facilities surely will be possible to us before another year comes to an end."

"The opportunity in South America is very great. We are her logical source of supply. Since her European trade has been shut off we have built up a considerable trade with her. As soon as we get ships wherewith to forward it that will grow rapidly."

"A laden vessel sent to foreign countries becomes a drummer there, not only for the sale of the goods carried in her holds, but for cargoes to bring back with her; and it is through such exchange of cargoes that foreign trade is nurtured. As soon as we get ships we shall find that every one of them will create trade in both directions."

"Take the experience which my own firm has had with our own ships. It is the rule in our various far eastern offices to cable the home office when one of our vessels has discharged in an oriental port and there has found herself without a cargo for the homeward voyage. Our representative tells us how many more tons of cargo can be carried than already has been secured and lets us know what can be bought there on the ground."

The Ship a Trade Missionary.

"See? The ship is a trade missionary. Not finding a cargo ready to bring home she seeks one, even going to the length of buying one, if she can get one in no other way."

"We will say that she can buy hemp at Manila at a certain price."

"We, at the home office, know the price

at which hemp can be sold in the United States. If that which she can buy can be sold here at an advantage great enough to give us profit even to reasonable freight rates, it is wise for us to buy it, is it not?"

"We buy it; she brings it; we sell it."

"We get at least freight charges for its handling and its carriage, and a new trade has been established. See how the vessel has acted as a trade missionary?"

"Our ships have developed a nice little pig-iron trade between China and this country, having been stimulated to the task by the fact that they had no cargoes to bring home after they had discharged those which they had carried westward."

"They are now bringing on each homeward voyage enough to make that voyage profitable, and when they do this it must be clear that not they alone, but the whole commerce of the country benefits."

"We sent cargoes to the Philippines some years ago, and in order to make the voyages profitable brought copra back with us. Previous to that no trade in copra with the Philippines existed. Now it is a very satisfactory affair, amounting to from 20,000 to 30,000 tons a year."

"On one occasion, finding our ships light in the north of Japan, we began to get out oak timber there for the return cargoes."

"We bought the standing timber, put in the men to cut it, and had it stacked and ready for such occasions as might come when we could find no other cargo. There were several such occasions. In San Francisco the timber was cut up and made into furniture."

"We are now developing Philippine mahogany along exactly the same lines, bringing 4,000,000 feet a year in our own ships. It does not yield a profit yet, but later on it will. Our ships which bring it are trade missionaries."

"If we did not have the ships we could not do these things, and the whole country would be the loser. If we had more ships we could do more such things and the whole country would be the gainer. If there were many ship owners doing similar things the national effect would be tremendous. If our laws permitted, exactly this would be the case."

Bringers Must be Takers.

"The man on the street who considers ocean commerce is likely to forget that if we bring we must take, and if we take we must bring. Ships must be loaded as they travel or their travel will be profitless. A vessel traveling in ballast one way must get double freight the other way or lose money, and double freight is an oppression upon commerce, the consumer and the nation which is forced to pay it."

"There is no good reason under heaven why this nation should not be prosperous at the present time as never before. A vast opportunity has been thrust upon us by this war, which has driven Germany from the seas and preoccupied the other nations or filled their vessels' holds with war munitions to the exclusion of the commodities of ordinary life for themselves and non-belligerent nations. Statistics show enormous loss of foreign shipping."

"With this unparalleled decrease of foreign bottoms and the total cessation of commercial shipbuilding at the yards of the belligerent nations which are the greatest in the world, and with the stoppage throughout Europe of ordinary manufacture—the substitution of the manufacture of death-dealing commodities for the manufacture of life and comfort giving commodities—our mills and shops should find themselves faced by a constructive task such as never came to them before, and surely such as never will come to them in the future, for it is inconceivable that, in the face of such an argument for international peace as the history of the war will be, all Europe will involve itself in war again, or, at least, will involve itself in any war which will leave us alone."

"We very seriously must consider this matter of our foreign trade. It is of importance to every human being in our territory, not merely to the residents of seacoast cities and seafaring folk."

"Indeed, analysis of the situation places the man whose interest is in ships last upon

the list of those whose interest in foreign trade is vital.

"I think those interested should be mentioned in this order: First, the farmer; second, the manufacturer; third, the merchant who has branches or representatives in foreign countries; fourth, the banker who finances and furnishes exchange; fifth, the ship owners who furnish bottoms for the carriage of ocean trade."

We Must Export Surplusage or Suffer.

"Our farmers furnish from our soil more than this country can consume. Their surplus must be exported or their pocketbooks will suffer."

"Before the outbreak of the war many of the farmers in our vast interior were convinced that we were self-supporting, self-sufficient; but their awakening was rude when the war's beginning left them with their products unsold on their hands."

"When banking facilities abroad were ended and when cargo-carrying ships were frightened from the seas, they found themselves with a great surplus and learned with a sharp shock that this is a small world, in which the ill-fortune or the madness of any considerable population must affect the happiness and the prosperity of the whole, unless that party really is prepared to meet emergencies."

"Our manufacturers were as self-content and as wrong as were the farmers."

"Mr. Redfield, our Secretary of Commerce, has declared that our manufacturers, running at full capacity for six months out of every twelve, could supply all our needs."

"This means that foreign trade gives employment not only to half our capital engaged in manufacture, but to half that portion of our labor which is engaged in manufacture."

"See how this brings home the problem of our shipping to the workingman? It is as definitely and as individually interested as the farmer is."

"Our factories cannot run full time unless we send their surplus over our domestic needs to the outside markets of the world. If, lacking the means wherewith they may so send it, they do not run full time, we shall be unable to produce at reasonable prices that which we need for home consumption."

"So, no foreign trade or an undeveloped foreign trade means poor business for our manufacturers and high prices for our home consumers."

Trade Cannot Develop Without Drummers.

"I have said that ships are the best drummers for a nation's business, and have told you why I think so. We, of all people, have learned the lesson that even local trade cannot be developed without drummers."

"If we wish American trade to grow, and we do wish that, for we do not wish to nationally deteriorate, we must have not only ships to carry our commerce, but they must be American ships. The existence of American ships plying to the world's ports will mean the existence in the world's ports of American branch houses, fighting for the world's business."

"Some of our manufacturers employ foreign houses to act as agents for them in the foreign field, but this is a foolish business. Foreign agents will work for our prosperity but half-heartedly if at all. This is a lesson which those of us who are endeavoring to develop foreign trade have learned in sorrow. The German, Austrian, English or French firms in foreign ports will not develop trade for us, save when such opportunities occur as cannot be met by their compatriots."

"The situation, as it stands, is an absurdity, and would be a tragedy were we not capable of correcting our mistakes with a rapidity and thoroughness which exceeds the capabilities of any other nation in the world."

"Already we are waking to the fact that we must do our own banking. An inefficient situation has existed in the past. For instance, England has controlled all oriental business. Our Pacific Coast has done business with Japan and China through London."

"Now this is beginning to change, and if we choose we may have the opportunity of

JOHN MILTON STUBBS sat on a low stool in the kitchen shelling peas, his mind bitterly analytic. To shell peas is a humiliating enough occupation for an 8-year-old fellow, but to be told by a man that he was a better sheller than John Milton Stubbs was a different matter. "Don't expect nothing from me if you trapse around with your father's shovel," he said. "I'll be a better sheller than you know." "A lot of folks around here know Milton's eyes. His father was in the garden digging around the vegetable. He could hear the dig, dig of his hoe, and the smell of his old black soap floated up to him. He had always bullied him. He hated Steve. He had always bullied him. All thought of self, safety and consequences were wiped clean from his mind. He swung himself recklessly from his perch, missed his footing and landed, a limp, black object, almost directly opposite the boat. He must get up and fight. That thought alone swam up in his mind as he lay in a crumpled heap on the grass. Then Steve was bending over him, and Kate making an awful row. After that people running, and a lantern flashed blindingly into his face, then blackness and singing away. The next he remembered was his bed at home, all soft, sweet and white, with his mother hanging over him.

A Venture in Freedom. By Alice Virginia Hall.

"I'll jump out I tell you," she cried. "I wouldn't 'a' come, only all of us is half sick with worry about Johnnie, an' Harry mad, an' all." Her voice was lost in sobs, but the next second she had wrenched one hand from his grasp, scooped up some water at the boat's side and splashed it full in Steve's face.

There was an instant lull, then skyrocketed of abuse, half-muffled in the handkerchief with which the man was mopping his face.

John Milton was wide awake now, every nerve in his body tense. His mother had told him to take care of Kate. To keep her away from Steve. What else did she mean when she said she had to count on him

that he was her little man? How dare he, he hated Steve. He had always bullied him. All thought of self, safety and consequences were wiped clean from his mind. He swung himself recklessly from his perch, missed his footing and landed, a limp, black object, almost directly opposite the boat. He must get up and fight. That thought alone swam up in his mind as he lay in a crumpled heap on the grass. Then Steve was bending over him, and Kate making an awful row. After that people running, and a lantern flashed blindingly into his face, then blackness and singing away. The next he remembered was his bed at home, all soft, sweet and white, with his mother hanging over him.

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"Johnnie!" she cried out. John Milton closed his eyes and opened them again with daring suddenness to test the truth of his vision. Then his arms went up about his mother's neck and his face down in that little hollow on her shoulder that had ached for him as a baby.

"I tried to get him," he sobbed.

"There, there," she said, consolingly. "Don't fret, little man. Kate's down stairs, and so is Harry." But at this point the I-love-you look in her eyes melted, brimmed over and ran down her cheeks in tears. "Child, dear child, how you worried us!"

"I hadn't ought to 'a' done it," he hastened guiltily. "I hadn't ought to—only nobody cared what happened to me."

Then in a rush of confidence all his experiences broke loose, all his childhood emotions, his rancor against his father, loneliness, and his boyish needs. And she listened to him—his mother—with a queer flickering light in her eyes and a vow some way, somehow in her busy day to crowd in a little more time for her boy.

But when he was alone in his little room, alone with his thoughts of what had been, what was, and what was to be (he reckoned well on his father's thrashing) he sighed a deep sigh of contentment.

Tomorrow, of course, he would expatiate to the fellows on the glories of a free, untrammelled life, but as for trying it again—well, his mother needed him.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Uner.

THINGS TO DO.

Stop paper—ice—milk.
Put away silver.
Look up trunk strap.
Speak to the superintendent about Anna.
Have him fix faucet in pantry.
Phone Mrs. Stevens.
Clean white slippers.
Warren's suits pressed.
Rubber heels on tan shoes.

HELEN checked off the first and third items. She had seen the iceman that morning, put a note in the milk bottle, told the elevator boy about the paper—and had found the trunk straps.

The silver Anna was cleaning, and the tailor had just called for Warren's suits.

"The superintendent's here now, ma'am," announced Anna.

Helen dropped her list and hurried out to the kitchen.

"It's this hot water faucet, Mr. Thompson. You can't turn it quite off, and I don't want to leave it dripping while we're gone."

"The plumber's in the house now—I'll send him right up."

"And I want to speak about the maid. We're going tonight at 8:10, and I'm leaving her to close up the apartment tomorrow. She's to give you the key, and I wish you'd come up—just to see that everything's all right."

"Certainly, Mrs. Curtis. I'll be glad to do that. You'll be gone about a month?"

"Yes; we're going up through Canada. Mr. Curtis has some business in Toronto. We haven't been away this summer, so we thought we'd make a trip of it."

The superintendent gone, Helen sent Anna around to the little shoemaker for the tan shoes she had left there yesterday.

"Stop in at the tailor's and tell him to send Mr. Curtis's suits as soon as they're pressed—I'm waiting to pack them."

By noon Helen had all the things crossed off her list and Warren's trunk ready. His clothes were always easy to pack—a man has so few accessories. Over her own trunk she labored all the afternoon.

The problem of what to take and what not to take was always a difficult one. Warren always fumed at her for taking too much.

"Now remember, we're not going to the Fiji Islands," had been his last warning that morning. "We can always buy what we need, so, for heaven's sake, don't try to take the whole apartment! Pack light!"

Perhaps, after all, she had better not put in that electric iron. Her blue chiffon would be all that would need pressing, and the chambermaid would do that for a quarter.

By 5 both steamer trunks, suit case and handbag were ready. By half-past six was dressed for the train. It was almost 6 before she heard Warren's key in the door.

"Thought I'd never get away." Tired and warm, he threw down a bundle of papers. "A dozen things came up the last minute. All packed?"

"Yes, dear; everything's ready. Come see if I've put in the right suits."

Kneeling before his trunk, which stood at the foot of the bed, Helen tilted up the tray and showed him the suits underneath.

"Here's your light gray, your blue serge and that tweed you got in London. The dark gray I left out for you to wear."

"No, I won't take that tweed—doesn't keep its shape. Where's that other light gray? Put that in instead. What's this?"

"Why that's your dinner coat."

"Well, I'll not need THAT," emphatically, jerking it out and tossing it on the bed.

"Why, dear, at some of the hotels—you'll want to dress for dinner."

"Not if I know it! I'm going to be comfortable on this trip. Take out those dress shirts. Where's my sweater? I'll want that for the boat."

"Dinner's ready, ma'am," Anna tapped at the door.

While Warren hurried to wash up, Helen went in to the table. It was meagerly set with kitchen cutlery, for all the silver had been put away.

"Oh, Anna, while I think of it," as Helen sat down, "there's half a package of oatmeal and the other cereal—give all that to the house man. Don't leave anything in the pantry to draw roaches."

"See here, we've got to hustle," Warren came in. "It's twenty after now."

"Yes, dear, but everything's ready. You've just got to strap the trunks."

They ate dinner with hasty abstractedness, Helen giving anxious instructions to Anna while she served.

"You phone for the taxi," Warren left the table to change his suit. "Have it here at 7:15 sharp. I've got the tickets—but it'll take some time to check the trunks."

With his usual dispatch, he was dressed, had the trunks strapped, and was writing a note that he had not had time to get off at the office.

Helen was fluttering about, giving endless directions to Anna, and making sure that she had forgotten nothing.

"There's the taxi," sealing his letter as the phone rang.

The elevator boy took out the trunks. Warren followed with the hand baggage, while Helen lingered for a final admonition.

"Now, Anna, take good care of everything. Before you lock up, be sure all the faucets are turned off—and all the windows closed tight."

"Come on; here's the elevator," called Warren. "We have no time to fool."

Outside, the lights of the taxi gleamed invitingly. An alluring excitement always surrounds the starting-off on a trip at night.

"Grand Central," directed Warren as they got in.

Helen leaned back with a relaxing sigh of content. Now she could rest. There was a delightful sense of freedom in "getting off" without mishap and knowing that everything was left in good shape. This time nothing had been forgotten.

"Oh, dear, it's going to be wonderful," her hand crept into Warren's. "I just feel in the mood for a trip."

"Well, I'm pretty tired," putting his feet on the seat opposite.

"But you'll get a good rest tonight. You can always sleep on the train."

They were speeding on in silence, when suddenly with a start Helen withdrew her hand and sat up, every muscle tense.

"Now what's the matter? What'd you forget?"

"Oh, nothing—it's all right. I remember now."

It was not all right—but it was too late to go back! Would there be time to phone from the station? She could have screamed with impatience as the traffic policeman held them up at a jammed crossing.

It was the light in the hall closet—and she left it turned on. At the last moment she had rushed in there and got an umbrella—and she could NOT remember turning off that light.

Anna would never think of looking in the closets—and the apartment would be closed for a month. The bulb was just inside the door and a voile dress hung against it. The continuous heat might easily set fire to that thin material.

Only one more block. As the taxi "honked" its way through the street before the station, Helen's mind was filled with a harrowing picture of their whole apartment in flames.

Warren leaped out, paid the driver, and then hurried after the porter, who trundled the trunks to the baggage room.

There were several in line waiting for checks. Helen seized her opportunity. She had already located the telephone booths just beyond.

"Dear, I'll be right back."

She heard his "Hold on there; where're you going?" but she dared not stop to answer.

In the booth she panted out the number. Through the glass door she could see the crowd hurrying to the trains.

"Central—Central!" frantically shaking the receiver hook. "Can't you get that number?"

"Haven't answered yet."

Where was Anna? Why didn't she come to the phone?

"Hello! Anna?" tensely. "This is Mrs. Curtis. See if I left that light burning in the hall closet. Go right now and turn it off."

"Why, no, ma'am, you didn't leave it burning. I've just been in there to put away your overshoes you forgot."

Stumbling out of the booth, Helen flew back to the baggage counter. Warren was waiting, his watch in his hand, his eyes fairly blazing.

"Oh, dear, I—I didn't think it would take so long," breathlessly. "We've plenty of time, haven't we?"

"Half a minute!" through his teeth. "Montreal express?" he shouted to a uniformed attendant.

"To your right—track five! Afraid you won't make it, sir."

They reached the gates just as the guard was closing them. Another second and it would have been too late.

Down the platform, past the day coaches to the sleepers in front.

"Hope you got your nose powdered," snarled Warren, as he sank puffing into their linen-covered section. "Why didn't you doll up a little longer?"

"Why, Warren, I wasn't in the dressing-room! I—I was phoning Anna."

With withering scorn he glared at her.

"Well, think up the rest of the things you forgot before we reach New Haven. Long distance gets pretty high after that."

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Real Boyhood and Small Towns.

"Really, to portray boyhood," says a writer in Cartoons Magazine, "one should have been brought up in a small town."

"It is only in a small town that one can fly kites successfully. Here, too, are backyard paradises, often with possibilities in buried treasure. Here one can operate tinned-and-string telephone systems, or navigate a raft during the spring floods. It is in the small town that circuses are heralded by pink handbills and gorgeous posters on the wagon sheds and billboards, and are seen finally in all their glory of street parade and pink lemonade. Here the small

boy has an opportunity of carrying water to the elephant, or lacking that, at least to sneak in under the flaps of the tent—a practice that the writer, however, doesn't encourage. Here is situated the beloved district school, which every great man in America has attended, and which is one of our very great institutions. He who has not had to speak pieces at the graduating exercises, or he who has not known the delights of a school picnic, has missed something in his life that he can never realize.

Incomes of Kings.

[Tit Bits:] According to reliable reports, the war has brought about a decided diminution in the income of the Kaiser. The tearing up of the little "scrap of paper" has already cost him personally £5,000,000. Wilhelm, however, has still a respectable fortune left. If a recent calculation by Herr Martin, an authority on German rich people, is correct, Wilhelm was supposed to be worth £7,000,000, but Herr Martin has pointed out that a trifle of, roughly, £13,000,000, the valuation of the Kaiser's forest lands and farms, has been overlooked. This brings up the royal estate to a total of £20,000,000.

The Kaiser, however, has never been the richest monarch in the world. This honor belongs to the Czar, who on his accession came into the Romanoff private estate, yielding about £2,000,000 a year. Beyond that, his salary amounts to another £2,000,000, besides many profitable investments abroad. There are small expenses to be deducted, such as some £500,000 a year to Grand Dukes and Duchesses, but when everything is taken into account the Czar's income is far ahead of that of the Turkish Sultan with £1,500,000, or our own King, who is poorest in pelf and palaces of all the Old World potentates. A state grant of £1,500,000, added to his other revenues, brings the Czar's income up to £8,000,000 a year. Out of this he has at least £5,000,000 a year for his private use.

King George receives £470,000 per annum from the state, but little more than a fourth of this goes into the privy purse. It would be naturally impossible for our King to live in a manner befitting his rank on an income of £120,000 or so, but there are miscellaneous revenues from invested funds and other private sources which help to swell the privy purse.

The Emperor of Austria, who is also King of Hungary, draws two salaries amounting to £562,500 each. The King of Italy receives £750,000 a year, but has to make allowances to several members of the royal family out of it. King Alfonso has an allowance of £357,500, a sum which is his own to spend as he pleases. Belgium's King receives about £175,000.

World's Petroleum Production.

The quantity of petroleum entering the markets of the world in 1914 amounted to 400,483,489 barrels, according to statistics compiled under the supervision of J. D. Northrop of the United States Geological Survey. Of this record-breaking output the United States is credited with 66.36 per. cent., representing in quantity a trifle less than double the output of all other oil producing countries combined. Changes in rank during the year affected only Japan and Peru, the former superseding the latter by a narrow margin.

[Saturday, October 9, 1915.]

How to Get Our Share of the World's Commerce.

By Edward Marshall.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

"I think the change continues till we take the place which rightfully is ours. Years ago I hoped for this, and thought I saw it coming. Now my greatest hope is that I may live to see the day when it shall be a matter of fact. Today, New York is temporarily the financial center of the world. If we are reasonably intelligent it will have so established its advantages and its prestige by the time the war ends that the cessation of hostilities will not alter this condition."

"We already have the farmers and the land, the manufacturers and the raw material with which they can work effectively. Now we must have the American merchant with the foreign house, the American banker to finance exchange in dollars (not pounds, as now) and American ships with which to carry commerce."

We Must Deliver Our Goods.

"We have been in the position of the merchant who has no delivery service, but is compelled to hire from his competitor across the street the vehicle with which his wares are taken to his customers."

"Of course, such a merchant would not get the best of service. The growth of his trade would be subordinated to the growth of that of the man who owned the vehicles; his interest would be a secondary matter. He would deliver his own goods first, leaving ours to time and opportunity. We must see to it that our trade is primary to those entrusted with promoting it. What would you think of the farmer who left the marketing of his grain until his neighbor's, and rival's, wagons should be idle?"

"Another thing: American ships can carry American cargoes, under reasonably equal conditions, cheaper than anybody else can carry them. I am a shipowner, we will say, living in New York. Could I carry freight to you from another port as cheaply as I could carry it to and from New York?"

"Of course not, for if I live in New York I shall be upon the ground there, my ships normally will dock there, my offices will be there, my trusted men will be there, there will be less chance there than elsewhere of mistakes in the conduct of my business."

"Is it not, therefore, obvious that the cities and the nation which are the residents of the ship owners and the home ports and nations of the ships will get the trade? It seems so to me."

"I live on the Pacific Coast. Is it likely that I shall try especially to develop New York's trade? Only in a general way. New York's trade indirectly benefits me, but the Pacific Coast trade directly benefits me."

"The city and the nation that has the ships will get the cheapest freight rates, for reasons which cannot be gainsaid."

"I have done something to develop Pacific Coast trade because I have lived on the Pacific Coast. A Boston man, a Philadelphia man, a resident of New York, situated as I have been, would have done what he could to develop Atlantic Coast trade—particularly trade with his particular home port. The fact that England owns more tonnage than any other nation explains the fact that British commerce leads the world. Men help their own home ports and nation."

"Merchants will tell you that in business they forget the flag under which ships sail. That is absolutely true. But they do not forget the operating expenses of those ships, for they fix the freight rates. The operating expenses of an American ship under our law are 30 per cent. higher than those of foreign ships."

"Our government has done something to develop its foreign trade. It has had wonderful consular reports and has done fine missionary work abroad."

"But it has done little or no missionary work at home, and that is what we need."

Some Things We Might Do.

"If our government would select one merchant or manufacturer in each of the lines promising the best foreign trade development and see to it that his interest was aroused, he would straightway become a home missionary."

"It takes the product of many factories to make the cargo of a ship. The bigger the cargo the cheaper the rate. So it is to the interest of every business man who wants foreign trade to see to it that his neighbor wants it, too—and to see to it that he gets it if he can."

"I, personally, have had some interesting experiences with regard to foreign trade. I arrived in China just after the revolution started a few years ago. I told my son that there would be no Chinese business, and he said he had been thinking of the Philippines."

"I went to Manila and was met with a note from Gov. Forbes, who said he had been 'laying for me.'"

"He put a steamer at my disposal and assigned a man to take me around the islands, saying that the longer that I kept them the better he would like it, for he knew that my journey would mean an increase of American trade."

"I kept the steamer and the men sixteen or eighteen days, and they did mean American trade. From Zamboanga I cabled home for a big steamer to come out and load with copra and mahogany. It did so and an absolutely new American trade was thereby established."

"Was Gov. Forbes the missionary? No. Was I? No. Was the ship? Yes. Gov. Forbes's efforts and my own would have been futile if there had not been an American ship waiting at the other end of the Pacific cable."

"Gov. Forbes was delighted. I went on to Shanghai and before I left there I cabled him that I had sent for another ship. Many ships have gone since then, and many more will go."

"There was a case in which our government co-operated with a private individual in working for the public good. There should be more of this."

"Our tendency toward antagonism between government and individual is too great. Of late in the United States the successful man, the enterprising man, is likely to be looked upon at once as one to be suppressed and handicapped. We must get over that. It is a foolish tendency."

Every Citizen Interested in Shipping.

"I have said the farmer has an interest in ocean shipping and the passage of right laws regarding it. Was not this startlingly illustrated when the cotton crisis came? Is it not strikingly illustrated now, when we have bumper crops of grain?"

"Crops must be moved to market, else the farmer cannot raise them profitably. If we raise more than the domestic market can absorb they must be moved to foreign markets. They can be moved to foreign markets in ships only. If we have not the ships they cannot move. If they do not move of what value are they to the men who have produced them?"

"Not long ago a friend told me of the necessity of sending a ship to South America to bring back cargo, but said that he could find no cargo for the outward trip. He sent cards to friends asking them to help him find a cargo."

"They did so. He sent her laden with potatoes and the potatoes sold in South America, although North American potatoes had never been offered there before. The ship brought back South American goods which were badly needed here."

"That was constructive work which could not have been done if he had not had the ship, and the sort of constructive work which could be done much oftener if we had more ship owners and more ships. If we pass laws which will make ships profitable we shall have more ships."

"The fellow that has the transportation comes near to being master of the situation. Have we not all on land learned that in dealing with the railroads?"

"He must be comfortable. If we bother him too much we all shall lose by it. Give him a fair chance and he'll make good. Don't let him take advantage of you. That will hurt you both. We have learned that, too, in connection with the railroads; but don't unduly oppress him."

"That, too, is certain to affect you both unfavorably. We now are learning that, also in connection with the railroads."

New Trade After the War.

"What new trade ought we to get after the war is over?" I asked Capt. Dollar.

"We ought not to wait until the war is over," he replied. "The markets of the world are open to us now, if we do enough missionary work among our business men, arousing them not only to their opportunity for getting it, but to the means for keeping it."

"It is of paramount importance that we should put our men in the foreign fields. The first chance now exists for us to put them there. We need foreign trade. We never really have needed it before. We can get it. We never before have had so favorable an opportunity."

"We must be far-sighted if we wish really to be prosperous. We had not studied carefully the South American situation. We had been buying but not selling there. We had allowed the money which we spent there to be resented in Europe."

"That was an exceedingly poor business method. When we go there now, in the tremendous effort which I hope we shall put forth, we must tell the South Americans that we will buy of them, but that if we do they, in turn, must buy of us."

"We shall be in a position to dictate if we are wise. Commerce, really, should be merely barter, consisting of an exchange of commodities, rather than an exchange of money from one side for the commodities from the other. We took commodities and gave money. England, Germany and Europe generally were wiser."

"But when the war began Europe's position immensely altered. She had to buy of us more than she sold to us. Had she been in a position to sell to us as much as she had to buy of us I do not believe that she would have had to send here, as she did not long ago, the allied commissioners for the negotiation of a great war loan."

"Among truly prosperous nations the balance of trade must be about equal. We must try to equalize our balance of trade with every nation on earth, and we never can do that until we are ship owners."

"We have at hand the best potential salesmen ability that the world has ever known. Years ago Americans abroad were no credit to their home country, but those days have passed. Our Consuls at one time were a miserable lot; but those days, also, happily have passed."

Choosing American Representatives.

"But we still must be careful of our representatives. When I go to a foreign country those with whom I do business do not call me 'Mr. Dollar,' they say, 'that American.' If I do wrong my nation suffers."

"When a foreigner treats us badly here we speak of him as 'that Japanese,' 'that Austrian,' or what not."

"We must remember these things when we select our agents to do business for us in the foreign fields."

"We must impress on all those whom we urge into new trade that the honor of the nation, to a considerable extent, is in their hands; and we must encourage for the work only the best men of the highest abilities and ideals. We not only must have good salesmen, but good citizens abroad. This cannot be too strongly emphasized."

"The days when the whole world distrusted Yankee shrewdness now are past. I know we stand as well abroad as Englishmen or Germans do. If we do not we should see to it that we rise promptly in the world's estimation."

"So, assuming that for honesty and integrity we compare favorably with our competitors in foreign countries, it is high time that we began to compare favorably with them for enterprise and trade intelligence, and I know that we do not do that at present."

"Foreigners, now, have no doubt of the quality of the goods which we sell them, but they have some doubt that we will send them exactly what they order."

"We have been strangely prone to assume that we know better what a foreign market needs than that market knows itself."

"When a market orders a certain sort of carpet we do not always send that kind to it, but, instead, ship to it the sort of carpet which we think it ought to want. And so, sometimes, with other things."

Must Take no Liberties with Trade.

"Very likely we are right, but we must not take such liberties until we have proved that to be the case. We must abate that foolish arrogance."

"When I began in the China trade there was a demand there for long American timber. It was inconvenient stuff to handle, and short timber would have served the purpose just as well, so I started a campaign of education to prove this, and at length I did prove it."

"But until I had done this I gave my Chinese customers long timber, shifting to the short only when they, themselves, as the result of that which they had learned, asked me to."

"Before we end this talk I want to say a few more words about the farmer's interest in the export trade, and the strong link which binds every human being in this country to the great problem of ocean shipping, even though they may live in the interior, far distant from the seacoast."

"It is to the interest of everyone that our shipping laws should be such as to make shipping and ship-owning possible. They are not so at present."

"The La Follette law is an attempt to equalize wages on all ships in the world. When I was asked by the Congressional

committee if an increase in wages on the ships would not necessitate an increase in rates, I answered in the affirmative, of course. Then I was asked who would pay and the only answer was, of course, 'The consumer.'

"As a matter of fact, it will cost us 2 or 3 cents a bushel more to carry grain under this law than it did under the old laws."

"Will the consumer pay it always? No. Sometimes the producer must pay it—he must if he meets competition not similarly burdened, and he does exactly that when he sells his grain for export."

"When we are forced to charge increased freights the farmer must sell at a less price or not sell at all. And so, also, with the manufacturer. This shipping problem is a great one, touching all of us."

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A Nocturne of Paris.

"Many of the leading French artists," says a writer in *Cartoons Magazine*, "are at the front, painting war as it is. Others have remained at home to portray little incidents of Paris. Among the latter is L. Sabattier, for many years cartoonist of *Le Figaro*, and who is remembered for his broad, sweeping style in crayon."

"Perhaps the most notable of his recent drawings is 'Les Matinales'—the early-morning wanderers of the Paris streets in war times. In the small hours of the long night they pass by, these women, as unnoticed as the good angels that guard us against evil. Under the veils that shroud their faces—somewhat drawn by the long vigil—one perceives the white hair of a mother, or the blonde or brown locks of a young girl. Some are returning from a night's watch at the bedside of a wounded soldier; others are on their way to duty as nurses in one of the many hotels and clinics now converted into Red Cross Hospitals. All traverse Paris at the hour when not so long ago they used to return from the ball or the theater. No more of the gay night flaneurs in evening dress who hailed a taxi while they finished a cigar. The morning wanderers pass in silence, alone with their thoughts, theirs the satisfaction of duty accomplished."

Seeing 11,400 Weddings.

[Answers:] A parish clerk who has seen an average of a marriage a day for thirty-eight years is Mr. Charles Maisey, who has just retired from the parish clerkship of St. George's, Hanover Square, London, after thirty-eight years service. He has officially attended, during his long term of office, no fewer than 11,400 weddings.

Only once during Mr. Maisey's service were the bans forbidden, and then unsuccessfully. He arranged the wedding of many famous people, and no clerk has recorded more illustrious names in his register.

Among them were Mr. Asquith, the present Premier, and Miss Tennant; Mr. Roosevelt and Miss Edith Kermit Carow; "George Elliot," the novelist, and Mr. W. J. Cross; Signor Marconi and Miss Beatrice O'Brien; and Lady Mary Acheson and Mr. Robert Ward. To the entry recording this marriage are attached the signatures not only of the present King and Queen, but also of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Three Prime Ministers—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour and Lord Rosebery—witnessed the wedding of Mr. Asquith.

Scores of Americans have paid Mr. Maisey the usual 2s. 7d. for a copy of Mr. Roosevelt's marriage certificate, and have even tried to take away a chip of the old table on which the register lay when it was signed.

World's Pencil Production.

[Baltimore American:] According to a recent article by Mr. H. S. Sackett of the Forest Service, the world's production of lead pencils probably amounts to 2,000,000,000 a year, half of which are made from American-grown cedar. The United States makes about 750,000,000 a year, or more than eight pencils for each of its inhabitants.

Owing to the growing scarcity of red cedar and the fact that many other trees now little used appear to be more or less valuable substitutes for that wood in pencil-making, the Forest Service has carried out a series of tests which show that, next to the two species heretofore used for this purpose, the best trees for pencils are, in order of merit, Rocky Mountain red cedar, big tree (*Sequoia*), Port Orford cedar, redwood and alligator juniper.

A Venture in Freedom.

By Alice Virginia Hall.

JOHNNIE'S STRUGGLE.

JOHN MILTON STUBBS sat on a low stool in the kitchen shelling peas, his mind bitterly analytic. To shell peas is a humiliating enough occupation for an 8-year-old fellow, but to be all tied up in a checked apron, apparent to the roving and malicious eye of Billy Burns, one's next-door neighbor and avowed rival in the affection of the gang, is pure tragedy.

"Ouch," he snarled, pulling so violently at the strings tied neatly and firmly at the back of his neck that his eyes fairly bulged from his red, moist face; "You gota let me outa this; I can't breathe, I say."

His mother looked down at him with disturbing unconcern for his miseries. She was ironing in true, old-fashioned style, her irons heating on a wood stove that roared away as unconcerned as if the thermometer did not already register 98 in the shade.

"Well, you can just make up your mind to stand it," she said calmly. "You ain't going to dirty up your one good pair o' trousers, that's certain. An' you might just as well be occupied. You find plenty o' time to get into mischief as it is."

John Milton wilted down on his stool with a groan. What was the good to talk to women? The never could understand the way a fellow looked at things, anyway.

He attacked the peas with vigor. There was a rain of small green balls over the kitchen in various directions. John Milton grinned appreciatively, and woke up to himself as a possible gunner on an immense ocean liner. The new game was becoming very absorbing when—

"Johnnie, stop that this instant," came his mother's emphatic command. "I declare I don't know what on earth to do with you."

John Milton discovered Billy Burns staring in at the kitchen door laughing at him, and melted close to tears.

"I ain't done a thing. But you wait," he threatened, choking down a sob in his throat. "You'll be sorry. I'll run off some day . . . and play polo, too."

A giggle greeted this climactic remark. John Milton glanced up wrathfully at his 18-year-old sister who stood in the doorway.

"You needn't laugh," he sniffed, applying the checked apron indiscriminately to eyes and nose; "You make me sick; 'n' anyway, I ain't a tattletale," he scorned.

"Well, anyway, Mr. Johnnie Stubbs, the next time you put smashed fruit in corners of the parlor for folks to spoil their clothes on 'em I'll whip you myself. Mother never does. Harry's suit is ruined, too, and what's more, it's off between us . . . for keeps, too," she added, suddenly avoiding her mother's critical eyes. "I wouldn't make up with him if he was the last man on earth."

"He oughta know you ain't responsible for Johnnie's doings," her mother remarked, slapping her iron down.

"He oughta keep things to himself," Kate flashed back angrily. "I'll catch him makin' a fool o' me before all the fellows an' girls at the shop again. Tellin' 'em if they come to see me to look sharp before they sit down on account o' rotten apricots slumberin on the parlor chairs and sofa. He tried to patch it up afterward but it didn't go with me. I'll never hear the last of it."

"It serves you right, Kate Stubbs. If you had come in and turned on the lights like a respectable girl," Mrs. Stubbs paused long and significantly, "well, it wouldn't 'a' happened, that's all."

"I guess Harry and me was as good as engaged," defended the girl, her face averted and her voice uncertain.

Johnnie mustered his courage and cleared his throat for action.

"I thought Steve was comin' last night," he offered in muffled tones, his chin and mouth far lost in apron folds. "If I'd a known it was Harry I wouldn't have done it. Honest. But you can just bet Steve can't make fun o' me."

"Steve," burst out Kate; "well, he was the only decent one in the bunch today."

Mrs. Stubbs stopped ironing to look at the flushed, angry girl before her. All her assertion melted. The tired lines that determined effort had held back crept out and drew themselves about her eyes and mouth. In her voice was entreaty.

"Look here, Kate. You ain't took up with

Steve again? Don't expect nothin' from your father an' me if you trapeze around with that good-for-nothin'."

Kate looked superior. "A lot you know about him," she said with disdainful inflections. "He's a better spender and a better dancer than Harry. I don't intend to hang around the house waitin' for Harry, after workin' all day hard . . . not much. I got to have my fun. Gee, it's too hot in here for me." She pushed by Johnnie and passed into the next room with impressive bearing.

Mrs. Stubbs looked silently after her for a second, then resumed her ironing.

"I declare I don't know," she said with a sigh. "I'm sure I don't know."

But Johnnie had finished the peas. He gathered his checked robes about him and came staggering toward her for deliverance. She untied the apron, then suddenly leaned down toward him and stroked back the blonde bangs that hung down in his eyes.

"Johnnie, you hadn't ought to 'a' done it, dear. Me havin' such a time with Kate an' all. I got to count on you, you see. You're my little man. Dear, dear! There's your father and dinner not even on." She drew away from him half guiltily as if ashamed for the little stolen moment and went back to her work.

"Fill a kettle with some water and set the peas on, will you, Johnnie? There's a good boy."

John Milton left the kitchen with chastened spirit. All his rash resolves for desperate deeds melted away under the magic of his mother's altered voice and the love-you look in her eyes. He saw himself aiding and abetting her through the years, defending her against Kate, against his quick-tongued father, against the world itself.

He took even Billy Burns's facetious remarks about his real lady clothes of the afternoon with unconcern. He bragged a little, of course, just a little, about the big house and automobiles and grand clothes he was going to earn for his mother. Billy was impressed, too. That tempted John Milton's powers of imagination, but he held even them modestly in check.

Yes, all would have been well in spite of the mashed apricots and the tedious afternoon of pea-shelling if his dad had not "lit into" him at the dinner table. Hod-carrying was not exactly a restful day's occupation for a man, but John Milton could not understand that, since he was always deeply thrilled and impressed just in watching his father at his work. Once in his career he had dreamed of following in his father's footsteps, but he had been converted from his desire by a park policeman, who was now his ideal of manly splendor.

John Milton had always been more or less of a match to his father's gunpowdery self. That was his mother's own description of the recurrent explosions that took place between them. She tried to screen the child a little, to throw herself in as a shield, but it did not always succeed. Tonight it failed utterly. John Milton was in for a thrashing, and all the King's horses and all the King's men could not swerve his dad from his unconscious determination thus to work off his curdled feelings. The inevitable came quickly and effectively.

Alone in his bed with the late twilight of that summer day still tempting, and alive to the tantalizing shouts of the boys playing ball in the street, all the grievances of the afternoon, of the day before, and of all the preceding days rose like ghosts and marched in exaggerated shape before John Milton's reddened eyes. He hated everybody and everything—except maybe his mother. He would go away and earn loads of money, and then come back for her. But in the midst of his dreams—a heroic figure, the park policeman.

Sure enough, the park policeman! With the thought of him John Milton was accorded new strength. He got up and sneaked into his clothes with such interest that he almost forgot that he was a broken-hearted, ill-treated boy. Desperate plans leaped ready-made into his brain. He had always intended to run away anyway. Things were merely hurried a little. He would have preferred to go aboard a ship and be wrecked good Robinson Crusoe style, but he supposed beggars could not be choosers.

Slipping out of the house and yard was

the perilous part of his undertaking in John Milton's eyes. His father was in the side garden digging around the vegetables. He could hear the dig, dig of his hoe, and the smell of his old black pipe floated up to him there in his room. His mother and Katie were rattling away at the dishes in the kitchen. But the fellows out on the street—they were just as liable to give him away as anything. He would have liked to say "good-by" to the gang, but this was out of the question. Still, with a nickel and a fish-line in his pocket, and high hope and wild, glowing adventures in his heart and mind, he was capable of surmounting any difficulty.

By the time his nickel had carried him to the end of the carline and to the entrance of the park, all grievances were for the time forgotten. He had never witnessed park splendors by night and he stood in wrapt wonder at the great expanse of lake with its inky-black shadows and long ribbons of light reflected from the arc-lights above, or from the searching lights of the little boathouse. Canoes and boats drifted over its surface, lit by bobbing red lanterns and filled with laughing, singing crowds of people on pleasure bent. Away down in his deserted end of the lake a fish leaped out of the water. John Milton's heart leaped with it. It swelled large and joy budded out in him like a bouquet of spring flowers.

This, all this was worth while. This was the world and life and all that made them.

A policeman strolled by, talking to a bunch of girls with high-keyed voices. He did not see John Milton's little figure, and anyway the child was already instinctively developing the caution of a veritable bandit. He slid behind the tree and discovered that the policeman was not his friend. Something had warned him that it was not he when he shied for the goodly tree trunk. Matters were complicated now. He had relied on the policeman to give him hints as to how to make his own living, as he remembered the graphic sketches he had made of his own experiences as a boy. John Milton had hope of getting inside information that would enable him to follow in his hero's footsteps, on to the glory of a club, brass buttons and policeman'ship.

But even this unexpected blow could not daunt him. Perhaps this man was only on night duty. The morning must bring his friend to light.

He wandered on to the discovery of picnic grounds and an idea for breakfast. He planted himself near the great stone oven with its broiling steaks, his face fairly blazing with interest. A young girl in the group of eager picnickers discovered him. Her enthusiasm was real, contagious, too, or at least John Milton soon found himself in the heart of a picnic supper such as he had never before even conceived in his most elastic dreams. He ate little, but stored much, till finally, with bulging pockets, a contented stomach and grateful heart he slipped away unobserved to the flat, welcoming arms of a tree. Well screened in by broad-leaved foliage, he watched the party until his eyes refused to do future duty. He closed them obediently and did not open them until the sun shone in through the leaves and lay hot across his face at 7 the next morning.

Stretching sleepily, John Milton all but tumbled from his roost, but the quick, half-sleeping loss of balance and its regaining woke him to the thrill of his new life, which he had lost for a time in sleep. His stomach clamored healthily to be filled, and he dived contentedly into his pockets. There were so many delicious ideas to swallow with his fried chicken and sandwiches that he was almost bewildered. By this time all the gang must know that he had finally made good his boast to run away. His father and Kate would be mighty sorry that they were mean to him, and his mother—he was a little uncertain when he came to check off his mother's emotions. He hoped she would not worry too much. He hoped she would have faith in him and realize that he would return later for her. He himself had faith in such goodly supplies that he could not conceive of anyone being limited in that direction.

And now began the most exciting week of John Milton's life. His policeman friend was no place in evidence, and after the first

wild thrill of the boy's heart, when he had come unexpectedly upon his picture in a paper tossed on a park bench two days after his disappearance from home, he realized that he must be careful of the friends he chose if he did not wish to be delivered to his family in some ignominious style, entirely stripped of all possible glory. He got along royally, too. There were picnickers a-plenty and always some jolly girl to discover his eager, wistful little face, and either gather him close to her around the goodly board, where, in the uproar of pleasures, he was forgotten and left unobserved to satisfy the enormous demands of a growing boy's appetite, or surreptitiously to slip him dainties as she laid the table for the others.

He caught some fish, too, sitting alone in the shade of the weeping willows with the soft, rustling song of the lake in his ears, and contentment deep in his heart. Once an old man bought some of his fish. It was a great moment when that 25 cents lay in his small dirty palm and he realized that he had taken his first step toward becoming one of America's capitalists. He climbed his tree that night with a glow at his heart that transfigured the whole world. The only drawback was that he could not tell the gang. But after a while—that after-while of youth. He went to sleep in its arms all wrapt in glory.

For some curious reason there was a slump in his heart the next morning when he awoke. He felt stiff and sore inside and out. Perhaps it was only because a mist had drifted in late in the night and now shrouded all the usual brightness of the park in damp grayness, perhaps because he thought with sudden sharp interest of a piping-hot breakfast, with his mother sitting at the head of the table, big and laughy, with that nice sound in her voice such as she had when she wasn't too busy to notice him. He pulled himself up sharply when he began to realize where his mind was drifting and groped valiantly for the threads of his last night's enthusiasm. But when the day starts wrong it is hard to whip it back in the right path. He caught no fish, got into a fight with some park rowdies, in which he came out much the worse for wear, and climbed to the shelter of his tree that night very light as to stomach and extraordinarily heavy as to heart.

With dull eyes he watched the canoes and boats drift by underneath his perch. The world had it in for him. It was the same everywhere evidently. Pity for himself welled high. After all, he was only just a little boy, and here he was cast out on the mercy of the world, forced to forage for his food and to sleep in a tree. Why, some folks treated their dogs better. But his father and his sister—they were glad. Probably they were glad that very moment. Perhaps they hoped he would never come back. A sob rose in his throat and choked him. He forced back the tears, but an intolerable ache invaded his throat. What wouldn't he give for his mother's arms? No matter how mad she got at him, she cared. You bet, she cared.

The thought of some one who cared was far more overpowering than of those who did not. He succumbed to the tears and finally to sleep. He did not know how long he had slept, most of the night it seemed to him, when he was awakened by voices in a boat pulled close to the shore near his roost. His eyes flew wide open. He sat up cautiously, his ears keen, his heart beating so fast that he could scarcely breathe.

Kate's voice. There was no mistaking it. She was mad, too. He knew those staccato tones in her voice too well. And the man with her—the man, was Steve.

They were not after him then; they were not even thinking of him. His first feeling of crushed pride instantly gave place to alarm.

They were having a fight, those two in the boat. There was no doubt as to that. Steve was growling low, like a big dog. The boat tipped about with his rough movement. The red lantern at the bow shook loose, went out and drifted darkly away.

"You leave me alone, Steve Griffin," sobbed Kate. "Quit, I say."

"You can just bet I won't, little one," he ground out deep down with a snap in his words. "What you been stringin' me along for, I'd like to know? You think you're

A Chinese Legend of the Milky Way.

By Dessa H. M. Fultz.

[Saturday, October 2, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Recent Cartoons.

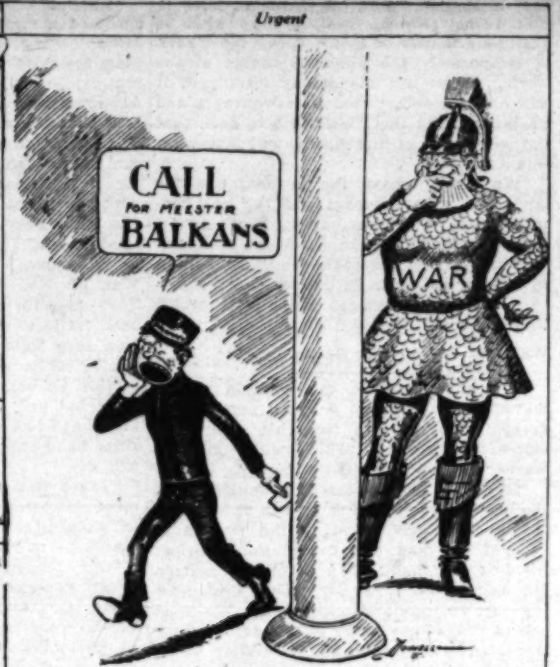


-Philadelphia Star



"LAND OF THE FREE."

-New York Herald



-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



-Des Moines Register-Leader.



-Portland Oregonian.



-Baltimore American.



G'WANI

-New York World.



-Cleveland Plain Dealer.



-Pittsburg Dispatch.

On the Mexican Border of Imperial County.

By a Special Contributor.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, October 2, 1915.

were quarantined. The... gates remained under Mexican control, however.

During the Huerta regime, Mexicali was at its very worst. Officials not only extorted tribute and shared the plunder of thieves and grafters, but took on burglary and assassination as side lines. Two of them, a judge and one of Huerta's special agents, made the mistake of burgling another official's residence on the American side, to steal some Mexican court records for which one of the parties to the litigation over the canal system might be willing to pay much dinero, and they were caught and served terms in the Imperial Country Jail. Upon the special agent was found a report, which he had not had time to mail, giving Huerta a full account of an assassination that he had just accomplished, and commending the judge for his able assistance in the affair.

With the next spin of the Mexican whirligig of a revolution, the Huertistas vanished from Mexicali, and Col. Cantu and the Twenty-fifth Battalion took possession. Presumably they were Constitutionalists, but none of them talked politics and the colonel would say no more than that he represented the government. When the break with Villa and Carranza came, it made no ripple at Mexicali. Cantu sat tight and said nothing. He established peace along the border and something like order in Mexicali.

It takes money to run a government and pay an army, and the system of taxation Col. Cantu found in operation was not producing enough. Wherefore he revised the system and proceeded to get money. He imposed an export duty, ranging from \$6 to \$10 a head, on cattle, and increased the assessments on land and personal property. Col. Cantu shed his uniform and got into mufti, announced himself Governor of Baja California, northern division, and moved the

capital from Ensenada to Mexicali. As Roy Nathan Cantu is the government of the northern part of Lower California, and he is a pretty considerably efficient government.

Cantu has made a real town of Mexicali and modified its cussedness quite a lot. Saloons, dance halls, gambling joints and other facilities for debauchery still flourish, but they are licensed and policed, and the town is no longer a safe refuge for "gents on the dodge." The process of extradition is quite simple. American officers designate the man wanted, if he is known to be in Mexicali. Col. Cantu's policemen round him up, escort him to the bridge at the boundary and kick him across the line into the arms of the American officers.

Mexicali now has a town council and a presidente, and is putting in a sewer system and laying cement sidewalks. Gov. Cantu has put up a concrete building that contains government offices and a public school, has placed a band stand in the new public park or plaza, has had built a "cuartel," or barracks, to take the place of the old bull ring that was used as a shelter for troops. The Twenty-fifth Battalion, holding Ensenada, Mexicali and several posts along the border, consists of 810 men and 150 officers. The men are paid \$1 a day, gold, and the officers from \$2.50 to \$4 a day, and board themselves. There are 150 mounted men, and each cavalryman has the allowance of 40 cents a day for horse feed. There are 150 civilian officials and employees at \$1.75 to \$6 a day. The total cost of Col. Cantu's government in Baja California is estimated officially at \$50,000 a month. Finances are on a gold basis. Circulation of Mexican paper and silver money is prohibited.

Gov. Cantu has worked out a fiscal sys-

tem of his own. Formerly land was assessed at a valuation of \$2.50 to \$10. Now, per hectare, a hectare being equal to 2.47 acres, and cattle were valued at \$20, Mex. per head. The tax rate was \$4.50 per thousand. Land now is assessed at \$25, gold, per acre, cattle \$25, gold, per head, and the rate is \$10 per thousand. The city rate in Mexicali is \$12 per thousand. Gov. Cantu is said to be considering the advisability of taxing unused land higher than cultivated land. In the town, an owner of five lots must have a building on at least one in order to retain title. Evidently the Governor has ideas about unearned increment.

An absentee owner of lots went to Mexicali recently to look at his property and found them "improved" with cabins occupied by soldiers. The soldiers said their captain had told them to use the lots, but they were willing to recognize the owner's title if he would agree to buy their improvements when they should be ready to move out, say in about three years.

Besides the regular Mexican stamp tax on book accounts, pay rolls, sales of merchandise, etc., there is a polltax of \$1 a month, a wagon tax of the same amount, a duty of 15 cents a trip on delivery wagons crossing the line, export tariff on live stock, import duties on everything, and heavy license taxes on saloons, gambling places, restaurants, etc. There are also heavy fines for neglect to pay duties and taxes.

Import duties are imposed upon animals, implements, machinery, harness and supplies used by the irrigation companies in work on the levees in the delta. The levee builders remonstrated and pointed out that the work was necessary to protect Mexican lands from inundation, and was for the benefit of Mexican as well as American ranchers. The Governor said he recognized all that and regretted the necessity of col-

lecting duties on the irrigation work, but to have money to pay the soldiers, the Mexican people had no money. American money had to be used; therefore he was obliged to get money from the Americans.

"I have soldiers here to protect property," said Col. Cantu. "If I should fail to pay the soldiers they would not stay. Then what would be likely to happen to your canals and to the ranches, nearly all of which are owned by Americans?"

The American ranchers on the Mexican side do not like Cantu's system of taxation. One of them complains that he had spent \$4000 on roads in the past year, and now he has to pay a road tax of \$1 a month on every wagon he owns, and not a cent ever has been spent by the Mexican officials on roads. One man produced a large quantity of barley on land in Mexico, and stored it in bond on the American side. He took some of it out to feed mules working on the levee, and he had to pay \$1000 for taking it back into Mexico.

Before Cantu came with the Twenty-fifth Battalion American ranchers were out of business on the Mexican side of the line. Their animals and wagons were not taxed; they were merely stolen. Bands of marauders roved the country and took what they wanted, and they murdered those who opposed them. The railroad south of the border was out of operation for more than a year. That was the price of "insurrection" and no government. Col. Cantu's taxes are the price of peace and protection.

Some of the taxed Americans whisper that Cantu is a grafter and is piling up a fortune in the banks.

An American in charge of a big business on the Mexican side, who has had dealings with all the Mexican officials that have been in Mexicali, says that Cantu is the first honest one he ever saw.

Manila's Importance to Our Far Eastern Trade.

By S. S. Knabenshue, Former American Consul-General at Tien-tsin, China.

BIG OPPORTUNITIES.

IN ANY discussion of ways and means for the extension of our trade in the Far East, the advantages possessed by the port of Manila must not be overlooked. At the time the Philippines were ceded to us an American economic writer said: "Manila is at the extremity of a gangplank extending from the United States to the Orient." That city faces the continent of Asia and the East India islands, across the China Sea. It is an ideal location to become the great distributing point of our exports to those countries, and a collecting point for the goods we import therefrom. It can be and should be made an American Hongkong. It can fill a place as regards our foreign trade which Hongkong occupies in relation to British commerce.

The history of that British crown colony is interesting. Hongkong is the Chinese name of a mountainous island off the southeastern coast of China, with a magnificent harbor on the northern side, facing the mainland. Up to the time that it passed into British hands there was only one Chinese port at which foreigners were allowed to reside and transact business. This was Canton, situated eighty miles from Hongkong, with 1,600,000 population, and the largest city in the country. The Chinese Imperial government became uneasy over the outflow of silver from the country, largely in payment for opium, which had become a very important article of traffic with India, from whence it had been introduced by British merchants. To stop the silver exports, it was determined to abolish the opium traffic. An Imperial commissioner was sent from Peking, who demanded the surrender of all the opium in the foreign warehouses in Canton. This was complied with, and the 20,291 chests of the drug which were given up were forthwith destroyed.

This act, with other onerous exactions made by the Chinese on the British and other foreign merchants in Canton led to the "opium war" of 1840. A British fleet sailed up the coast from Canton, successfully taking Amoy, Ningpo, Woosung and Shanghai; then proceeded up the Yangtze River, and bombarded Chinkiang. When it reached Nankin, two Imperial commissioners awaited it, ready to arrange for peace. The treaty of Nanking was concluded

August 25, 1842. It provided that, in addition to Canton, Shanghai, Amoy, Foochow and Ningpo should be opened as treaty ports, where foreigners could reside and carry on trade. The island of Hongkong was ceded to Great Britain; the opium destroyed at Canton was to be paid for, and an additional indemnity to Great Britain.

It was natural that the British should do all in its power to relieve their merchants from the annoying restrictions imposed at Canton. Foreigners had to transact sales and purchases only with the "cohong," composed of a number of Chinese merchants, which had authority to impose many restrictions. No one was allowed to teach the Chinese language to the foreigners; the latter could not leave the confines of their allotted residence section without a Chinese guard, nor were they permitted to enter the city of Canton. By securing Hongkong Great Britain relieved her merchants of all these annoyances, and the opening of the other treaty ports allowed foreign merchants to establish houses there, and deal directly with any and all Chinese merchants.

British commercial interests at once went to work to develop the new port of Hongkong. At that time, the only settlement on the island was a village of Chinese, half pirates, half fishermen, with less than 2000 inhabitants. In less than three-quarters of a century this has grown into the city of Victoria, with a population of 215,000—of which only some 10,000 are whites, the remainder consisting chiefly of Chinese. It was Great Britain's first commercial outpost in the Far East, and is now the most important port in that quarter of the world. It is a vast emporium of trade, handling the products of China and the Indies, which are sent by its merchants to Great Britain and Europe; and in return all kinds of western merchandise are distributed to the ports of the East. It concentrates about 30 per cent. of the total foreign commerce of China, and is a most important financial and shipping center for the entire Far East.

What British commercial enterprise has done for Hongkong, American push and energy can accomplish for Manila. It is a city of some 350,000 inhabitants, with a commodious and safe harbor, excellently situated to become the entrepot of commerce between the United States and the Far East. Geographically speaking, it is

our farthest eastern possession, for it is on the eastern edge of the extreme Orient, as our French friends call that portion of the globe. For the distribution of our goods to the ports of China, Indo-China, Southern Asia and the East India Islands, it is as advantageously situated as is Los Angeles or San Francisco to the various ports on the Pacific Coast of this continent. As Hongkong collects the products of the East for shipment to Great Britain, and distributes British goods in return, so can Manila act with regard to American commerce with that quarter of the world. Cargoes received by the mercantile firms in Hongkong are distributed by means of smaller steamers to the various ports; and these vessels bring return cargoes of native products, which are at Hongkong transhipped to vessels bound for British and other western markets. It is as easy for Manila to do this transshipping of imports and exports as it is for Hongkong to do so. If the latter finds it a profitable business, certainly the metropolis of the Philippines can adopt it with every assurance of similar profit, and make herself the great center of our commerce with the East.

The establishment of a great American commercial center at Manila will overcome one obstacle to our export trade—one which has been strongly pointed out by those urging trade expansion with the Latin-American countries to the south of us. This is the limitation of credit to foreign purchasers, by our merchants insisting on "cash against documents" in filling foreign orders. Let us take an instance to see how it works. A merchant at a Chinese treaty port, for example, orders goods from an American manufacturer. He is required to send with the order a draft for the amount of the bill. The American bank on which this document is drawn honors it when presented attached to the bill of lading and other documents showing that the goods are in the hands of the steamer company for shipment. Now it is plain that the purchasing merchant in China loses the use of that money for three or four months; for it takes that length of time for his order to come to America, be filled, and the goods to reach him at his Chinese port. With the establishment of great American import and export houses at Manila this loss of time and of money would be largely obviated. Orders from merchants in any

of the Chinese or East Indian ports could be filled from Manila, and the period between the giving of the order would be reduced to weeks instead of months. Here is one of the reasons why Hongkong handles nearly one-third of the total foreign commerce of China.

At the present time, as everyone knows, the carrying trade overseas, notably across the Pacific, is almost entirely in the hands of foreign ship owners. This is not a new thing. For many years the great bulk of American commerce with the Orient has been carried in foreign bottoms. Out of the present agitation in America on the subject may come a renaissance of the American merchant marine; but it is not necessary that we should await the accomplishment of this before we undertake the systematic extension of our Asiatic commerce. Our exports and imports can still be carried by foreign-owned ships, as has been the case in the great majority of cases for the past half century and more. The sums paid for freights go into the pockets of foreign ship owners instead of into those of American ones, that is all.

Much has been said as to the necessity of American banking-houses in Latin America, if we are to try for permanent occupancy of that market by our export trade. In the enormous field offered by Manila and China this need is already met. Manila has two large American banks—the Bank of the Philippine Islands and the International Banking Corporation, the latter having establishments in Peking and other Chinese cities. We have therefore banking facilities ready to our hands, adequate for all present requirements, and capable of great expansion. It is plain that a magnificent opportunity lies ready for us to open a commercial campaign of the greatest magnitude in China and the Far East, and to make the city of Manila the great American commercial and shipping center in that quarter of the world. The time is ripe for our manufacturers and merchants to enter energetically upon a campaign which is so promising.

[Harvard Lampoon:] The Co-ed: I don't see how you can read Chaucer so readily. The spelling is so queer.

The Professor of English: I've had lots of experience while examining the sophomores' papers.



Recent Cartoons.

Saturday, October 9, 1915.

Saturday, October 9, 1915.

A Chinese Legend of the Milky Way.

By Dessa H. M. Fultz.

THE SPINNING MAIDEN.

ANY, many years ago when the world was created, the King of Heaven placed a blue dome over the earth. Then He made the Sun. It was the duty of the Sun to travel from the eastern rim of the world to the far western edge of the earth, each day. At the end of his journey he rested in the wonderful palace of the Western Royal Mother. He filled the earth with warmth and light and gave life to everything that grew.

Then the King of Heaven placed the Moon and the Star People in the blue dome give light to the Earth People when the Sun had gone to rest. The Moon was a ball of silver light. But the King of Heaven decreed that his light should be seen in all its splendor only a few nights at a time. But the Star People should always show their lights. To the Earth People the Stars seemed only bright points of light. But they knew they were really people; that they worked and lived and loved, like the Earth People. But they knew, too, that death never came to them. For they had tasted the Tau water that flows through the garden of the Western Royal Mother, Si Wang Wu. Those who taste this water never know death.

Among the Star People was a maiden named Vega, whom the Chinese especially loved. Year in and year out she sat at her spinning wheel, never leaving her work for a moment. Her hair was like gold, her eyes blue as the dome of heaven and her garments of soft gauze and fine linen. Having eaten of the peaches of immortality that grew in the garden of the Western Royal Mother, she never grew old. She only grew more beautiful with the passing years. So the Earth People named her "The Spinning Maiden."

Not far from the home of Vega lived Altair. Now, even in the country of the Star People, there are great herds of cattle. And it was Altair's duty to care for these herds. So the Earth People gave him the name of the "Cowherd."

As Altair passed from one pasture to another with his herds, he daily saw the Spinning Maiden at her work. Who could help loving any one as good and beautiful as she? At least that was the way Altair felt and his love grew stronger as the days passed. But the maiden was so busy she never seemed to see Altair, although he was the finest of all the young men in the Star country.

Now Vega was the granddaughter of the King of Heaven, and the Western Royal Mother was her god-mother. One day her god-mother said to the King of Heaven:

"O King, the Spinning Maiden has never rested. Why not give her time to visit her friends and visit the world of the Earth People?"

The idea pleased the King, and when he told the Spinning Maiden she was overjoyed. She left her spinning wheel and joyfully flew to the earth.

Now when Altair passed the home of the Spinning Maiden the next day he saw the wheel still and the maiden gone. It did not take him long to find where she had gone and quickly he followed her.

It was springtime. The grass covered the earth with a garment of green. Blossoms turned the trees into great bouquets and bordered the paths and the banks of the streams. The air was filled with their sweetness. Birds flitted among the trees, filling the world with melody, while bright-hued butterflies hovered over the flowers.

Vega wandered through all this beauty, now stopping to gather a handful of blossoms or gaily singing with the birds. The very air seemed filled with happiness and love. Altair was always near, although he kept out of Vega's sight, awaiting an opportunity to declare his love.

One day as Vega was wandering through a forest she came to a beautiful little stream. Following it, as it wandered among the trees, she came to a pool. Cherry and peach and strawberry trees, covered with their pink blossoms, surrounding it, hiding it from the rest of the world. Slipping out of her garments, she sprang into the crystal water, diving and swimming like a water nymph, happy in the thought that no one but the flowers could see her.

But she was mistaken. Altair had seen her disappear into the flowery bower. Silently he crept to where her clothes lay, snatched them up and ran away. Then, after hiding them, he returned and made himself known. He told her of his great love and wooed her so successfully she soon promised to be his wife. What else could she do? Altair would not return her stolen garments—and then she had loved him ever since she first saw him. For, although she had seemed indifferent, she had not really been so.

Years passed happily, and a son and daughter came to bless their home. One day Vega asked her husband for the garments he had stolen from her. Their life had been

so happy together he never dreamed of her wanting to return to the Star Country. So he told her they were hidden in an old, dry well near the pool she had been bathing in. No sooner had she found them and put them on than she again became the Spinning Maiden—for the garments were magical—and started for her former home.

Now it so happened that Altair had a piece of ox-skin that gave him power over the earth and air. Hastily taking this precious piece of skin, his ox-goad and the two children, he started in pursuit of his wife.

Altair overtook his wife just as she reached the country of the Star People. Instead of Vega going to her spinning wheel and Altair to his herds, they again started their home. Now their idleness angered the King of Heaven. Finally he consulted the Western Royal Mother. After much thought, they decided that Vega and Altair must be separated. But how? The Western Royal Mother took a magical silver pin from her hair. With it she drew a line between Vega and Altair. Following the line her silver pin made, flowed a river, that separated the two and which they were powerless to cross. By the Star People it is called "The Heavenly River," but the Earth People call it "The Milky Way."

From the greatest happiness, Vega and Altair were plunged into the depths of despair. They could stand on opposite sides of the Heavenly River but it could not be bridged and they could not pass over it. They could not even hear each other's voices!

So deep was their sorrow that even the heart of the King of Heaven was touched. So he decreed that they might visit each other one day each year. But how could they? The Heavenly River separated them and there was no means of crossing it.

Then the magpies came to their rescue. The King of Heaven had set the seventh day of the seventh moon as the day Vega and Altair should spend together. When that morning came, the magpies gathered in great multitudes around the home of Vega. With wings overlapping, they found a bridge over the Heavenly River. Over this living bridge Vega passed and Altair again held his wife in his arms. But when the Sun sank into the west, they had to part. Then they wept so bitterly that their tears fell like rain. That is why, so the Chinese say, there are such floods at that time of year.

This is why on the seventh day of the seventh moon, Vega and Altair are seen so close together. And the two stars so

near Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, are the children of the Spinning Maiden and the Cowherd, Altair, who dwells in the constellation of Aquila.

For many years after the Spinning Maiden and the Cowherd returned to the land of the Star People, they were remembered lovingly by their friends among the Earth People. But, as years passed, they were forgotten by the younger ones. Finally many of the Earth People laughed at the idea of their ever having lived on the Earth and few believed their story.

From the foot of Mount Kw'en Lun, on which is the Lake of Gems and the wonderful garden and palace of the Western Royal Mother, flow the Blue River, the White River, the Red River, the Black River and the Yellow River. It was said by some that the Yellow River was none other than the Heavenly River, that separated Vega the Spinning Maiden and Altair the Cowherd. Others laughed at the belief. Finally, Chang Ch'ien, a man noted for his travels, decided he would sail up the Yellow River to find its source.

So, taking the trunk of a tree, by his magical powers he turned it into a great boat, filled it with food and started upon his journey. For many moons he sailed up the river. The farther he went, the clearer became the water; finally it became like milk, pure and white. He passed villages full of happy people, green fields full of cattle, flowery meadows and wonderful scenery. The air became softer, the sky bluer and the breezes full of perfume.

Seeing a beautiful girl sitting in a door spinning, he approached her.

"O Maiden, I am trying to find the source of the Yellow River. Can you tell me where I am?"

As he spoke, a young man leading an ox approached. The Maiden smiled and said:

"O Stranger, take my shuttle and return to your home. Then take my gift to an astrologer. Tell him when you received it and he will tell you where you have been."

Chang Ch'ien did as the maiden told him. The astrologer then told him that the day and hour the Spinning Maiden had given him the shuttle, a star had been seen to enter the village where the Spinning Maiden Vega and the Cowherd Altair lived. For it was the seventh day of the seventh moon, the day the King of Heaven permitted Vega and Altair to spend together. So Chang Ch'ien proved that the Yellow River is only the earthly part of the Heavenly River, or what the Earth People call "The Milky Way."

Sweet Little Niece.

CARE OF SISTER'S BABY ON RAILROAD TRAIN.

By Michel Clement.

There was no getting out of it. It had to take that baby. And I was barely out of my nonage—a much unmarried youth of 22.

At the termination of a brief visit with my married sister, I had persuaded her to pick up baby and baggage and accompany me home for a glimpse of the folks. Every detail of the trip had been arranged. But at the final moment my sister found that it would be impossible for her to leave the washerwoman until a couple of hours later, and that she would have to take the evening train. The baby, 11 months old, could not, of course, go at any other time; milk bottles and sleeping hours determined her schedule. But if I would be a paragon of carefulness I would be allowed to take the precious darling alone on the sixty-mile journey. I tactfully interposed a number of possible dangers, but all were overruled. Thwarted.

Our journey to the station was not uninteresting. In my left arm, held high toward my shoulder, was my sweet little niece, Mary, frilled, rose-cheeked, blissful. With the right hand I pushed a large carriage containing the baby's bedding and two portly suit cases. Dangling from the fingers of my other hand was a good-sized bucket with its contents of milk surrounded by ice chunks. Mary's green bathtub also found room to hang from the same fingers. Swinging against my chest, and held pendant by a cord encircling my neck, and the

diaper bag, embroidered and recherche. Too, I was wearing my overcoat, and the day was warmish. One matter more: The right pocket of that overcoat contained a thermos bottle with warm milk for possible use on the train; the other was bulging with toys.

The farewell exhortation of Mary's mother was still a clarion in my ears.

"If she begins to act fussy, give her the bottle that has the slow nipple—the one in the thermos bottle, remember."

Slow nipple became my traveling slogan. There was a wait at the railroad station that gave me time to unburden by checking the carriage and the bathtub. Mary still wondered and smiled.

At length the train arrived, and I did succeed in climbing up the steps. The car was crowded—and how it stared. An eye-twinkling old lady stood up and offered me her place. I took it. Several other ladies smiled. Mary began to twist about; so I held her at the window and let her look out at the swift-gliding trees and fields.

A few minutes passed dustily, stuffily. I longed for a magazine. The only obtainable bit of reading matter was "Holt on Babies," fished from the depths of the diaper bag. I plunged into that intense work, one hand the while clutching at Mary's dress. My niece stood on the seat slapping at the pane of glass.

One hour, half the journey's time, slipped away, during which period I had, by vigilance, repressed all serious outbreak. With the annihilation of minutes and quarter-hours, I uttered many a grateful prayer. I

permitted my watch to be slobbered over, to be dropped several times, and the fob to be mangled; on the floor beneath the seat was a litter of cast-aside toys and animals; a good knife had been lost down some magnetic crack, a button on my coat had been successfully removed, and my necktie was all awry.

At the fourth train stop, Mary had whimpered—had more than whimpered. And when we moved on the precious darling did not become quiet. Two girls across the aisle became only too interested in Mary's and my movements. This nettled me as much as the baby's fussings.

And this was fussing! No doubt about that. Minding the soritical admonition, I reached down, opened the brown thermos bottle and drew out the talismanic milk-flask with the slow nipple. Mary seized the tempting glass vessel with a grasp like a carpenter's vise. This was encouraging. But for some reason she wanted a change of grip and let go her hold.

The crash of glass was bad enough, but the spreading lake of milk on the aisle's floor was worse. To top it all Mary opened her vocal muffler. I attempted to swab up the white liquid while holding the infant. Resultant little rivers of milk ran under a half-dozen seats, and many were the satchels and even shoes that were touched and encircled.

I looked up, across, and down the aisle. The facial consensus showed scant sympathy and a deal of amusement. Two faces directly opposite were convulsive. But amused onlookers soon became annoyed auditors.

The conductor, red of cheek and blithe of countenance, passed through about this time. He paused a moment by me, surveyed the wreckage, and then announced in a loud, kind voice:

"That's all right, Papa."

I threw my whole soul into the baby. Crowding against the window with wailing Mary in my arm, I pounded on the glass, pointed fieldward and shouted, "Oh, see the nice bossy cow, Mary!" Then, "Big horse; see the big horse!" And when the bell was rung, "Hear the ding-ding!" All unavailing. Above the rumble and shriek of the train rose Mary's ear-shattering voice.

Merciful gadzooks! How that bra—how that sweet little niece of mine did scream! I alone of all listeners was unable to stuff fingers into ears. I could merely sit there, Mary in my lap, with the profuse sweat of agony encircling my brow. I waited for the decades to roll by.

One whole century—sixty minutes—crept into the past. Those lungs of stoutest leather had not lost one whit of their infant strength. The two girls opposite me had long since gone into the smoking-car. At length the blessedly familiar environs of my own city began to slip grandly by the window. And we were slowing down at our destined station.

Train stopped. Mary stopped. With the benediction of this instant silence—ineffably sweet—I gathered up one or two essentials and my little niece. On the station platform, with anticipatory, proud look, awaited Mary's grandmother. And into her arms the grand-daughter flew—I saw to that.

Odds bottles and babies!

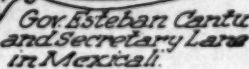
By a Special Contributor.



Sabon and Dive Row, Mexicali



Part of 25th Battalion with
machine gun platoons



payable quarterly in advance. Employers of labor must pay the taxes for the men they hire. This catches the Chinese working on the ranches, and the floating labor on levee and canal construction. To simplify collection, Col. Cantu agreed that Mr. Hind should assume that every scraper team on the job had one driver, and should collect from the owners of teams on that basis instead of trying to keep track of the floaters and making the contractor pay another poll tax every time a driver got too drunk to work or jumped his job. And so it came about that someone thought Tom Hind was levying poll tax on mules.

It all came about because a subordinate official did not understand the intricacies of the system of taxation devised and established by Col. Cantu, who is the government of Baja California, because he has the Twenty-fifth Battalion of Infantry, and pays the soldiers their dollar a day regularly. Needing money for the brave and loyal soldados, and for other things, Col. Cantu proclaimed a poll tax of \$1 a month, gold, on every male inhabitant old enough to wear trousers.

The Mexican official grafters not only licensed every sort of vice, but they sold bunco, shell-game, strong-arm and pick-pocket privileges as freely as if they were country constables of the old circus days. Some of the dive-keepers imported wood alcohol by the barrel and concocted mescal-tequila, gin and kindred beverages with "kick" in them, and during one summer the ditch banks along the border were cluttered up with dead cholos and Cocopah Indians. This wastage threatened a labor

Berthold and his Socialist adventurers, not more than thirty all told, held Mexico for several weeks, and during that time was the most orderly, peaceful, sober and generally moral town in Mexico. Berthold's first care was to close the saloons. He told the owners that if they sold or gave a drop of liquor to anyone they would be stood up against the wall and shot, and they believed him, for he was a very serious man. All the gamblers, thugs and night birds were chased out of town. The insurgents most hated no private property. They confiscated

The valley was not reassured greatly when Huerta's troops came in and the scallawags gazed away. The soldiers took possession of the canal headings, ostensibly to protect them, and the receiver of the American court having charge of the canal system was prevented from operating the gates or exercising any control over the delivery of water to the American canals. Imperial Valley appealed to Washington for protection, and troops were sent to the border town. The guns of a field battery were planted at the line and trained upon the Mexican bull ring, in which the Huertistas

Philippine Mahoganies and Rare Hardwoods.*

Modern Forestry.

A WORLDWIDE EXPORT TRADE BEING ESTABLISHED.

INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLIES—NEGLECTED UNDER SPANISH RULE—WORK OF THE FOREST BUREAU—LEASES AND CONCESSIONS—CLASSES OF COMMERCIAL TIMBERS—OLD AND NEW METHODS OF LUMBERING—OVERSEA MARKETS—LOS ANGELES CENTER OF DISTRIBUTION IN AMERICA.

GOVERNMENT statistics tell convincingly the steady progress of the lumber industry in the Philippine Islands. It is only to minds of a certain class, however, that statistics convey any real understanding of the story therein embodied. But when in this cosmopolitan city of Los Angeles, in the rush of the opening of a big new department store, the shoppers and sightseers behold the establishment finished throughout with mahogany from the archipelago, and learn that the contract for this beautiful woodwork amounted to no less a sum than \$150,000, then the world promptly wakes up to the fact that the Philippine timber trade has indeed arrived. The result is due not merely to the existence of virtually inexhaustible supplies of superb hardwoods in the vast virgin forests of the islands, but to the change from Spanish lethargy to American alertness and enterprise in the government of the archipelago.

The forests were there for unnumbered centuries before the American came on the scene. But their dormant potential wealth required the vitalizing touch of a magician's wand. And it is to the American government that the credit for this awakening is mainly due, for it has brought to the Philippines the political stability necessary for sound commercial development, the systematic scientific research of a forestry bureau, which is the true foundation for permanent success in such an undertaking, together with the fostering care of government officials in all departments that has gradually attracted capital in large amounts from the outside, and men of tried experience in every branch of the trade, from the felling of the tree to the marketing of the finished product of the sawmills. The transition thereby effected within the period of a single decade constitutes one of the romances of modern industrial enterprise.

Under the Spanish regime lumbering operations in the Philippines only amounted to a thinning of the edges of the great forests. A single day's output from any one of the five big American mills now at work probably exceeds what would have been a full year's production under the old conditions. Yet with the cutting for home consumption and for export now more than 100,000,000 board feet of all timbers per annum, we are even still at the mere beginnings of possible development. A few figures, gathered with care by The Times Illustrated Weekly, will make this plain.

The area of the total land surface of the Philippine Islands is computed at 115,025 square miles, about equal to the New England States together with New York and New Jersey. Of this area more than 40,000 square miles, or approximately one-third of the total, are clothed with virgin forests. There are also 20,000 square miles of second growth forest, yielding large quantities of firewood and small-sized timber, and suitable to be reforested and retained as permanent timber lands. Therefore 60,000 square miles, or nearly one-half of the entire lands surface, come under the designation of forest lands. Of this vast domain 99 per cent. is owned by the government and is, therefore, under government control.

The government system of commercial development is on a twofold plan, whereby opportunity is afforded both to small capitalists and to companies in command of ample means. An ordinary license may be issued, restricted to a period of one year for a definite small area. Or a long-term license, popularly known as a concession, may be granted which, according to the amount of capital invested, confers exclusive rights for the cutting of timber over an area extending perhaps to several hundreds of square miles. A concession lasts for

twenty years with provisions for extension which may amount to a lease in perpetuity. But the actual land never passes out of government ownership, only the forest products going to the lessee. For these a stumpage fee is paid at the mill, varying from \$1 to \$5 per thousand feet, according to the variety of the timber.

Under the concession plan the industry has been placed on a good practical basis, there being now five American companies operating large mills and exporting to this country, not merely making profits for themselves, but blazing the trail for further investments of capital. The established companies are as follows:

- (1.) Insular Lumber Company, operating in the north of Negros Island.
- (2.) Negros-Philippine Lumber Company, also located in Northern Negros.
- (3.) Cadwallader-Gibson Lumber Company, in Batang Province, Luzon.
- (4.) Tayabas Sawmill and Lumber Company, in Tayabas Province, Luzon.
- (5.) China-Manila Timber Company, operating on Ragay Gulf, Luzon.

Before proceeding to enumerate and briefly describe the timbers which these companies handle and export, it may be well to refer generally to the varied forest products of the archipelago. The flora of the Philippines is essentially Malayan, intermixed with Chinese and Australian elements, but with sufficient individuality to constitute a botanical subregion, there being close on 800 species peculiar to the group of islands and growing in no other quarters of the globe.

No fewer than 2500 distinct species of trees are found in the islands. Along the seashore and in the lowlands are palms, banyans and bamboos; the banana, the mango, and many other trees and plants yielding fruits; and throughout the forests generally various trees and shrubs, yielding nuts, spices, oils and drugs. Among the other commercial products of the forest area are hemp, rubber, rosin and rattan. For many generations these four articles of commerce used to find their way to the European markets classed under the name of "Singapore products," misleadingly so named because Singapore happened to be the nearest shipping port accessible to small native craft and the great commercial emporium, where oriental products generally were assembled, classed, baled and reshipped in big ocean-going vessels. The now world-famous Manila hemp was the first of these important products to assert its geographical identity, just as today Philippine mahogany is coming to be recognized as an individual article of commerce, standing on its own merits and to be confounded with the mahoganies of no other land.

This brings us to the timber trees proper, of which there are no fewer than 750 varieties whose wood is of commercial value in some form or other. Many of these, naturally, are of slight commercial importance, or are restricted to purely local use, but at least 200 regularly appear in the form of timber and lumber in the Manila and other central provincial markets. It is interesting to compare these figures with those applying to the United States and Canada, over whose vast area there are fewer than 700 tree species, with only 120 classed as being of commercial value. Of trees in the Philippine Islands that enter into the lumber industry there are listed 106 distinct varieties, all yielding woods well adapted and merchantable for structural purposes, interior finish, cabinet work, carriage-making, and other high-class uses.

Before proceeding to enumerate and briefly describe the principal varieties of Philippine timbers, it may be well to explain the classification of all timbers into soft woods and hard woods, respectively. This classification has really a botanical basis, the soft woods belonging to the coniferous or needle-leaved trees, the hard woods to the nonconiferous or broad-leaved trees, containing no turpentine or rosin. Therefore, several soft woods, such as larch and cedar, are really of greater density than some of the hard woods. Philippine mahogany is designated a hard wood, while Oregon pine falls under the classification of a soft wood. Yet both these timbers are suitable for precisely the same uses. In any one locality abundance of supplies and

comparative cost will determine the choice between the two for structural purposes, while beauty of grain and comparative rarity become the deciding factors for ornamental uses. In other words, the selection is not made simply because the one is a "hard" wood or the other a "soft" wood. This explanation is necessary to show the wide range of usefulness for Philippine mahogany. Combining durability with easiness to work, it is really a general utility timber, although in America we know it only in high-class furniture or as decorative interior finish.

First in importance among the forest trees of the archipelago are the lauans, from which the Philippine mahogany of the lumber trade world is obtained. Of these there are three commercial varieties—Red Lauan and Tanguile, both yielding a rich, red timber, and Almon, the wood of which is light red, and is known to the trade as "white mahogany." All three trees are closely related, and, while in the case of the last, the color is distinctive, the timber from the two red varieties is identical, undistinguishable even by the timber expert, only the botanist who examines leaf, bark, flower and fruit being able to differentiate between the trees. All three timbers are hard, durable, take stain readily, are susceptible of a beautiful polish, and are used for every purpose where a mahogany finish is required. While the natural figuring is very fine, as with every other cabinet wood there are differences in shades of color, so the timber is stained when uniform finish on a large scale is required. This is exemplified in the Los Angeles department store herein referred to, which is finished throughout with Philippine mahogany, all stained to give a uniform effect, making the largest installation of mahogany in any single establishment in the United States of America.

Besides commercial mahoganies, the Philippines are also producing for export several woods that meet all requirements for the highest class of piano and furniture work, surpassing in texture, color, finish and beauty nearly every other timber now on the world's markets. One variety named Narra is known on the islands as "the king of all woods." It comes in red, dark red and yellow shades. Narra is harder than mahogany, and is used principally for veneering purposes.

Of the same botanical family are several other commercial timbers—Tindalo, a beautiful saffron red; Acle, a brown and beautifully figured wood, taking a high polish; Banuyo, finely grained, finely figured and with a light golden sheen; Ipi, close grained, golden yellow, turning slightly darker with exposure, used in high-class furniture; Palo-Marla, of dark reddish color, with a beautiful ribbon grain, and Camagon, an extremely beautiful, close-grained dark wood with brown streaks, taking a very high polish and equaling ebony in hardness and finish. All the above belong to the Narro or locust family, and because of their brilliant colors and beautiful grain are extensively used for veneers, for pianos and for the finest class of finish.

One of the chief woods of the archipelago is Calantas, commonly known in the United States as Spanish cedar, because of its similarity in texture and odor. It is a light-colored, reddish wood with a pungent pleasant perfume, and is used principally for the making of high-grade cigar boxes. Although more than 4,000,000 cigar boxes are annually required for the Philippine tobacco trade, formerly all these were imported in the form of shoofs, coming from South America by way of Germany, Belgium and The Netherlands. Now, however, about one-third of the total number of boxes are being made from this local wood, Calantas, which is gradually asserting for itself a position superior to the imported article.

The Molave family constitutes an important group. The timber is still harder than the Narra group. It is a light, straw-colored, close-grained, tough wood, used for bridge building, railway ties and for all structural purposes, where beams of great strength are required. In the early days of the military occupation by the United States, Molave was used exclusively for crosses over the graves of American soldiers, as the white ants, so prevalent in the islands and so destructive to nearly

all classes of wood, make but little impression on this particular kind.

Another family has two varieties—Dungon and Dungon-late. These are hard, heavy, dark brown woods, very close grained, used exclusively for structural purposes—bridges, foundation sills, etc.

Ebony is the most valuable wood in the islands, being sold by the pound. It is exported to the United States in the rough log, in whatever state it comes from the forest. It is only the heart wood of the tree, however, that constitutes the deep black ebony of commerce. Two-thirds of the log from the bark inward is perfectly white, this being called the sap wood. In order to get at the black heart the sap wood is cut away in the forest and left there. But the government charges stumpage for the entire cubic contents of the tree. Because of its color, durability, hardness and susceptibility to polish, ebony is much used for cabinet work and inlaying, also for the manufacture of pianoforte keys, knife handles, backs of brushes, jewel boxes, etc. The price of the wood in America is usually 15 cents a pound, the supply being limited.

Mancono is the hardest and heaviest of all Philippine woods—the "iron wood" par excellence of the world. Its grain is very fine and twisted. It is harder than the celebrated Lignum Vitae of the West Indian Islands, and is now being applied to all manufactures suitable for the latter wood, such as ship's pulleys, fine rulers, mallets, etc., where hardness, toughness and durability are the prime requisites. Mancono is practically impervious to decay, posts after fifty years of service in damp soil show not the slightest signs of deterioration. The timber, after drying for fifty-nine hours in a temperature of 110 C., weighs seventy-seven pounds per cubic foot. This compares with the three best known hardwoods of commerce as follows: Oak, fifty to fifty-six pounds; teak, forty-five to fifty-six pounds; mahogany, thirty-six to fifty-six pounds. As water weighs sixty-three pounds to the cubic foot, oak, teak and mahogany all float and can be rafted, but Mancono sinks to the bottom like a plummet.

The above comprise the timbers of chief commercial account in the export trade from the Philippine Islands. In their practical application they fall roughly into four principal classes: Woods for interior finish and furniture, cabinet woods, woods for special uses, and heavy construction timber.

(1.) Interior finish and furniture woods.—The prime requisites of a wood for these purposes are that it be at least fairly abundant, not very difficult to work and to finish, of good size, and of pleasant texture and color. All of these requisites, as has been shown, are fulfilled by the woods of the lauans family. To this family belongs nearly three-fourths of the standing timber of the islands, so that Philippine mahogany may be said to occupy the place that the conifers do in the north temperate zone, although possessing a wider range of color, hardness and other qualities. There are, of course, numerous other Philippine woods besides the lauans available for this class of work, but in lesser quantities.

(2.) Cabinet woods.—Of these the Philippines possess an astonishing variety, of which the Narra group, above described, is the most representative. Cabinet woods are the aristocrats of the lumber world, large size, beautiful color, fine grain and durability being their chief recommendations. Among Philippine cabinet woods is a wonderful range of color, from the jet black of ebony to creamy white, with red, reddish brown, dark brown, grayish, yellow, pale straw varieties in between, also streaked or mottled kinds in different hues.

(3.) Special uses.—Throughout the islands there are a large number of exceptionally hard, tough and heavy woods available for such specialties as bowling balls, bearings, stern shaft bearings, tool handles and other parts of tools. In all these cases difficulty to split is a prime essential. Mancono has already been described as a splendid type of this class, procurable in considerable quantities. For long agricultural tool handles, in which hardness is less essential than toughness and difficulty of splitting, there are several varieties which would make excellent substitutes for

*See illustrations on pages 16 and 17 from photographs by W. M. Miles.

Awakening of Priscilla. By Lela Cole Kitson.

FOUND THE LIFE.

"PRUETT" and "Pringle" aren't so much alike as to warrant this mistake," said Miss Priscilla Pruett, pursing up her lips as though she had just taken a bit of an under-ripe persimmon.

The steward looked from Miss Pruett to the brassily adorned steamer trunk with a puzzled expression on his harassed face.

"I am sure that a Miss Pringle was to have this stateroom, madam, and as you made your reservation at the last moment there has probably been a slight mistake in the luggage. Now, if you will kindly keep your—I should say, if you will allow me a few moments to rectify this mistake—"

"You don't suppose," interrupted Miss Pruett in a stern tone, "that I would have consulted you in this matter if there had been anything else to be done. I have exhausted every means of finding my baggage—and it simply can't be found. This Pringle person—her christened name is 'Pansy,' I believe,"—Miss Pruett fairly expectorated the innocent word—"did not sail. She recalled her belongings at the last moment—that is, she recalled my belongings. It's a clear case of theft, or of unwarranted carelessness on somebody's part. I shall, of course, report the matter at Honolulu the moment we dock there. And in the meantime the question is, 'What's to be done?'"

"Couldn't you—er—manage to wear Miss Pringle's things until you own can be traced and restored to you?" The steward tried to put a soothing note in his voice.

"What a suggestion!" she snorted. "Why, the woman is an actress."

"Well," said the steward helplessly after a brief but frigid silence, "I'll send the stewardess around immediately. She can doubtless suggest a way out of the difficulty. It is most unfortunate, especially for Pansy Pringle," he added under his breath, and left Miss Pruett to her own musings.

Miss Pruett went down to luncheon, but that was the last meal she took for some time. There ensued days when no thought of dress, nor food, nor the vanities of this world, entered the lady's mind. Indeed, disregarding the fact that the clothes she wore were all she could rightfully call her own aboard ship, she retired in them, and refused to be enticed out of them during the entire period of her indisposition.

At length, one morning she was able to sit up weakly on the edge of her bunk.

"I've been a very sick woman," she informed the stewardess in a feeble voice, "and look at my clothes!"

The latter much-enduring person had been busy with Miss Pringle's trunk, and now the lid stood open revealing a marvelous assortment of feminine apparel.

"What awful taste," murmured Miss Pruett, as she lay back and gazed at the lingerie the stewardess was handling in a practiced manner. "I wonder what sort of woman would wear such flimsy pink-and-white nonsense—by preference?"

"It's beautiful on the deck today," said the stewardess irrelevantly; "seems a pity that you shouldn't be able to get out and enjoy the air," and stuffing up the delicious-looking peaches-and-cream creation, she laid it on the bed near the invalid, and left her to her fate.

Time drags heavily in a narrow stateroom, when the flash of sun on deep blue water calls. Miss Pruett thought of her empty chair up there on the white deck, and wondered if by chance there might be somebody worth while among her fellow-passengers. Although she had never admitted it even to herself she had always expected to meet her Prince Charming on shipboard. That was one reason she traveled so extensively. Now, it seemed to her, more than ever before, Destiny beckoned to her. Her present situation began to grow intolerable. Finally, in a sort of desperation, she dropped on her knees and began to investigate the contents of Miss Pansy Pringle's trunk.

There were cold-cream pots and rouge pots, eye-brow pencils and powder-boxes, high-heeled slippers with gaudy hosiery to match, and a riot of silken underwear. There was a "sports" coat of fearful and wonderful plaids and dimensions, and, tucked away in a corner, a couple of petite,

impertinent hats. Miss Pruett swept these things aside with mutterings of disgust. What she had hoped to find was a gown that didn't shriek at once, or perhaps a quiet skirt and some respectable blouses. But alack! The gowns she unearthed were obviously not intended to be worn by ladies of 36 years and of chaste and refined taste, nor yet were the skirts and blouses. In fact these giddy garments defied Father Time in every line. Priscilla was on the verge of tears.

"But I've simply got to find something that will do until I can ascertain whether there are any ladies on board from whom I might borrow a suitable outfit," she cried at last, and reached desperately for the dress whose black-and-white checks seemed comparatively small.

The ordeal of dressing in 'the person's' clothes was not so bad as it might have been. In spite of herself, Priscilla was obliged to admit that the "flimsy pink-and-white things" were soothing to the spirit. It gave her a shock to discover that she was taking a positive enjoyment in them. Well, "Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady might be sisters under their skins," but no one must ever know that she, a Pruett, and a minister's daughter, had donned such ungodly garments, and moreover, with a sense of satisfaction. After all, it would be the dress that would try her soul.

This creation was a 1916 model "built"—not merely made—to conform to the lines of a female form divine whose style of architecture differed from that which distinguished Miss Pruett. However, after the mystery of fastenings had been solved, and the lady stood arrayed before the mirror, she blushed to note that the gown lent her something of a grace she had hitherto deemed in almost questionable taste. But there were incongruities—the most painfully apparent being her feet.

Now Miss Pruett had always considered feet necessities with but one purpose, and she had always consistently shod hers in accordance with her belief; the result being flats of a stern, uncompromising character, flat-heeled, high-laced and eminently sensible. These boots peering modestly forth from the folds of a long, dignified skirt, might pass unnoticed and unsung anywhere, but protruding from beneath this frisky, flary skirt, they had an unclothed, almost naked look, which could not fail to challenge the most unobservant eyes. The bottom of the skirt failed to connect with the top of the boots by at least an inch. Miss Pruett decided that it was unhealthy.

In the trunk there was another pair of boots. They were very high, very slim, with ridiculous heels, and absurd lacings in the back; and they had outlandish bits of leather of a contrasting color sewed here and there on them. But after a brief but sharp struggle with her better judgment, Priscilla defiantly encased her horrified and protesting pedal extremities into these atrocities, and prepared to let them do their worst. After a few moments of tottering uncertainty, however, she conquered. Then came the heart-rending problem of making her hat and the "sports" coat come to terms. They had declared war on each other at first sight.

The classic piece of headgear had buffeted many a storm, and now, like the staunch old war-bonnet it was, it reared a hoary and indomitable front against the encroachments of the foe. The wide and gaudy flare of the "sports" coat collar stood valiantly up to meet it, and with the meeting came the inevitable clash. Caught between these two hostile forces Priscilla's poor little face looked the size and color of a split pea.

After a grim moment of doubt she ousted her old ally and clawed recklessly through the trunk's contents in search of something more nearly in keeping with this day and generation. Fortunately her coiffure conformed to convention in the matter of plainness, and the tiny toy hat she found embraced her head and clung to it as though it had found its long-lost mother. Try as she would she could not make it "sit straight," though. It refused absolutely to be a prim little hat, or in fact anything short of an outright audacious little hat; but even with all its impudence Miss Pruett found herself admiring it.

She removed her nose-glasses to get the

effect, and quite suddenly decided not to put them on again.

"Why, for gracious sake," gasped Priscilla, "I'm quite good-looking in this absurd get-up," and then, inspired by she wotted not what dormant instinct of depravity, she reached for the rouge pots.

Let us humbly draw the veil before the scene of debauchery that followed, in which a Pruett, and a minister's daughter, took the leading role. Suffice it to say that after Priscilla had tinkered a bit, albeit with unpracticed fingers, among Miss Pringle's aids to beauty, she looked like a different person. A tender bloom suffused her erstwhile sallow cheeks, the glow toned and subdued by a discreet coating of pearly-tinted powder; pale, recalcitrant eyebrows and lashes had been coaxed into asserting themselves, and now seemed pleased to form delicately outlined frames for a pair of really "nice" gray eyes; a touch of cherry lent to lips a trifle too straight and thin the little suggestion of Cupid's bow that no lady's lips should be without.

Priscilla was dazzled. Her improved appearance assumed in her eyes the proportions of raging beauty. To be conscious for the first time of unmistakable good looks is enough to make any woman a bit dizzy; it had an extraordinary effect on the dear little spinster. Completely carried away by the excitement of the moment, a trifle awkward as to pose, but perfectly confident as to poise, she sought the deck and her long-abandoned steamer-chair. There was no prick of conscience, no goad of self-reproach, as she stretched herself out in the sun. Her heart was pounding wildly. Never had she felt so exhilarated, so daring, so young.

The woman at her right was obviously a sensible individual—the sort that earlier in the day Priscilla had intended to seek out in search of clothing, but now she looked her up and down in distaste. There was something irritating about her conservative, irreproachable boots, her styleless hat, and her drab, alpaca gown. She turned her attention to her neighbor on her left.

Just as she focused her limpid gaze upon him the man turned around—and lo! she realized with a thrill that shot from her head to her heart that she was looking straight into the eyes of her Prince Charming. Always she had known that she would fall in love thus precipitately. It was the great moment of her life.

He looked just as she had known he would look; high, noble brow, crowned with a fringe of silky hair—too much hair made a man look so coarse, she thought—dreamy light-blue eyes, dark-rimmed spectacles, mobile, sensitive mouth, quiet, unostentatious clothes—every inch of him proclaimed the scholar and the gentleman. He returned Priscilla's look with frank interest, nay more, with enthusiasm.

It was all like a wonderful dream. And then suddenly Priscilla woke up.

"These horrible clothes!" she gasped mentally. "What can he be thinking of me? And my face! To have him see me thus for the first time! Oh, it is terrible, terrible!"

Covered with confusion, her one idea was to get away—to seek her own raiment as quickly as possible and efface from his mind, if she could, this dreadful first impression of her. She struggled to her feet.

But Miss Pringle's frivolous gown had no intention of allowing itself to be thus ingominously disposed of; nor of permitting a romance so propitiously begun to be nipped in the bud. It wound itself determinedly around a splinter in the deck-chair and refused to be detached; which necessitated prompt first-aid attentions from Prince Charming.

In the end Miss Pruett remained—remained and talked with reckless abandon; chattered and laughed as though her life had not been forever blighted by the untimely wearing of Miss Pringle's clothes; as though she had nothing on her mind but Miss Pringle's saucy hat.

In her stateroom late that afternoon she reviewed the situation. "Tomorrow," she decided, "I will have my own things cleaned and pressed and appear before him properly clothed and in my right mind. But how explain my—my complexion?" That was the point. How explain, indeed? There seemed no way. The truth would strike such a sen-

sible, unaffected man as utter folly. Would he consider for a moment as a possible wife a woman capable of such base deception? "Never in the world!" decided Priscilla desperately, and gave way to tears.

There was nothing to be done, apparently, but submit to the inevitable. Probably, she considered, he had only been flirting with her during the afternoon. No matter how nice a man he might be he would naturally feel privileged to flirt with a woman gotten up as she was. Well, if a flirtation was all it could ever be, she would make it worth remembering. The recollection of this brief period of bliss would help console her through all the passing years.

It was with a sort of madness that she dressed that night. Miss Pringle's clinging, low-cut dinner gown shocked her every sensibility, but still she wore it. Miss Pringle's big-buckled satin slippers elevated her three inches above her normal height and did their best to send her sprawling, but still she wore them. As for the aids to beauty, she distributed those with an extravagant hand—probably Miss Pringle would have considered what she did to aid nature "just a little freshening up," but to Miss Pruett her use of these little vanities seemed monstrously base.

But Mr. Hastings—his name was Charles Algernon Hastings—was so perfectly charming that she forgot all about her deception. A real flood of red dyed her cheeks as she bade him good-night under the mellow rays of the tropical moon. Flirtation or not, this was the happiest experience in her whole life, and she dreaded to think of the day that the journey should end. For, of course, these ship-board flirtations always ended with the journey.

This was the thought uppermost in her mind that pensive starlit night before they reached Honolulu. Their deck-chairs were very close together, but Miss Pruett was too busy thinking to bother about the proprieties. She scarcely realized it when Mr. Hastings took her hand. He had taken her hand once or twice before in an absent-minded sort of way, but she had always gently withdrawn it. There were limits even to a flirtation, in Miss Pruett's way of thinking.

But tonight she did not draw her hand away. She was making up her mind to take a very decided step when they reached Honolulu tomorrow. Surely there would be shops where she could purchase some strictly decent clothes, like those in which she had come aboard the ship. After tomorrow he would know her as she really was—and maybe he could forgive the deception of the past week. He had told her that she had a fine mind; perhaps when he learned that she also had quiet, respectable tastes in dress it might make a wonderful difference.

Suddenly she realized with a start that Mr. Hastings had possessed himself of both her hands. He was saying something softly. Was it—could it be—"I love you?" It was. Was he—could it be possible that he was asking her to marry him? He was. Miss Pruett almost swooned with surprise and happiness, but she hastily recovered and bashfully accepted—promptly, but withal, bashfully.

He was looking intently at one of her slippers. She withdrew it under the hem of her gown, almost in a panic.

"But, darling," he was saying, "I love your little feet! They are so—er—well, 'dainty,' I guess is the word. And your quaint little hats and"—he turned and looked at her approvingly—"your dashing little gowns. I love them all. Do you know I had begun to believe that all women with brains and—well, our sort, you know, simply couldn't wear anything but mannish, dowdy clothes, and when I found a little woman who 'new how to dress like a woman—oh, I don't know what the trick is, but you've got it—why I simply fell in love—that's all."

Miss Pruett gasped—in fact, to be exact, she gulped. And for a moment she made no reply. She was very busy registering a change of mind as to the nature of her shopping in Honolulu on the morrow. At last, after a long blissful silence, during which she received her first kiss, the lady whispered:

"Charles, darling, I don't quite know whether I'm dreaming, or whether I've just awakened, but whichever it is, 'this is the life.'"

Philippine Mahoganies and Rare Hardwoods.

Saturday, October 9, 1915.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

ESTABLISHED WEEKLY

ash, now most commonly used. For wagon tongues and other vehicle stocks, hubs, spokes and felloes, there are excellent materials in any size and quantity desired. Shuttles and spindles must be hard, rather tough and resistant to abrasion; several varieties fill these requirements. For cigar-box lumber of high grade Calantas has already been referred to in this article.

(4.) Heavy construction timbers.—The Molave group, previously described, stand pre-eminent in this class. A number of large trees furnish hard, strong and very durable construction timbers, at least three species furnishing a supply for magnificent posts or beams. Besides these three species there are probably a score of other kinds suitable for railway ties, for which durability and strength are the two qualities required. Several of these can be used without any preservative treatment. For treated ties, both the number of kinds and the supply available are much greater. Practically all the lauana, which are so very abundant and of such great size, are susceptible to impregnation and, properly treated, would make very superior ties.

It will, therefore, be seen that besides the Philippine timbers specifically named in the course of this article there are many others of high utility, fine quality and great beauty which are just beginning to find various markets throughout the world. It is mainly through the energy of the Government Forest Bureau that these new avenues of commerce are being steadily opened. This bureau is under the care of the Secretary of the Interior, Winfred T. Denison. Its director is W. F. Sherfesse, who is particularly well fitted for the post because of his technical training and wide experience. Associated with him as expert in Philippine woods is E. E. Schneider, to whom are referred the results of the research work that is being constantly prosecuted in the forests. Parties are maintained in the various islands, surveying, cruising and reporting on the possibilities of lumber options. To Mr. Schneider, as classifying expert, falls the task of determining the species of wood samples sent in. At Manila the bureau has equipped a forestry museum and a forestry school. This brief synopsis just serves to indicate the splendid work being accomplished by the department, both in scientific research and in practical development of the forest resources.

The principal forest areas are on the islands of Luzon, Mindoro, Palawan, Mindanao and Negros. Practically the whole eastern coast of Luzon, from the north end to the south, is one unbroken forest of valuable timbers. In the two northern provinces alone there are over 2,000,000 acres of virgin forest. In the islands of Mindoro and Palawan are some 4,000,000 acres of untouched forest, extending from the water edge to the summits of the mountains. The island of Mindanao contains over 10,000,000 acres of virgin forest. Negros is also heavily timbered, and from this island comes most of the Philippine hardwoods now being imported into the United States. Altogether the forestry bureau estimates that there are over 200,000,000,000 feet of standing commercial timber in the islands.

In many tropical forests the great variety of timbers precludes the possibility of cutting to a profit. But in the Philippines many of the forests contain such heavy stands of timber of a single class or group that lumbering operations are carried on under the most favorable conditions. In some of these stands the merchantable trees constitute 80 per cent. of the entire growth. Forest fires, as we know them in America, sweeping away whole tracts, do not occur, owing to the dense tropical vegetation and the heavy rainfall, ranging from thirty-six to 160 inches per annum, precipitated during the five months—June to October—of the rainy season. Another advantage is cheap labor, the natives being adaptable and readily trained to forestry work of all kinds under competent supervision. They make good engine drivers, donkey engine men, and general sawmill hands, so that only the sawers and superintendents have to be brought from America. In this connection it is good to note that, while the grown-up natives speak different dialects, the rising generation among all the tribes its beginning to use the English language, the future lingua franca of the islands, thanks to the American schools.

The big lumber concessions are operated under the most modern conditions. The trees as a rule shoot straight up, showing eighty to 100 feet of clear timber without

branches. When felled the crown crashes down and is broken. The trunk is then cut into logs sixteen to twenty feet long. These are snaked by the aid of long steel cables and donkey engines to the narrow-gauge logging railway, usually not more than a quarter to half a mile distant. They are then rolled on to the small trucks and hauled to the mill. There they are dropped into a storage pond of fresh water, so that the timber may be sawn wet. As needed the logs are hauled up an incline into the mill, where they are cut according to the requirements of the trade, the best-equipped mills using band saws in preference to circular saws. Besides the standard boards one inch thick, "cants" six inches thick and over are cut. But the very best figured logs are saved, being shipped squared for veneering purposes. The mills are all close to wharves, where ocean-going steamers may come to pick up their cargoes direct. A large sawmill plant complete, including wharfs and logging railways, costs from \$200,000 to \$400,000, according to the extent of the forest tract under its care.

Now, let us contrast these conditions under which the industry is at present carried on, with the conditions ruling in the old days "before the gringo came." Under Spanish rule there were no modern sawmills. Felling was done on the edge of the forest by a few badly-fed and badly-paid Filipinos. Using the primitive axe without the aid of saws, they would hack away for days at one of these hardwood trees before bringing it to the ground. Necessarily, too, they would have to restrict themselves to the smaller timber, for they could neither fell nor handle the heavier trees. With the aid of carabao or water buffaloes, the oxen of the islands, the trunks were dragged away to the nearest stream, buoyed by bamboos, and so floated down to the beach. There a customer had to be awaited, often for years, while the timber rotted and deteriorated. The buyers combed the beaches for the logs until they succeeded in assembling a cargo. Such were the old-time methods of lumbering. As regards the industry as a whole, the Spanish paid scant or no attention to statistics. Therefore, very little real information is obtainable up to the outset of the American occupation. But the export trade was of small account and until recent years Philippine hard woods were practically unknown in the world's markets.

Even today some of the primitive ways of doing things survive on the islands side by side with efficient down-to-date methods. For example, the Chinese still buy up odd logs on the beaches, accumulate a cargo, and bring it to Manila. There they laboriously whipsaw the logs into boards. They will even purchase the cull boards at the American mills and whipsaw these into boards of half an inch or less thickness for sale on the local market. In the city of Manila there are any number of these hand-power saw mills still operating. In marketing methods, too, the Chinese cling to ancient customs. Whenever there is an active inquiry for logs they will hold all in their possession, study the price lists closely, and only sell when the figures go up, for the emergency, 50 to 100 per cent. With this class of dealer no business is possible on a regular business basis. But the export trade has now become almost independent of such supplies, and John Chinaman applies himself mainly to local consumption.

The local markets, however, are of great importance, for with the advent of the steam-logging industry, the island lumber is gradually supplanting Oregon pine and other lumbers formerly imported in large quantities. Forty per cent. of the total output is exported, this consisting of the finest grades. The remaining 60 per cent. supplies the home demand, and partly through the example set by the government in using large quantities of Philippine-grown timber, there is a steadily expanding market for all the output of the mills. For framing, flooring, partitions, and varied structural work, formerly restricted to the imported American lumber, Philippine mahogany is now available at less cost. In point of fact a mahogany floor has become cheaper than a pine floor because of the abundant supplies of the local timber being turned out by the modern equipped saw mills. Today in the structural work of many Manila homes may be found mahogany boards twenty-four inches wide and thirty feet long, beautifully grained, that would be used in the United States only for high-class pianos, furniture or choice ornamental finish.

As regards overseas markets, the nearest great shipping center is Hongkong, 600 miles from Manila. Here large quantities of lumber go, to be transhipped to India, an excellent customer for Philippine hard woods, and to China, which offers an inexhaustible market for the lower grades. Europe also is a profitable market, especially Great Britain, which is always ready to take the rarest and finest woods, London and Liverpool being the biggest world markets for mahoganies of all kinds—the true Spanish mahogany from Cuba, the mahoganies of Mexico, Honduras and Guatemala, the African gold coast mahogany shipped in the form of gigantic logs, and now the Philippine mahogany, which is becoming so widely and favorably known, comparing very closely with the Central American varieties of the timber.

But the greatest market of all for Philippine timber is, naturally, the United States of America. Shipments are made both to the Atlantic and to the Pacific coasts, but the latter route is the principal one, the ocean freight not exceeding \$15 per 1000 board feet at the maximum and being sometimes as low as \$10, according to the shipping offering. And among all the seaports along our Pacific Coast Los Angeles easily takes first place, having become the chief distributing center throughout the West for all products of the Philippine forests. Tramp steamers now come into Los Angeles Harbor at regular intervals loaded exclusively with Philippine mahogany and other island hard woods. Los Angeles indeed imports and manufactures more Philippine mahogany than all the other ports on this Coast combined. One of the pictures accompanying this article shows the magnitude of the business—a single shipment direct from the forests recently sold in one day as a cash transaction—more than half a million board feet to be used in high-class finish and manufactures in Los Angeles and its vicinity, a transaction which, despite presumed hard times, is the biggest in the history of the mahogany trade on the Coast. In the year 1914 Los Angeles received more than 2,000,000 feet of Philippine mahogany, this being in excess of all the other mahogany imported from all other mahogany-producing countries combined.

Los Angeles has gained this position in the trade, not merely because it is the nearest port to the Philippine Islands, but because the city itself, together with the other prosperous cities of the Southwest, is far and away the largest consumer of the imported article. If San Francisco had the imports, considerable sums would have to be expended in railroad freight to the southern mills and factories. It has already been mentioned how a single new department store in Los Angeles recently called for Philippine mahogany for interior finish to the value of many thousands of dollars. Banks, office buildings and many of our beautiful homes are being similarly finished. This is in accordance with the natural trend of commerce, for Philippine mahogany can now be purchased in Los Angeles at a lower cost than birch or plain oak. In this market, therefore, it is practically displacing these two woods, also red beech, maple and other American timbers which are yearly becoming scarcer and, therefore, dearer. It is also gradually ousting all other mahoganies, for mahogany from the American tropics is not only hard to get, but is exceedingly high priced because of long railroad hauls and costly charges.

Therefore, with cheap ocean freight from sea to sea, no inland haul at either end, fine milling equipment on the islands, excellent government supervision over the export trade, no import duties on this side of the Pacific, and a great and growing market right in our midst, Los Angeles has naturally become the chief emporium for the business. Not only do some of our leading lumber companies import Philippine mahogany and carry the timber regularly in stock, but several local hardwood manufacturing firms are now large consumers of the product for doors, sashes and other mill work, also for interior decorative finish.* In final striking evidence of the

*The following are the principal Los Angeles dealers in Philippine mahogany and manufacturers of the product:
Philippine Hardwood Lumber Co.—mill representative, W. M. Milne, Story Building, Importers and jobbers.
Southern California Hardwood Co.—largest consumers and manufacturers of Philippine mahogany on the Pacific Coast.
M. J. Stanton & Son—hardwood dealers—carry the mahogany in stock at all times, buying in lots of 200,000 feet and over.
Pacific Lash and Door Co.—large manufacturers of Philippine mahogany.
Hammond Lumber Co.—mill work in Philippine mahogany.
Western Hardwood Lumber Co.—hardwood dealers—carry the mahogany regularly in stock.

rapid growth of the trade it may be mentioned that during the years, 1909-1910, the total exports from the Philippine Islands amounted to only 1,300,000 board feet, while in 1914 Los Angeles, as already stated, alone, received more than 2,000,000 feet. These figures put the story in a nutshell.

Freight rates from the islands to New York via the Suez Canal are greater than the rates to the Pacific Coast. It is more difficult, too, to secure cargo space on steamers taking the Suez route, especially in these war times when food supplies and other commodities in urgent European demand promptly command all the accommodation available. In these circumstances, therefore, shipments of Philippine hard woods consigned to New York are now arriving via Los Angeles. For example, the most recent cargo of Philippine lumber handled at the San Pedro docks, brought by the steamship Alpena and amounting to 600,000 board feet, was immediately transhipped for New York by way of the Panama Canal. As every furniture manufacturer in the United States is now using Philippine mahogany, the supplies for New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and other Eastern States are likely to continue to follow this trans-Pacific channel. The wants of the large furniture factories in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio and the Middle West generally are met by railroad shipments from Los Angeles in carload lots, this part of the shipping business being now a matter of established routine.

One of the pioneers in the business is W. M. Milne, whose experience in the foreign timber trade extends throughout the world. Mr. Milne supplied the pictures for this article, and during a conversation with the writer made the following remark: "It was in 1906 that Gen. Otis first drew my attention to Philippine hard woods. He presented me with a collection of samples, which he himself had brought from the islands, after his return from his military campaigns in the years 1898 and 1899, with the remark that there was undoubtedly a great future for these timbers. I smiled incredulously. But all the same the hint was taken, I directed my attention to the archipelago, traveled among the islands, inspected the forests, and very soon was prepared to take back that smile. Only recently my firm in Los Angeles sold over half a million feet of Philippine mahogany for cash, in one delivery, to a single local manufacturer. And we are only in the mere beginnings of the business. It is already big business, but it is going to attain immensely greater proportions. For here in America, with wealth, prosperity and the widely-spread taste for beautiful interior finish both in business buildings and in homes, there is a rapidly increasing demand for decorative woods. And for cheapness, beauty with durability and unlimited supply, Philippine mahogany unquestionably today commands the market."

This article has been mainly a marshaling of materialistic facts and figures. But in the shadow land beyond hovers a great ethical question. Since the American occupation of the Philippines we have heard not a little about "the white man's burden"—the part that civilization is playing among the partly civilized or wholly uncivilized peoples of the globe. The phrase was never applied to the Spanish rulers; in their case the white man's burden really meant the brown man's added load. But with the coming of America the world looked for real development of the Philippines, not for their continued neglect or at best selfish exploitation. How has the expectation been fulfilled? This very article, touching only one particular section of the field covered, is assuredly an answer to the question. The geologist finds sermons in stones; so the thoughtful reader may discover a lesson in hard woods.

Wealth lies, not in the possession of any one thing, but in that particular thing's proper use. Under American administration the primeval forests of the Philippines are not being despoiled. They are simply being made to yield up their hoarded riches for the benefit and enjoyment of humanity.

Thus is the white man's burden being borne with vigorous step on stalwart shoulders. And which is the better regime—that subsisting before the American occupation, or the one that has now been established—Spain or America? Neglect or profitable use? Therein is the moral issue amid the materialistic facts. He who runs may read and answer.

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 SUMMARY.
 KEY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m.
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 CITY. Property called on
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 this week, the District At
 and warning notices to wh
 CALIFORNIA.
 Valley Fair pulled off auto
 during day yesterday.
 E. Thaw at Santa Barbara
 country is unsurpassed.

Preparing Philippine Mahogany for Transportation to California.



Loading mahogany logs on cars for haul to sawmill



Mahogany logs in sawmill pond